THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

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HISTORY

OF

Sir Charles Grandiſon, Bart.

LETTER I.*

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, July 7-18.

NOW, my dear friend, are matters here drawing to a criſis. I was conducted, as ſoon as I entered this palace, to the preſence of the Marquis and Marchioneſs. The Marquis aroſe, and took my hand with great but ſolemn kindneſs, and led me to a chair placed between theirs. The biſhop, the count, and father Mareſcotti, entered; and took their places.

My dear, ſaid the Marquis, referring to his lady—

After ſome little heſitation——We have no hope, Sir, ſaid ſhe, of our child's perfect reſtoration, but from—She ſtopt——

* *Being Sir* Charles's *third letter, mentioned in that of Lady* G. *to Lady* L. vol. v. page 292.

Our compliance with every wiſh of her heart, ſaid the biſhop.

Ay, do you proceed, ſaid the Marchioneſs to the Prelate.

It would be to no purpoſe, Chevalier, queſtioned the biſhop, to urge to you the topic ſo near to all our hearts?

I bowed my aſſent to what he ſaid.

I am ſorry for it, replied the biſhop.

I am *very* ſorry for it, ſaid the count.

What ſecurity can we aſk of you, Sir, ſaid the Marquis, that our child ſhall not be perverted?———

O Chevalier! It is a hard, hard trial!

Father Mareſcotti, anſwered I, ſhall preſcribe the terms.

I cannot, in conſcience, ſaid the father, conſent to this marriage: Yet the merits of the Chevalier Grandiſon have taken from me the power of oppoſing it. Permit me to be ſilent.

Father Mareſcotti and I, ſaid the biſhop, are in one ſituation, as to ſcruples of conſcience. But I will forget the prelate for the brother. Dear Grandiſon, will you permit us to ſay to enquirers, that we *look* upon you as one of our church; and that prudential reaſons, with regard to your country, and friends in it, deter you at preſent from declaring yourſelf?

Let not terms be propoſed, my good lord, that would leſſen your opinion of me, ſhould I comply with them. If I am to be honoured with an admiſſion into this noble family, let me not in my own eyes appear unworthy of the honour. Were I to find myſelf capable of prevaricating in an article ſo important as religion, no one could hate me ſo much as I ſhould hate myſelf, were even an imperial diadem with your Clementina, the nobleſt of women, to be the conſideration.

You

You have the example of great princes, Chevalier, ſaid father Mareſcotti, Henry the fourth of France, Auguſtus of Poland———

True, father—But great princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men. *They* might make the leſs ſcruple of changing their religion, as they were neither of them ſtrict in the practice of it. They who can allow themſelves in *ſome* deviations, may in *others*. I boaſt not of my own virtue; but it has been my aim to be uniform. I am too well ſatisfied with my own religion to doubt: If I were not, it would be impoſſible but I muſt be influenced by the wiſhes of friends ſo dear to me; whoſe motives are the reſult of their own piety, and of the regard they have for my everlaſting welfare.

The Chevalier and I, rejoined the biſhop, have carried this argument to its full extent before. My honoured lord's queſtion recurs: What ſecurity can we have, that my ſiſter ſhall not be perverted? The Chevalier refers to father Mareſcotti to propoſe it. The father excuſes himſelf. I, as the brother of Clementina, aſk you, Chevalier, will you promiſe never by yourſelf, or your Engliſh divines, to attempt to pervert her?—A confeſſor you *have* allowed her. Shall father Mareſcotti be the man?

And will father Mareſcotti——

I will, for the ſake of preſerving to Lady Clementina her faith; that faith, by which only ſhe can be ſaved; and, perhaps, in hope of converting the man who then will be dear to the whole family.

I not only comply with the propoſal, but ſhall think father Mareſcotti will do me a favour, in putting it into my power to ſhew him the regard I have for him. One requeſt I have only to make; That father Mareſcotti will preſcribe his own conditions to me. And I aſſure you all, that they

ſhall be exceeded, as to the conſideration, be they ever ſo high.

You and I, Chevalier, replied the father, ſhall have no difficulty as to the terms.

None you can have, ſaid the Marquis, as to thoſe. Father Mareſcotti will be ſtill *our* ſpiritual director.

Only one condition I will beg leave to make with father Mareſcotti; that he will confine his pious cares to thoſe only who are already of his own perſuaſion; and that no diſputable points may ever be touched upon to ſervants, tenants, or neighbours, in a country where a different religion from that to which he is a credit, is eſtabliſhed. I might, perhaps, have ſafely left this to his own moderation and honour; yet without ſuch a previous engagement, his conſcience might have been embarraſſed; and had I not inſiſted on it, I ſhould have behaved towards my country in a manner for which I could not anſwer to my own heart.

Your countrymen, Chevalier, ſaid the count, complain loudly of perſecution from our church: Yet what diſqualifications do Catholics lie under in England?

A great deal, my lord, may be ſaid on this ſubject. I think it ſufficient to anſwer for myſelf, and my own conduct.

As to our child's ſervants, ſaid the Marchioneſs, methinks I ſhould hope, that father Mareſcotti might have a ſmall congregation about him, to keep their lady in countenance, in a country where her religion will ſubject her to inconveniencies, perhaps to *more* than inconveniencies.

Her woman, and thoſe ſervants, replied I, who will immediately attend her perſon, ſhall always be choſen by herſelf. If they behave well, I will conſider them as *my* ſervants for their benefit. If they miſbehave, I muſt be allowed to conſider them

them alſo as my ſervants, as well as their lady's. I muſt not be ſubject to the dominion of ſervants, the moſt intolerable of all dominion. Were they to know that they are independent of me, I ſhould be diſobeyed, perhaps inſulted; and my reſentment of their inſolence would be thought a perſecution on account of their religion.

This article bore ſome canvaſſing. If Camilla, at laſt, I ſaid, were the woman; on her diſcretion I ſhould have great dependence.

—And on father Mareſcotti's you alſo may, Chevalier, ſaid the biſhop. I ſhould hope, that when my ſiſter and you are in England together, you would not *ſcruple* to conſult *him* on the miſbehaviour of any of my ſiſter's Catholic ſervants.

Indeed, my lord, I *would*. I will myſelf be judge in my own houſe of the conduct and behaviour of all my ſervants. From the independence of ſuch people upon me, diſputes or uneaſineſſes might ariſe, that otherwiſe would never happen between their lady and me. The power of diſmiſſion, on any flagrant miſbehaviour, muſt be in me. My temper is not capricious: My charity is not confined: My conſideration for people in a foreign country, and wholly in my power, will, I hope, be even generous. I perhaps may bear with them the more for having them in my power. But my wife's ſervants, were ſhe a ſovereign, muſt be mine.

Unhappy! ſaid father Mareſcotti, that you cannot be of one faith! But, Sir, you will allow, I hope, if the caſe will bear it, of expoſtulation from me?

Yes, father: And ſhould *generally*, I believe, be determined by your advice and mediation: But I would not *condition* to make the greateſt ſaint, and the wiſeſt man on earth, to judge in my own family over me.

There is reaſon in this, rejoined the biſhop: You

You, perhaps, would not ſcruple, Sir, to conſult the Marchioneſs, before you diſmiſſed ſuch a conſiderable ſervant as her woman, if my ſiſter did not agree to it?

The Marquis and Marchioneſs will be judges of my conduct, when I am in Italy: I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, were it not to be the ſame in England as at Bologna. I have in my travels been attended by Catholic ſervants. They never had reaſon to complain of want of kindneſs, even to indulgence, from me. We Proteſtants confine not ſalvation within the pale of our own church: Catholics do; and have therefore an argument for their zeal, in endeavouring to make proſelytes, that we have not. Hence, generally ſpeaking, may a Catholic ſervant live more happily with a Proteſtant maſter, than a Proteſtant ſervant with a Catholic maſter. Let my ſervants but live up to their own profeſſions, and they ſhall be indulged with all reaſonable opportunities of purſuing the dictates of their own conſciences. A truly religious ſervant, of whatever perſuaſion, cannot be a bad one.

Well, as to this article, we muſt leave it, acquieſced the biſhop, to occaſions as they may ariſe. Nine months in the year, I think, you propoſe to reſide in Italy——

That, my lord, was on a ſuppoſition that Lady Clementina would not oblige me with her company to my native country any part of the year; in that caſe, I propoſed to paſs but three months in every year in England: Otherwiſe, I hoped that year and year, in turn, would be allowed me.

We can have no wiſh to ſeparate man and wife, ſaid the Marquis. Clementina will, no doubt, accompany her huſband. We will ſtipulate only for year and year: But let ours be the firſt year; And we cannot doubt but the dear child will meet with all reaſonable indulgence, for the ſake of her tender health.

Not one requeſt that you, my lord, and you, madam,

madam, ſhall think reaſonable, ſhall be denied to the dear lady.

Let *me* propoſe one thing, Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs; that in the firſt year, which is to be ours, you endeavour to prevail upon your ſiſters, amiable women, as we have heard they are, to come over, and be of our acquaintance: Your ward alſo, who may be looked upon as a little Italian. You love your ſiſters; and I ſhall be glad (ſo would Clementina, I make no doubt) to be familiarized to the ladies of your family before ſhe goes to England.

My ſiſters, madam, are the moſt obliging of women, as their lords are of men. I have no doubt of prevailing upon them, to attend you and Lady Clementina here. And as it will give them time to prepare for the viſit, I believe, if it be made in the latter part of the firſt year, it will be moſt acceptable to them, and to you; ſince then they will not only have commenced a friendſhip with Lady Clementina, and obtained the honour of your good opinion, but will attend the dear lady in her voyage to England.

They all approved of this. I added, that I hoped, when the ſecond year arrived, I ſhould have the honour of finding in the party ſome of this noble family (looking round me), which could not fail of giving delight, as well as affiance, to the tender heart of their beloved Clementina.

My lord and I, ſaid the Marchioneſs, will probably, if well, be of the party. We ſhall not know how to part with a child ſo dear to us—— But theſe ſeas——

Well, well, ſaid the biſhop, this is a contingence, and muſt be left to time, and to the Chevalier and my ſiſter, when they are one. As his is the ſtrongeſt mind, it will, in all reaſonable matters, yield to the weaker—Now, as to my ſiſter's fortune——

It is a large one, ſaid the count. We ſhall all take pleaſure in adding to it.

Should there be more ſons than one by the marriage, rejoined the biſhop, as the eſtate of her two grandfathers will be an ample proviſion for one of them, and your Engliſh eſtate for another, I hope we may expect that the education of one of them may be left to us.

Every one ſaid, this was a very reaſonable expectation.

I cannot condition for this, my lord. The education of the ſons was to be left to me; that of the daughters to the mother. I will conſent, that the Italian eſtate ſhall be tied up for daughters' portions; and that *they* ſhall be brought up under your own eyes Italians. The ſons ſhall have no benefit by the Italian eſtate——

Except they become Catholics, Chevalier, added the biſhop.

No, my lord, replied I: That might be a temptation—Though I would leave poſterity as free as I myſelf am left in the article of religion, yet would I not lay any ſnares for them. I am for having them abſolutely ſecluded from any poſſibility of enjoying that eſtate, as they will be Engliſhmen. Cannot this be done by the laws of your country, and the tenure by which theſe eſtates are held?

If Clementina marry, ſaid the Marquis, whether there be iſſue or not, Laurana's claim ceaſes. But, Chevalier, can you think it juſt to deprive children unborn of their natural right?

I have a very good eſtate: It is improving. I have conſiderable expectations beſides. That is not mine which I do not poſſeſs, and ſhall have no right to, but by marriage; and which, therefore, muſt and ought to be ſubject to marriage-articles. Riches never made men happy. If my deſcendants will not be ſo with a competence, they will not

not with a redundance. I hope Signor Jeronymo may recover, and marry: Let the eſtate here, from the hour that I ſhall be honoured with the hand of your dear Clementina, be Jeronymo's and his poſterity's for ever. If it ſhall be thought proper for him, on taking poſſeſſion, to make his ſiſter any brotherly acknowledgment, it ſhall be to her ſole and ſeparate uſe, and not ſubject to any controul of mine. If Signor Jeronymo marry not, or if he do, and die without iſſue, let the eſtate in queſtion be the general's. He and his lady deſerve every thing. The eſtate ſhall not, by my conſent, go out of the name.

They looked upon each other—Brother, ſaid the count, I ſee not, but we may leave every thing to the generoſity of ſuch a young man as this. He quite overcomes me.

A diſintereſted and generous man, rejoined the biſhop, is born a ruler; and he is, at the ſame time, the greateſt of politicians, were policy only to be conſidered.

The moſt equitable medium, I think, reſumed the Marchioneſs, is what the Chevalier hinted at —and moſt anſwerable to the intention of the dear child's grandfather: It is, that the eſtate in queſtion be ſecured to the daughters of the marriage. Our ſons will be greatly provided for: And it will be rewarding, in ſome meaſure, the Chevalier for his generoſity, that the ſons of the marriage ſhall not have their patrimony leſſened, by the proviſion to be made for daughters.

They all generouſly applauded the Marchioneſs; and propoſing this expedient to me, I bowed my grateful aſſent———See, Chevalier, ſaid father Mareſcotti, what a generous family you are likely to be allied with! O that you could be ſubdued by a goodneſs ſo much like your own, and declare yourſelf a Catholic: His holineſs himſelf (my lord the biſhop could engage) would receive you with bleſſings, at the footſtool of his throne. You allow,

allow, Sir, that ſalvation may be obtained in our church: Out of it, *we* think it cannot. Rejoice us all. Rejoice Lady Clementina—and let us know no bound in our joy.

What opinion, my dear father Mareſcotti, would you all have of the man who could give up his conſcience, though for the higheſt conſideration on earth?—Did you, could you, think the better of the two princes mentioned to me, for the change of their religion? One of them was aſſaſſinated in the ſtreets of his metropolis, by an eccleſiaſtic, who queſtioned the ſincerity of his change. Could the matter be of *indifference* to me—But, my dear father Mareſcotti, let us leave this to be debated hereafter between you and me, as father and ſon. Your piety ſhall command my reverence: But pain not my heart, by putting me on denial of any thing that ſhall be aſked of me, by ſuch reſpectable and generous perſons as thoſe I am before; and when we are talking on a ſubject ſo delicate, and ſo important.

Father Mareſcotti, we muſt give up this point, ſaid the biſhop. The Chevalier and I have diſcuſcuſſed it heretofore. He is a determined man. If you hereafter can gain upon him, you will make us all happy. But now, my lord, to the Marquis, let the Chevalier know what he will have with my ſiſter, beſides the bequeſts of her grandfather, from *your* bounty; and from *your's*, madam, to his mother, as a daughter of your houſe.

I beg, my lord, one word, ſaid I to the Marquis, before you ſpeak. Let not a ſyllable of this be mentioned to me now. Whatever you ſhall be pleaſed to do of this nature, let it be done annually, as my behaviour to your daughter may deſerve. Do I not know the generoſity of every one of this noble family? Let me be in your power. I have enough for her, and for me, or I do not know the noble Clementina. Whatever you do

do, for the ſake of your own magnificence, that do: But let us leave particulars unmentioned.

What would Lady Sforza ſay, were ſhe preſent? rejoined the count. Averſe as ſhe is to the alliance, ſhe would admire the man.

Are you earneſt in your requeſt, Chevalier, aſked the biſhop, that particulars ſhall not be mentioned?

I *beg* they may not. I *earneſtly* beg it.

Pray let the Chevalier be obliged, returned the prelate—Sir, ſaid he, and ſnatched my hand, brother, friend, what ſhall I call you?—We *will* oblige you; but not in doubt of your kind treatment of Clementina. She muſt, ſhe *will*, deſerve it; but that we may have it in our power to be revenged of you. Sir, we will take great revenge of you. And now let us rejoice Jeronymo's heart with an account of all that was paſſed. We might have held this conference before him. All that is further neceſſary to be ſaid may be ſaid in his preſence.

Who, ſaid father Mareſcotti, can hold out againſt the Chevalier Grandiſon? I will tell every one who ſhall queſtion me on this alliance, zealous Catholics, with a Proteſtant ſo determined, what a man he is: and then they will allow of this one particular exception to a general rule.

All we have now to do, ſaid the Marquis, is to gain his Holineſs's permiſſion. That has not been refuſed in ſuch caſes, where either the ſons or daughters of the marriage are to be brought up Catholics.

The count then took the marchioneſs's hand, and we all entered Jeronymo's chamber together.

I ſtept into Mr Lowther's apartment, while they related to him all that had paſſed. He was impatient to ſee me. The biſhop led me in to him. He embraced me as his brother. Now, my dear Grandiſon, ſaid he, I am indeed happy. This is the point to which I have long directed all my wiſhes.

God grant that our dear Clementina's malady may be no draw-back upon your felicities; and you muſt both then be happy.

I was ſenſible of a little abatement, on the biſhop's ſaying to his mother, not knowing I heard him, Ah, madam! the poor Count of Belvedere—How will *he* be affected!—But he will go to Madrid: and I hope make himſelf happy there with ſome Spaniſh lady. The poor Count of Belvedere! returned the marchioneſs, with a ſigh—But he will not know how to blame us——

To-morrow morning I am to drink chocolate with Lady Clementina. We ſhall be left together, perhaps, or only with her mother or Camilla.

"What, my dear Dr Bartlett, would I give to "be aſſured, that the moſt excellent of Engliſh-"women could think herſelf happy with the Earl "of D. the only man of all her admirers who is, "in any manner, worthy of calling ſo bright a "jewel his? Should Miſs Byron be unhappy, and "through my means, the remembrance of my own "caution and ſelf-reſtraint could not appeaſe the "grief of my heart.

"But ſo *prudent* a woman as ſhe is, and as the "Counteſs of D. is.—What are theſe ſuggeſtions "of tenderneſs—Are they not ſuggeſtions of *va-*"*nity* and *preſumption?* They *are.* They *muſt* be "ſo. I will baniſh them from my thoughts as "ſuch. Ever-amiable Miſs Byron! friend of my "ſoul! forgive me for them!—Yet if the noble "Clementina is to be mine, my heart will be great-"ly gratified, if, before ſhe receive my vows, I "could know that Miſs Byron had given her hand, "in compliance with the entreaties of all her "friends, to the deſerving Earl of D."

Having an opportunity, I diſpatch this, and my two former. In you I include remembrances to all my beloved friends.——Adieu, my dear Dr Bartlett. "In the higheſt of our pleaſures, the ſighing

"heart

"heart will remind us of our imperfection." It is fit it ſhould be ſo—Adieu, my dear friend!

CHARLES GRANDISON.

Continuation of Lady G's *letter to Lady* L. No. XLII.

Begun Vol. V. p. 292. *and dated July* 24.

WELL, my dear ſiſter!—And what ſay you to the contents of the three incloſed letters? I wiſh I had been with you and Lord L. at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with yours, for the ſweet Harriet! Why would my brother diſpatch theſe letters, without ſtaying till, at leaſt, he could have informed us of the reſult of the next day's meeting with Clementina? *What* was the opportunity that he had to ſend away theſe letters, which he muſt be aſſured would keep us in ſtrange ſuſpenſe! *Hang* the opportunity that ſo officiouſly offered!—But, perhaps, in the tenderneſs of his nature, he thought that this diſpatch was neceſſary, to prepare us for what was to follow, leſt, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be ſupported.—We ſiſters, to go over to attend Lady CLEMENTINA GRANDISON, a twelvemonth hence! —Ah the poor Harriet! and will ſhe give us leave? But it ſurely muſt not, cannot be!—And yet—Huſh, huſh, huſh, Charlotte!—And proceed to facts.

Dr Bartlett, when theſe letters were brought him poſt from London, was with us at table. We had but juſt dined. He aroſe, and retired to his own apartment with them. We were all impatient to know the contents. When I thought he had withdrawn long enough to read diſpatches of a mile long, and yet found that he returned not, my impa-

tience was heightened; and the dear Harriet ſaid, Bad news, I fear! I hope Sir Charles is well! I hope Lady Clementina is not relapſed! The good Jeronymo! I fear for him.

I then ſtept up to the doctor's room. He was ſitting with his back towards the door in a penſive mood; and when, hearing ſomebody enter, he turned about, I ſaw he had been deeply affected—

My dear Dr Bartlett!—For God's ſake!—How is my brother?—

Don't be affrighted, madam! All are well in Italy—In a way to be well—But, alas! (tears ſtarted afreſh) I am grieved for Miſs Byron!

How, how, Doctor! is my brother married?—It cannot, it ſhall not be!—Is my brother married?

O no, not married, by theſe letters! But all is concluded upon! Sweet, ſweet Miſs Byron! Now, indeed, will her magnanimity be put to the teſt!—Yet Lady Clementina is a moſt excellent woman!—*You*, madam, may read theſe letters: Miſs Byron, I believe, muſt not. You will ſee, by the concluding part of the laſt, how greatly embarraſſed my patron muſt be between his honour to one lady, and his tenderneſs for the other: Which-ſoever ſhall be his, how much will the other be to be pitied!

I ran over, with a weeping eye, as the paragraphs ſtruck me, the paſſages moſt affecting. O Dr Bartlett, ſaid I, when I had done, how ſhall we break this news to Mrs Selby, to Mrs Shirley, to my Harriet!—A trial, indeed, of her magnanimity!—Yet, to have received letters from my brother, and to delay going down, will be as alarming as to tell it. Let us go down.

Do you, madam, take the letters. You have tenderneſs: Your prudence cannot be doubted—I will attend you by and by. His eyes were ready to run over.

I went

I went down. I met *my* lord at the ſtairs foot. How, how, madam, does Sir Charles?—O my Lord! we are all undone. My brother, by this time, is the huſband of Lady Clementina.

He was ſtruck, as with a thunderbolt: God forbid! were all the words he could ſpeak; and turned as pale as death.

I love him, for his ſincere love to my Harriet.—I wrung his hand——The letters do not ſay it. But every-body is conſenting; and if it be not already ſo, it ſoon will—Step, my lord, to Mrs Selby, and tell her that I wiſh to ſee her in the flower-garden.

Miſs Byron and Nancy, ſaid he, are gone to walk in the garden. She was ſo apprehenſive, on your ſtaying above, and the doctor not coming down, that ſhe was forced to walk into the air. I left Mr Selby, his lady, Emily, and Lucy, in the dining-parlour, to find you, and let you know how every-body was affected. Tears dropt on his cheeks.

I gave him my hand in love. I was pleaſed with him. I called him my dear lord.

I think our ſweet friend once ſaid, that fear made us loving. Ill-news will oblige us to look around us for conſolation.

I found the perſons named juſt riſing from their ſeats to walk into the garden—O my dear Mrs Selby, ſaid I, every thing is agreed upon in Italy.

They were all dumb but Emily. *Her* ſorrow was audible: She wrung her hands; ſhe was ready to faint; her Anne was called to take care of her; and ſhe retired.

I then told Mr and Mrs Selby what were the contents of the laſt letter of the three. Mr Selby broke out into paſſionate grief—I know not what the honour *is*, ſaid he, that could oblige Sir Charles, treated as he had been by the proud Italians, to go over at the firſt invitation. One might have gueſſed that it would have come to this——Oh! the poor

Harriet! flower of the world! She deſerved not to be made a ſecond woman to the ſtateſieſt minx in Italy: But this is my comfort, ſhe is ſuperior to them both. Upon my ſoul, madam, ſhe is. The man, were he a king, that could prefer another woman to our Harriet, does not deſerve her.

He then aroſe from his ſeat, and walked up and down the room in anger; and afterwards ſitting down, My dear Mrs Selby, ſaid he, we ſhall now ſee what the ſo often pleaded-for dignity of your ſex, in the nobleſt minded, will enable you to do. But, O the dear ſoul! She will find a difference between theory and practice!

Lucy wept. Her grief was ſilent. Mrs Selby dried her eyes ſeveral times. My dear Lady G. ſaid ſhe, at laſt, how ſhall we break this to Harriet? *You* muſt do it; and ſhe will apply to me for comfort—Pray, Mr Selby, be patient. You muſt not reflect upon Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Indeed you ſhould not, Sir, ſaid I. He is to be pitied. I will read you the concluding part of his laſt letter.

I did.

But Mr Selby would not be pacified. He tried to blame my brother.

After all, my dear, theſe lords of the creation are more violent, more unreaſonable, and of conſequence more ſilly and perverſe, more babies, if you pleaſe, than we women, when they are diſappointed in any thing they ſet their hearts upon. But in every caſe, I believe, one extreme borders on another. What a fool has Otway made of Caſtalio, raving againſt the whole ſex, by a common-place invective, on a mere temporary diſappointment; when the fault, and all the dreadful conſequences that attended it, were owing to his own baſeneſs of heart, in being aſhamed to acquaint his brother, that he meant honourable love to the unhappy orphan, who was intitled to inviolable protection!

Whenever

Whenever I ſaw this play, I pitied the impetuous Polydore more than I did the blubbering great boy Caſtalio; though I thought both brothers deſerved to be hanged.

As we were meditating how to break this matter to our lovely friend, Mrs Shirley came to Selby-houſe in her chariot. We immediately acquainted her with it. No ſurprizes affect her ſteady ſoul. This can't be helped, ſaid ſhe. Our dear girl herſelf expects it. May *I* read the letter that contains the affecting tidings?

She took it. She run it over ſlightly, to enable herſelf to ſpeak to the contents—Excellent man!—How happy ſhould we have been, bleſſed with the enjoyment of our wiſhes! But you, Mrs Selby, and I, have always pitied Lady Clementina. His generous regard for our child is too apparent for his own tranquillity. God comfort him, and our Harriet! O the dear creature! Her fading cheeks have ſhewn the ſtruggles of her heart, in ſuch an expectation—Where is my child?

I was running out to ſee for her; and met her juſt aſcending the ſteps that lead from the garden into the houſe. Your grandmamma, my love, ſaid I—

I hear ſhe is come, anſwered ſhe. I am haſtening to pay my duty to her.

But how do you, Harriet?

A little better for the air! I ſent up to Dr Bartlett, and he has let me know, that Sir Charles is well, and every-body better: And I am eaſy.

She hurried in to her grandmother, rejoicing, as ſhe always does, to ſee her. She kneeled; received her tender bleſſing. And what brings my grandmamma to her girl?

The day is fine; the air, and the ſight of my Harriet, I thought, would do me good—You have letters, I find, from Italy, my love?

I, madam,

I, madam, have not: Dr Bartlett has: But I am not to know the contents, I ſuppoſe. Something, I doubt not, that will be thought unwelcome to me, by their not being communicated. But as long as every-body there is well, I *can* have patience. Time will reveal all things.

Dr Bartlett, who admires the old lady, and is as much admired by her, came down, and paid his reſpects to her. Mrs Shirley had returned me the letters. I ſlid them into the doctor's hand, unperceived by Miſs Byron.

I am told, ſaid ſhe, that my Emily is not well; I will juſt aſk how ſhe does—And was going from us—No, don't, my love, ſaid her aunt, taking her hand; Emily ſhall come down to us.

I ſee, ſaid ſhe, by the compaſſionate looks of every one, that ſomething is the matter. If it be any thing that moſt concerns me to know, don't, through a miſtaken tenderneſs, let me be the laſt to whom it is communicated. But I *gueſs*—with a forced ſmile.

What does my Harriet gueſs? ſaid her aunt.

Dr Bartlett, replied ſhe, has acquainted me that Sir Charles Grandiſon is well; and that his friends are on the recovery: Is it not then eaſy to gueſs, by every one's ſilence on the contents of the letters brought to Dr Bartlett, that Sir Charles is either married, or near being ſo? What ſay you, my good Dr Bartlett?

He was ſilent, but tears were in his eyes. She turned round, and ſaw us with our handkerchiefs at ours. Her uncle, riſing from his ſeat, ſtood with his back to us at one of the windows.

Well, my dear friends, you are all grieved for me. It is kind, and I can thank you for your *concern* for me, becauſe the man is Sir Charles Grandiſon—And ſo, doctor, laying her hands upon his, he is actually married? God Almighty, pioufly bending one knee, make him and his Clementina

mentina happy!—Well, my deareſt friends, and what is there in this more than I expected?

Her aunt embraced her.

Her uncle ran to her, and claſped his arms about her: Now, now, ſaid he, have you overcome me, my niece: For the future I never will diſpute with you on ſome of the arguments I have heretofore held againſt your ſex. Were all women like you—

Her grandmother, as ſhe ſat, held out her open arms: My own Harriet! child of my heart! let me fold you to it!—She ran to her, and claſped her knees, as the old lady threw her arms about her neck—Pray for me, however, my grandmamma—that I may act up to my judgment, and as your child, and my aunt Selby's!—It *is* a trial—I own it—But permit me to withdraw for a few moments.

She aroſe, and was haſtening out of the room; but her aunt took her hand: My deareſt love, ſaid ſhe, Sir Charles Grandiſon is not married—But—

Why, why, interrupted ſhe, if it *muſt* be ſo, is it *not* ſo?

At that moment came in Emily. She had been trying to ſuppreſs her concern, and fancied, it ſeems, that ſhe had recovered her preſence of mind: But the moment ſhe ſaw her beloved Miſs Byron, her fortitude forſook her. She guſhed into tears, and, ſobbing, would have quitted the room; but Miſs Byron, ſtepping after her, caught her arm; my Emily, my love, my friend, my ſiſter! fly me not: Let me give you an example, my dear!—I am not aſhamed to own myſelf affected: But I have fortitude, I hope!—Sir Charles Grandiſon, when he could not be happy from his own affairs, made himſelf a partaker in the happineſs of others; and ſhall not you and I, after ſo great an example, rejoice in *his*?

I am,

I am, I am—grieved, replied the ſobbing girl, for my Miſs Byron. I don't love Italian ladies! Were you, madam, turning to her, Lady Grandiſon, I ſhould be the happieſt creature in the world.

But, Dr Bartlett, ſaid I, may we not, now that Miſs Byron knows the worſt, communicate to her the contents of theſe letters?

I hope you will, Sir, ſaid Mrs Shirley. You ſee that my Harriet is a noble girl.

I rely upon your judgments, ladies, anſwered the doctor, and put the letters into Mrs Shirley's hands.

I *have* read them, ſaid I. We will leave Mrs. Shirley, Mrs Selby, and Miſs Byron together. We, Lucy, Nancy, Emily, will take a walk in the garden. Shall we have *your* company, Dr Bartlett? I ſaw he was *deſirous* to withdraw. Lucy *deſired* to ſtay behind. Harriet looked as if ſhe wiſhed Lucy to ſtay: and I led the other two into the garden; Dr Bartlett leaving us at the entrance into it; and I told them the contents of the letters as we walked.

They were greatly affected, as I thought they would be, which made me lead them out. Lord G. joined us in our walk, as well as in our concern; ſo that the dear Harriet had none but comforters left about her, who enabled her to ſupport her ſpirits; for Mrs Shirley and Mrs Selby had always applauded the preference their beloved child was ſo ready to give to Clementina, becauſe of her malady, though it is evident againſt their wiſhes. There were never three nobler women related to each other than Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, and Miſs Byron. But Mr Selby is by no means ſatisfied, that my brother, loving Harriet, as he *evidently* does, ſhould be ſo ready to leave her and go to Italy. *His* cenſure ariſes from his love to my brother and to his niece: But I need not tell you, that, though a *man*, he has not a ſoul half ſo capacious

pacious as that of either of the three ladies I have named.

At our return from our little walk, it was lovely to ſee Harriet take her Emily aſide to comfort her, and to plead with her in favour of my brother's obligations, as afterwards ſhe did againſt her uncle. How the generous creature ſhone in my eyes, and in thoſe of every one preſent?

When ſhe and I were alone, ſhe took grateful notice of the concluding part of the third letter, where ſhe is mentioned with ſo much tenderneſs, and in a manner ſo truly worthy of the character of the politeſt of men, as well reſpecting herſelf as her ſex, charging himſelf with vanity and preſumption, but to ſuppoſe to himſelf, that Miſs Byron wanted his compaſſion, or had the tender regard for *him* that he avows for *her*. She pleaſed herſelf that he had not *ſeen* the very great eſteem ſhe had for him, as you and I had done: And how *could* he, you know? ſaid ſhe; for he and I were not often together; and I was under obligation enough to him to make him attribute my regard to gratitude: But it is plain, proceeded ſhe, that he *loves* the poor Harriet—Don't you think ſo? and perhaps would have given her a preference to all other women, had he not been circumſtanced as he was. Well, God bleſs him, added ſhe; he was my firſt love; and I never will have any other—Don't blame me for this declaration, my dear Lady G. My grandmamma, as well as you, once chid me for ſaying ſo, and called me *romancer*—But is not the man Sir Charles Grandiſon?

But, alas! with all theſe appearances, it is eaſy to ſee, that this amiable creature's ſolitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of ſighing. She riſes with ſwelled eyes: Sleep forſakes her: Her appetite fails: And ſhe is very ſenſible of all this, as ſhe ſhews by the pains ſhe takes to conceal the alteration.

And

And muſt Harriet Byron, bleſſed with beauty ſo unequalled, health ſo blooming, a temper ſo even, paſſions ſo governable, generous and grateful, even to heroiſm,—ſuperior to every woman in frankneſs of heart, in true delicacy, and in an underſtanding and judgment beyond her years—Muſt *ſhe* be offered up as a victim on the altar of hopeleſs love!—I deprecate ſuch a fate;—I cannot allow the other ſex ſuch a triumph, though the man be my brother. It is, however, none; on the contrary, it is apparently a grief to his noble and truly manly heart, that ſo excellent a creature cannot be the ſole miſtreſs of it.

Mr Deane came hither this morning. He is a valuable man. He opened his heart to me about an hour ago. He always, he ſays, deſigned Miſs Byron for the heireſs of the principal part of his poſſeſſions; and he let me know his circumſtances, which are great. It is, I am convinced, true policy to be good. Young and old, rich and poor, dote upon Miſs Byron. You remember what her uncle ſays in his ludicrous letter to her, covertly praiſing her, by pretending to find fault with her, that he is more noted for being the uncle of Miſs Byron, than ſhe is for being his niece, though of ſo long ſtanding in the county: And I aſſure you he is much reſpected too. But ſuch beauty, ſuch affability, a character ſo benevolent, ſo frank, ſo pious, yet ſo chearful and unaffected as hers is, muſt command the veneration and love of every one.

Mr Deane is extremely apprehenſive of her declining health. He believes her in a conſumption, and has brought a phyſician of his intimate acquaintance to viſit her: But ſhe and we all are convinced, that medicine will not reach her caſe: And ſhe affected to be ſtartled at his ſuppoſing ſhe was in ſo bad a way, on purpoſe, as ſhe owned, to avoid his kind importunity to take advice in a malady that nothing but time and patience can cure.

A charming

A charming correſpondence is carried on between Harriet and the Counteſs of D. Harriet is all frankneſs in it; ſo is Lady D. One day I hope to procure you a ſight of their letters. I am allowed to incloſe a copy of the Counteſs's laſt. You will ſee the force of the reaſoning on Harriet's declaration, that ſhe will never think of a *ſecond* lover. Her grandmother is entirely with the Counteſs. So am I—Though the *firſt* was Sir Charles Grandiſon.

What will become of Lady Olivia, if the alliance between my brother and the Bologna family take effect?—She has her emiſſaries, who I ſuppoſe will ſoon appriſe her of it. How will ſhe flame out! I ſuppoſe you, who correſpond with her, will ſoon be troubled with her invectives on this ſubject.

All here wiſh for you and Lord L. For my part, I long to ſee you both, and to be ſeen by you. You never could ſee me more to my advantage than now. We have nothing between us but—"What 'your lordſhip pleaſes." "My deareſt life, you 'have *no* choice." "You *prevent* me, my lord, 'in all my wiſhes."

I have told him, in love, of ſome of his foibles: And he thanks me for my inſtruction, and is reſolved to be all I wiſh him to be.

I have made diſcoveries in his favour—More wit, more humour, more good ſenſe, more learning, than I had ever, till now that I was willing to enquire after thoſe qualities in him, imagined he had He allows me to have a vaſt ſhare of good underſtanding; and ſo he ought, when I have made ſuch diſcoveries to his advantage.

In ſhort, we ſo monſtrouſly improve upon each other, that if we go on thus, we ſhall hardly know ourſelves to be the ſame man and woman that made ſuch aukward figures in the eyes of all beholders a few months ago at St George's church; and muſt be married over again, to be ſure of each other;

for you muſt believe, that we would not be the ſame odd ſouls we then were, on any account.

What raiſes him with me is the good opinion every body here has of him. *They* alſo have found him out to be a man of ſenſe, a good-natured man; nay, (would you believe it?) a handſome man; and all theſe people having deſervedly the reputation of good ſenſe, penetration, and ſo forth, I cannot contradict them with credit to myſelf. When we married folks have made a ſilly choice, we ſhould in policy, you know, for the credit of our judgment, try to make the beſt of it. I could name you half a ſcore people who are continually praiſing, the man his wife, the woman her huſband, who, were they at liberty to chuſe again, would be hanged before they would renew their bargain.

Let me tell you, that Emily will make an excellent wife, and miſtreſs of a family. Miſs Byron is one of the beſt œconomiſts, and yet one of the fineſt ladies in the county. As ſoon as ſhe came down, ſhe reſumed the family direction, in eaſe of her aunt, which was her province before ſhe came to London. I thought my-*ſelf* a tolerable manager: But ſhe has for ever ſtopt *my* mouth on this ſubject. Such a *ſucceſſion* of *orderlineſs*, if I may ſo call it! One right thing is an introduction to another; and all is in ſuch a method, that it ſeems impoſſible for the meaneſt ſervants to miſtake their duty. Such harmony, ſuch obſervance, yet ſuch pleaſure in every countenance!—But ſhe is miſtreſs of ſo much eaſe, ſo much dignity, and ſo much condeſcenſion, that ſhe is worſhipped by all the ſervants; and, it is obſervable, hardly ever was heard to direct twice the ſame thing to be done, or remembered.

The ſervants have generally time for themſelves an hour or two in a day. Her orders are given over night; and as the family live in a genteel manner,

manner, they are never ſurpriſed, or put out of courſe by company. The poor only have the leſs of the remnants, if viſitors or gueſts come in unexpectedly; and in ſuch caſe, ſhe ſays, they ſhall fare better another day. Emily is taking minutes of all her management: She is reſolved to imitate her in every thing. Hence it is that I ſay, the girl will make one of the beſt wives in England: Yet, how the dear Harriet manages it I cannot tell; for we hardly ever miſs her. But early hours, and method, and caſe, without hurry, will do every thing.

POSTSCRIPT.

LORD bleſs me, my dear Lady L.! I have been frightened out of my wits. This Lord G.—What do we do by marriage but double our cares?—He was taken very ill two hours ago; a kind of fit. The firſt reflexion that croſſed me, when he was at worſt, was this—What a wretch was I, to vex this poor man as I have done!—Happy, happy is the wife, in the depth of her affliction, on the loſs of a worthy huſband; happy the huſband, if he *muſt* be ſeparated from a good wife; who has no material cauſe for ſelf-reproach to imbitter reflexion, as to his or her conduct to the departed. Ah, Caroline, how little do we know of ourſelves till the hour of trial comes! I find I have more love for Lord G. than I thought I had, or could have for any man!

How have I *expoſed* myſelf!—But they none of them upbraid me with my apprehenſions for the honeſt man. He did fright me!—A wretch!—In his childhood he was troubled with theſe oddities, it ſeems!—He is ſo well, that I had a good mind to quarrel with him for terrifying me as he did. *For better and for worſe!*—A cheat!—He ſhould have told me that he had been ſubject to ſuch an infirmity—And then, from his apprehend-

ed fits, though involuntary, I ſhould have claimed allowance for my zeal, tho' wilful ones. In which, however, I cheated not *him*. He ſaw me in them many and many a good time before marriage.

I have this moment yours. I thought what would be the caſe with Olivia. She has certainly heard of the happy turn at Bologna, as they there muſt think it; or ſhe would not reſolve to leave England ſo ſoon, when ſhe had determined to ſtay here till my brother's return. Unhappy woman! Harriet pities her!—But ſhe has pity for every one that wants it.

Repeatedly all here are earneſt to get you and your lord with us. Do, come if you can—Were it but one week; and perhaps we will go up together. If you don't come ſoon, your people will not ſuffer you to come one while. After all, my dear, theſe men are, as aunt Nell would ſay, odious creatures. You are a good forgiving ſoul; but that am not I. In a few months time I ſhall be as grave as a cat, I ſuppoſe: But the ſorry fellow knows nothing of the matter yet.

Adieu, Lady L.

LETTER II.

From the Counteſs of D. *To Miſs* BYRON.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

July 1.

MY dear Harriet has allowed me to write to her with the affectionate freedom of a mother: As ſuch, I may go on to urge a ſubject diſagreeable to her, when not only the welfare of *both* my children is concerned in it, but when her own honour,

honour, her own delicacy of ſentiment, is peculiarly intereſted.

Pure and noble as your heart is, it is miſleading you, my love; Oh, my Harriet, into what a labyrinth!—Have you kept a copy, my dear, of your laſt letter to me? It is all amiable, all yourſelf—But it is Harriet Byron again, in need of a reſcuer—Shall I, my child, ſave you from being run away with by theſe tyrannous over-refinements? Yes, you will ſay, could I do it *diſintereſtedly*. Well, I will, *if I can*, imagine myſelf quite diſintereſted; ſuppoſe my ſon out of the caſe. And ſince I have told you, more than once, that I cannot allow the ſacredneſs young people are apt to imagine in a firſt love; I muſt, you know, take it for granted, that even *his* to *you* is not abſolutely unconquerable.

Let us then conſider a little the bright fairy ſchemes, for ſo I muſt call them, which you have formed in the letter that lies before me *. Do not your excellent grandmamma and aunt ſee them in the ſame light? I dare ſay they do: But to one I love ſo dearly, how can I omit to offer my hand to extricate her out of a maze of bewildering fancy, in which ſhe may elſe tread many a weary ſtep that ought to be advancing forward in the paths of happineſs and duty!

Think but, my dear child, what fortitude of ſoul, what ſtrength even of conſtitution, you anſwer for, when you talk of living happy in a friendſhip with two perſons, when they are united by indiſſoluble ties, the very thought of whoſe union makes your cheek fade, and your health languiſh. Ah, my beloved Harriet! is not this a fairy ſcheme?

Miſtake me not, my love; I ſuſpect not that your ſentiments would want any thing of the purity, the generoſity, the true heroiſm required in

* *This letter appears not.*

the idea of a friendſhip like that you talk of. I ſuſpect not in the *noble pair* [Does that phraſe hurt you, my Miſs Byron? Think then how your heart would ſuffer in the laſting conflict that muſt accompany the ſituation which you have propoſed to yourſelf] I ſuſpect not, in either of them, ſentiments or behaviour unſuitable to your excellence: Yet let me aſk you one thing: Would not the example of ſuch an attachment ſubſiſting between perſons known to have once had different views and tenderer affections, miſlead leſs delicate and leſs guarded minds into allowances dangerous to them, and ſubject ſouls, leſs great than Clementina, to jealouſies, whether warrantable or not, of friendſhips that ſhould plead yours for a precedent?

Do not be impatient, my dear; I have a great deal more to ſay. This *friendſhip*, what is it to be? Not *more* than friendſhip, diſguiſed under the name of it: For how can that conſiſt with your peace of mind, your ſubmiſſion to the dictates of reaſon, your reſignation to the will of Providence? If then it be *only* friendſhip, how is it inconſiſtent with your forming an attachment of a *nearer kind* with a perſon of merit, who approves of, and will join in it? What think you, my dear, is that love which we vow at the altar? Surely not adoration: not a preference of that object *abſolutely*, as in excellence ſuperior to every other imaginable being. No more, ſurely, in moſt caſes, than ſuch a *preferable choice* (all circumſtances conſidered) as ſhall make us with ſatisfaction of mind, and with an affectionate and faithful heart, unite ourſelves for life with a man whom we eſteem; who we think is no diſagreeable companion, but deſerves our grateful regard: that his intereſt from henceforth ſhould be our own, and his happineſs our ſtudy. And is not this very conſiſtent, my dear, with admiring and loving the excellence of angels; and even with ſeeing and pitying, in this partner of

our

our lives, ſuch imperfections as make him evidently their inferior? Inferior even to ſuch human angels as you and I have in our heads at this moment.

Obſerve, my dear, I ſay only that ſuch friendſhip is very conſiſtent with being more nearly united to one who *knows* and *approves* it: For concealment of any thought that much affects the heart, is, I think, in ſuch a caſe (with very few exceptions from very particular circumſtances) utterly unallowable, and blameably indelicate.

You are, my dear, (I will not offend you, by ſaying to what *degree*,) a reaſonable and prudent young woman, pious, dutiful, and benevolent. Conſider then how much better you would account for the talents committed to you; how much more joy you would give to the beſt of friends; how much more good you would do to your fellow-creatures, by permitting yourſelf to be called out into active life, with all its variety of relations, than you can while you continue obſtinately in a ſingle ſtate, on purpoſe to indulge a remedileſs ſorrow. The domeſtic connexions would engage you in a thouſand not unpleaſing new cares and attentions, that muſt inevitably wear out in time impreſſions which you would feel it unfit to indulge. All that is generous, grateful, reaſonable, in your very juſt attachment would remain; every thing that paſſion and imagination have added, every unreaſonable, every painful emotion would be baniſhed; and the friendſhip between the two families become a ſource of laſting happineſs to both.

Adieu, my Harriet! I am afraid of being tedious on an unpleaſing ſubject. If I have omitted any thing material in this argument, the excellent parents you are with can abundantly ſupply it from their own reaſon and experience of the world. Aſſure them of my unfeigned regard; and believe

me,

me, my dear child, with a degree of eſteem that no young creature ever merited half ſo well,

Your truly-affectionate

M. D.

Pinned on by Lady G.

" DON'T you think, Lady L. that the contents ' of this letter ought to have the more weight ' with Harriet, as, were ſhe to be Lady Grandiſon, they would ſuit her own caſe and Emily's, ' were Emily to make the ſame pretenſions to a ' perpetual ſingle life, on the improbability of ' marrying her firſt love? I ſhall freely ſpeak my ' mind upon this ſubject, when Harriet can better ' bear the argument."

LETTER III.

From the Earl of G. *To Lady* G.

My dear Daughter, *Tueſday, Aug.* 1.

LET me be excuſed for aſking you a queſtion by pen and ink: When do you think of returning from Northamptonſhire? Lady Gertrude and I are out of all patience with you; not with Lord G. We know, that where-ever you are, there will he wiſh to be: His treaſure and his heart *muſt* be together. But to me, who always loved my ſon; to Lady Gertrude, who always loved her nephew; and who equally rejoiced in the happy event that gave *me* a daughter and *her* a niece; what can you ſay in excuſe for robbing us of both? It is true Miſs Byron is a lady that ought to be half the world to you: But muſt the other half have no manner of regard paid to it? I have enquired of Lord and Lady L. but they ſay you are ſo far from ſetting your time for return, that you are preſſing them to go down to you.

What

What can my daughter mean by this? Have you taken a houſe in Northamptonſhire? Have you forgot that you have taken one in Groſvenor-ſquare? Every thing is done there that you had ordered to be done; and all are at a ſtand for further directions. Let me tell you, Lady G. that my ſiſter and I love you *both* too well, to bear to be thus ſlighted. Love us but half as well, and you will tell us the day of your return. You don't conſider that we are both in years; and that, in all probability, you may often rejoice in the company you are with, when you cannot have ours. Excuſe this ſerious concluſion. I *am* ſerious upon the ſubject—And why? Becauſe I love you with a tenderneſs truly paternal. Pray make mine and my ſiſter's compliments acceptable to the loveliеſt woman in England, and to every one whom ſhe loves, who are now in Northamptonſhire. I am, my deareſt daughter,

Your ever-affectionate

G.

LETTER IV.

Lady G. *To the Right Honourable the Earl of* G.

Selby-houſe, Aug. 4.

O My dear lord! what do you mean? Are you and Lady Gertrude really angry with me? I cannot bear the ſerious concluſion of your letter. May you both live long, and be happy! If my affectionate duty to you both will contribute to your felicity, it ſhall not be wanting. I was ſo happy here, that I know not when I ſhould have returned to town, had you not, ſo kindly as to your intention, yet ſo ſeverely in your expreſſions, admoniſhed me. I will ſoon throw myſelf at your

feet;

feet; and by the next poſt will fix the day on which I hope to be forgiven by you both. Let Lord G. anſwer for himſelf. Upon my word he is as much to be blamed as I am; nay, more; for he dotes upon Miſs Byron.

Duty I avow: Pardon I beg: Never more, my dear and honoured lord, ſhall you have like reaſon to chide

Your ever-dutiful Daughter,
Nor you, my dear Lady Gertrude,
Your moſt obedient Kinſwoman,
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER V.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

London, Sat. Aug. 5.

THANK you, my reverend and dear Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, and Harriet the lovely and beloved. Thank you, my dear Lucy and Nancy Selby, and Kitty and Patty Holles; and good Miſs Orme; and you, my dear diſputatious uncle Selby, and honeſt couſin James, and all the reſt of you; for your particular graces, favours, civilities, and goodneſs ſuper-abundant, to my buſtling lord, and his lively dame. Let the good doctor and Emily thank you for themſelves.

And who do you think met us at St Alban's—Why, Beauchamp, Sir Harry and my lady, and Mr and Mrs Reeves!

Poor Sir Harry! He is in a very bad way; and Lady Beauchamp and his ſon (who peradventure had a reaſon he gave not) prevailed upon him to make this little excurſion, in hopes it would divert him. They had not for ſome weeks paſt ſeen him ſo chearful as we made him.

Aunt

Aunt Nell met us at Barnet, with Cicely Badger, her ſtill older woman, whom ſhe keeps about her to make herſelf look young, on compariſon—But a piece of bad news, Harriet: Our aunt Nell has loſt two more of her upper fore-teeth. A vile bit of bone (O how ſhe execrates it!) which lurked in a fricaſee, did the irreparable miſchief: And the good old ſoul is teaching her upper-lip, when ſhe ſpeaks, to reſign all motion to the under one, that it may as little as poſſible make the defect viſible. What poor wretches are we, Harriet, men, as *well* as women! We pray for long life; and what is the iſſue of our prayers, but leave to outlive our teeth and our friends; to ſtand in the way of our elbowing relations; and to change our ſwan-ſkins for ſkins of buff; which nevertheleſs will keep out neither cold nor infirmity? But I ſhall be ſerious by and by. And what is the deſign of my *pen-prattle*, but to make my ſweet Harriet ſmile?

The Earl and Lady Gertrude made up differences with me at firſt ſight. The lady is a little upon the *fallal;* a little aunt *Nelliſh;* but I proteſt I love *her*, and reverence her *brother*.

Beauchamp is certainly in love with Emily. When he firſt addreſſed her at St Alban's, his hands trembled, his cheeks glowed, his tongue faltered——So young a gypſey to make a conqueſt of ſuch importance! We women are powerful creatures, Harriet. As they ſay of horſes, If we knew our own ſtrength, and could have a little more patience than we generally have, we might do what we would with the powerleſs lords of the creation. In my conſcience, Harriet, look all *my* acquaintance through, of both ſexes, I think there are three ſilly fellows to one ſilly woman: Don't you think ſo in *yours?*—Are your Grevilles, your Fenwicks, your Fowlers, your Pollexfens, your Bagenhalls, and half a ſcore more I could name, to be put into competition

tition with Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, Lady D. our Lucy, Nancy, Miſs Orme, the two Miſs Holles's? ——Let uncle Selby and couſin James determine in the queſtion.

I am half in hopes that the little rogue Emily will draw herſelf in. Beauchamp is modeſt, yet not ſheepiſh; he is prudent, manly, lively; has addreſs: He will certainly draw her in, before ſhe knows where ſhe is: And how? Why by praiſing ſincerely, and loving cordially, the man at *preſent* moſt dear to her. When he firſt addreſſed her at St Alban's, O Mr Beauchamp, ſaid ſhe, with an innocent freedom, not regarding his tremblings, his glow and his falterings, I am glad to ſee you: I long to have you entertain me with ſtories of my guardian. But, ah! Sir, ſpeaking lower, and with a fallen countenance, tears ready to ſtart, Whoſe is he by this time? Yet, if you *know* it, don't tell me: It muſt not, muſt not be.

The praiſes given to thoſe we really love, I believe, are more grateful to us than thoſe conferred on ourſelves. I will tell you how I account for this, in general caſes, my brother out of the queſtion.——We doubt not our *own* merits; but may be afraid, that the favoured object will not be conſidered by others as we are willing to conſider him: But if he is, we take the praiſe given him as a compliment to our own judgment. Self-love, ſelf-love, at the bottom of all we ſay and do: I am convinced it is, notwithſtanding all you have urged to the contrary. *Generally*, you know, I ſaid. Do you think I will allow you to judge of the generality of the world by what you find in one of the beſt hearts in it?

An inſtance in point—I remember a Miſs Hurſte; a ſweet pretty creature, and very ſenſible: She had from her chamber-window been ſhot through the heart by the blind archer, who took his ſtand on the feather of a military man, marching at the head of his

his company through the market-town in which ſhe lived. Yet was her ſuſceptibility her *only* inducement; for the man was neither handſome in his perſon, nor genteel in his appearance: Nor could ſhe be in love with the *ſenſe* of a man, had he been a Solomon, whoſe mouth ſhe had then never ſeen opened, and to whoſe character ſhe was as much a ſtranger, as *he* was to *hers*, or her perſon, till ſhe contrived to have him made acquainted with his good fortune. Conſtant, however, to her firſt fooliſh impreſſion, ſhe, in oppoſition to all advice, and the expoſtulations of a tender and indulgent mother, married him. A Solomon he was *not*. And when he at any time, by virtue of his relation to her, was introduced into her family, how would ſhe bluſh whenever he opened his mouth! And how did her eyes ſparkle with gratitude upon any one who took the leaſt reſpectful notice of him! Compliments to herſelf were unheeded; but ſhe ſeemed ready to throw herſelf at the feet of thoſe who ſmiled upon, and directed themſelves to, her captain. Poor girl! ſhe wanted to give credit to the *motive* by which ſhe had been actuated.

Now, Harriet, I charge you, that you think not that this man's name was Anderſon. Somebody met with an eſcape! Yet now and then I bluſh for ſomebody. Yet between this ſomebody and Miſs Hurſte's caſes there was this difference——A father's apprehended—*Tyranny*—(ſhall I call it?) impreſſing the one; a tindery fit the other. In the one a timely recovery; in the other, the firſt folly deliberately confirmed.

Dear, dear Harriet! let me make you ſmile!—I proteſt, if you won't, I will talk of Lord D. and then I know you will frown.

The excellent lady of that name has already been to welcome us to town. She abſolutely doats upon you; ſo, ſhe ſays, does the young Earl. She prays day and night, ſhe tells me, that my brother may

ſoon come to England, his Italian bride in his hand. She expects every poſt to hear from Sir Arthur Brandon; who has carried a letter from her, and another from the Earl of N. recommending that promiſing young gentleman to my brother's favour, on his viſiting Italy. She hopes my brother will not take amiſs her freedom, at ſo ſhort an acquaintance. If Sir Arthur ſends her ſuch news as *ſhe* wiſhes, and *we* dread to hear, away drives ſhe to Northamptonſhire—And ſhould ſhe, I don't know who will ſcruple to wiſh her ſucceſs; for her young man riſes every day in his character. My dear creature, you muſt, you ſhall, be in our row; and Lady D.'s laſt letter to you is unanſwerable. Forgive me for touching upon this ſubject: But we have no hopes. You have nothing to fear; ſince you *expect* what the next mails will bring. And *who* of us, after all, have our firſt love? Aunt Nell would not have deſcended *ſola* into her greys, nor Cicely Badger neither, if they might have obtained the men of their choice—Poor Aunt Nell! ſhe has been telling me (her taken-off ſpectacles in her fingers) of a diſappointment of this kind in her youth, with ſuch woeful earneſtneſs, that it made me ready to cry for her. She lays it at the door of her brother, my poor father; and now will you wonder, that, to this hour, ſhe cannot ſpeak of him with patience?—Poor Aunt Nell!

Well, but how do you, my love? For heaven's ſake, be well. Could I make you ſpeak out, could I make you complain, I ſhould have ſome hope of you: But ſo ſorrowful when alone, as we plainly ſee, yet aiming to be ſo chearful in company--O my dear! you muſt be gluttonous of grief in your ſolitary hours. But what tho' the man *be* Sir Charles Grandiſon; Is not the woman Harriet Byron?

Lady L. tells me, that Olivia behaved like a diſtracted woman, when ſhe took leave of her on her ſetting out to return to Italy. She ſometimes wept, ſometimes

ſometimes raved, and threatened. Wretched woman! Surely ſhe will not attempt the life of the man ſhe ſo ungovernedly loves! *Our* caſe, Harriet, is not ſo hard as hers: But ſhe will ſooner get over her talkative, than you will your ſilent love. When a perſon can rave, the paſſion is not dangerous. If the head be ſafe, pride and ſuppoſed ſlight will in time harden the heart of ſuch a one; and her love will be ſwallowed up by reſentment.

You complimented me on my *civility* to my good man, all the time we were with you. Indeed I was *very* civil to him. It is now become a habit, and I verily think that it looks well in man and wife to behave prettily to each other before company. I now-and then, however, ſit down with a full deſign to make him look about him; but he is ſo obliging, that I am conſtrained, againſt my intention, to let the fit go off without making him very ſerious.

Am I conceited, Harriet? Which of the two ſilly folks, do you think, has moſt (not wit—wit is a fooliſh thing, but) underſtanding? I *think* the woman has it, all to nothing—Now don't mortify me. If you pretend to *doubt*, I will be *ſure*. Upon my word, my dear, I am an excellent creature, *ſo* thinking, *ſo* aſſured, to behave ſo obligingly as I do to Lord G. Never, unleſs a woman has as much prudence as your Charlotte, let her wed a man who has leſs underſtanding than herſelf. But women marry not ſo much now-a-days for love, or fitneſs of tempers, as for the liberty of gadding abroad with leſs cenſure, and leſs controul—And yet, now I think of it, we need only take a ſurvey of the flocks of ſingle women which croud to Ranelagh and Vauxhall markets, dreſſed out to be *cheapened* not *purchaſed*, to be convinced that the maids are as much above either ſhame or controul as the wives. But were not *fathers* deſirous to get the *drugs* off their hands (to expreſs myſelf in young Danby's ſaucy ſtile), theſe freedoms would not be permitted. As

for *mothers*, many of them are for eſcorting their daughters to public places, becauſe they themſelves like racketing.

But how, Charlotte, methinks you aſk, do theſe reflections on your own ſex ſquare with what you ſaid above of the preference of women to men?—How! I'll tell you. The men who frequent theſe places are ſtill more ſilly than we. Is it their intereſt to join in this almoſt univerſal diſſipation? And would the women croud to market, if there were not men.

We are entered into our new houſe. It is furniſhed in taſte. Lord G. has wanted but very little of my correction, I do aſſure you, in the diſpoſition of every-thing: He begins to want employment. Have you, Harriet, any-thing to buſy him in?—I am not willing to teach him to knot. Poor man! He has *already* knit one that he cannot untie.

God bleſs the honeſt ſoul! He came to me, juſt now, ſo prim, and ſo pleaſed—A parrot and parroquet—The parrot is the fineſt talker! He had great difficulty, he ſaid, in getting them. He had obſerved, that I was much taken with Lady Finlay's parrot. Lady Finlay had a marmouſet too. I wonder the poor man did not bring me a monkey. O! but you'll ſay, That was needleſs—You are very ſmart, Harriet, upon my man. I won't allow anybody but myſelf to abuſe him.

Intolerable levity, Charlotte!—And ſo it is. But to whom? Only to you. I love the man better every day than the former. When I write of him thus ſaucily, it is in the gaiety of my heart: But if, inſtead of a ſmile, I have drawn upon myſelf your contempt, what a mortification, however deſerved, will that be to

Your CHARLOTTE G.!

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Selby-houſe, July 24.

YOU write, my dear Lady G. with intent to make me ſmile. I thank you for your intention: It is not wholly loſt. My friends and I are one; and my uncle and *Couſin James* laughed out at ſeveral places in your lively letter. Lucy ſmiled: But ſhall I tell you what my grandmamma and aunt ſaid?

I will not. Now will your curioſity be excited.

To ſay the truth, they ſpoke not; they only ſhook their heads. I ſaw, my dear, greatly as they love and admire you, that if they had ſmiled, it would have been *at*, not *with*, the poor Charlotte (Let me pity you, my dear!) who, in ſome places of her letter, could ſupport with the infirmities of age, to which we are all advancing, and even wiſh to arrive at; and in others treat lightly a man, to whom ſhe owes reſpect, and has vowed duty, and who almoſt adores her.

You aſk, my dear, which of a certain pair has moſt underſtanding? And you bid me not mortify you with giving it on the man's ſide. I will not. Lord G. is far from being wanting in underſtanding; but Lady G. has undoubtedly more than thouſands, even of *ſenſible* women: But in her treatment of certain ſubjects, ſhe by no means ſhews it. There's for you, my dear! I hope you will not be diſpleaſed with your Harriet. You ought to take one of us to taſk. Methinks I would not have you be angry with yourſelf.

But, my dear, I am not well: This therefore may make me the leſs capable of reliſhing your raillery. Theſe men vex me. Greville's obſtinate perſeverance, and ſo near a neighbour, that I cannot avoid

ſeeing him often: Poor Mr Orme's ill health: Thoſe things afflict me.—Lady D. urging me, with ſuch ſtrength of reaſon (I am afraid I muſt ſay), and with an affection ſo truly maternal, that I know not how to anſwer her.: And juſt now I have received a letter, unknown to that good lady, from the Earl of D.—laying in a claim, on a certain ſuppoſition, that—O my dear! how cruel is all this to your Harriet? My grandmamma by her eyes, I ſee, wiſhes me to think of marriage, and with Lord D.—as all thoughts—I need not ſay of what—are over—My aunt Selby's eyes are ready to ſecond my grandmamma's—My uncle ſpeaks out on the ſame ſide of the queſtion: So do you: So does Lucy. Nancy is ſilent: She ſees my diſturbance when I am looked at, and talked to, on this ſubject—So ought Lucy, I think.—My ſoul, my dear, is fretted. I have begged leave to paſs a fortnight or three weeks with my good Mr Deane, who rejoiced at the motion; but my grandmamma heard my requeſt with tears: She could not ſpare her Harriet, ſhe told me. My aunt alſo dried *her* eyes—How, my Charlotte, could I think of leaving them?—Yet could they have parted with me, I ſhould ſurely have been more compoſed with Mr Deane than at preſent I can be any-where elſe. He is more delicate (ſhall I be excuſed to ſay?) than my uncle.

Were but the news come that the ſolemnity is over——I am greatly miſtaken in myſelf, if I ſhould not be more eaſy than I am at preſent—But then I ſhould be more teazed, more importuned, than before. You tell me, the Counteſs of D. would come down: The very thought of that viſit hurts me.

I have no doubt but by this time the knot is tied. God Almighty ſhower on the heads of both the choiceſt of his bleſſings! I ſhould be quite out of humour with myſelf, if I were not able to offer up this prayer as often as I pray for myſelf.

I beg

I beg of you, my dear, to ſpeed to me the next letters from Italy, be the contents what they will. You know I am armed. Shall the event I wiſh to be over, either ſurpriſe or grieve me?—I hope not.

I will not pity Lady Olivia, becauſe ſhe threatened and raved. True love rages not; threatens not. Yet a diſappointment in love is a dreadful thing; and may operate in different minds different ways; as I have read ſomewhere.

I ſhall write to all my friends in town, and at Colnebrook: I trouble you not, therefore, with particular compliments to them.

How could you mention the names of Mr and Mrs Reeves, and ſay no more of them? I thought you loved them both. They are deſerving of your love, and love you.

Never, I believe, did any young creature ſuffer in her mind by ſuſpenſe as I have done for ſome months paſt. In the preſent ſituation of things I know not what further to write. What *can* I, my Charlotte?—Conjectural topics are reſerved for my cloſet and pillow.

Adieu, and adieu, my beloved friend, my dear Lady G. Be good, and be happy! What a bleſſing, that both are in your power! May they ever be ſo! And may you make a good uſe of that power, prays

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, July 8-19.

MY heart is unuſually ſad. How imperfect is that happineſs which we cannot enjoy without giving pain to another!

The

The Count of Belvedere has been made acquainted with the hopeful turn in the mind of Clementina; and that, in all probability, ſhe will be given as a reward to the man to whoſe friendly cares for her, and her brother, the whole family attribute the happy alteration; and late laſt night he gave me notice of his arrival in this city, and of his intention to pay me an early viſit this morning.

I have juſt now had a meſſage from Clementina by Camilla, with a requeſt, that I will ſuſpend my intended viſit till the afternoon.

I aſked Camilla, If ſhe knew the reaſon of this; and of her being ſo early diſpatched with it? She ſaid, It was her young lady's own order, without conſulting any body. The marchioneſs, ſhe ſaid, told her yeſterday in the afternoon, that every-thing was now abſolutely determined upon between them and me; and ſhe would be miſtreſs of her own wiſhes; and that I ſhould be allowed to attend her in the morning at breakfaſt, to know what thoſe were. Her young lady, on this happy communication (ſo Camilla called it), threw herſelf at her mother's feet, and in a very graceful manner acknowledged her father's and her indulgence to her: and from that hour her temper took a turn different from what it had been before. For, ever ſince, ſaid Camilla, ſhe has been ſilent, ſolemn, and reſerved; yet buſy at her pen, tranſcribing fair from her pocket-book what ſhe had written in it. To morrow, Camilla!—To-morrow! ſaid ſhe, breaking once her ſolemn ſilence, her complexion varying, will be a day indeed! O that it were come! and yet I dread it. How ſhall I, face to face, converſe with this exalted man! What ſhall I do to appear as great as he? His goodneſs fires me with emulation!—O that to-morrow were come, and gone!

This was over night. I believe, proceeded Camilla, that the dear lady is drawing up ſome conditions

ditions of her own for you to ſign: But, Sir, I dare ſay, by the hint ſhe has thrown out, they will be generous ones, and what will have more of fancy than hardſhip in them.

I had much ado to prevail upon her, continued her faithful woman, to go to reſt at midnight: Yet at four in the morning ſhe aroſe, and went to her pen and ink; and about ſix commanded me to call Laura to attend her, while I went to you with the meſſage I have brought. I expoſtulated with her, and begged ſhe would delay it till the Marchioneſs aroſe; but ſhe began to be impatient: I have *reaſon* in my requeſt, Camilla, ſaid ſhe. I muſt not be contradicted, or expoſtulated with: My head will not bear oppoſition at this time. It is a ſlight thing for ſuch a poor creature as I have been, and am, to be put out of her courſe? Am I not to have a meeting with the Chevalier Grandiſon, on the moſt important act of my life? My mamma tells me, that I am to be now miſtreſs of my own will; don't *you*, Camilla, ſeek to controul me. I ſhall not be prepared enough for the ſubject he will poſſibly talk to me upon, till the afternoon: And if I know he is in the houſe with an expectation of ſeeing me, I ſhall want the preſence of mind I am ſtruggling to obtain.

So, Sir, concluded Camilla, I have performed my duty. The dear lady, I ſee, will be in too much confuſion, if the important ſubject be not begun with precaution: But who ſhall inſtruct you in ſuch delicate points as theſe? One thing, however, permit me, Sir, to obſerve: I have often known young ladies go on courageouſly with a lover, while the end in view has been diſtant, or there have been difficulties to encounter with; but when theſe difficulties are overcome, and they have aſcended the hill they toiled up, they have turned round, and looked about them, with fear as ſtrong as their hope.

What

What the conditions may be———
But the Count of Belvedere is come.

Ten o'clock.

THE Count accoſted me, in return for the kindeſt reception I could give him, with an air of coldneſs and diſpleaſure. I was ſurpriſed at a behaviour ſo different from his uſual politeneſs, and the kindneſs he had ever ſhewn me I took notice to him of it. He aſked me, if I would tell him faithfully what my preſent ſituation was with Lady Clementina?

I will, my lord, if I tell you any thing of it: But the temper of mind you ſeem to be in may not, perhaps, for your own ſake, any more than mine, make it prudent for me to comply with your expectations.

You need not give me any other anſwer, replied he. You ſeem to be ſure of the lady: But ſhe muſt not, *ſhall* not be yours while I am living.

It is not for me, my lord, who have met with many amazing turns and incidents which I have not either invited or provoked, to be ſurpriſed at *any* thing: But if your lordſhip has any expectations, any demands, to make on this ſubject, it muſt be from the family of the Marcheſe della Porretta, and not from me.

Do you think, Sir, that I feel not the ſting of this reference? And yet all the family, but one, are in my intereſt in their hearts; every conſideration is on my ſide; not one, but the plauſibility of your generoſity, and the ſpecioſneſs of your perſon and manners on yours.

A man, my lord, ſhould not be reproached for qualities, upon which, whether he has them or not, he values not himſelf. But let me aſk you, Were my pretenſions out of the queſtion, has your lordſhip any hope of an intereſt in the affections of Lady Clementina?

While

While ſhe is unmarried, I *may* hope. Had you not come over to us, I make no doubt but I might, in time, have called her mine. You cannot but know that her abſence of mind was no obſtacle with me.

I am wholly ſatisfied in my own conduct, replied I: That, my lord, is a great point with me: I am not accountable for it to any man on earth. Yet, if you have any doubts about it, propoſe them. I have a high opinion of the Count of Belvedere, and wiſh to have him think well of me.

Tell me, Chevalier, what your preſent ſituation is with Lady Clementina? What is concluded upon between the family and you? And whether Clementina herſelf has declared for you?

She has not yet declared herſelf *to me*. I repeat, that I have a value for the Count of Belvedere, and will therefore acquaint him with more than he has reaſon to expect, from the humour which ſeems to have governed him in this viſit.—I am to attend her this afternoon, by appointment: Her family and I underſtand one another. I have been willing to conſider the natural impulſes of a ſpirit ſo pure, though diſturbed, as the finger of Providence. I have hitherto been abſolutely paſſive: In honour I cannot now be ſo. This afternoon, my lord—

"This afternoon!" trembling; What! this afternoon!—

Will my deſtiny, as to Lady Clementina, be determined.

I am diſtracted. If her *friends* are determined in your favour, it is from neceſſity rather than choice: But if the lady is left to *her own* determination, I am a loſt man.

You have given a reaſon, my lord, for your acquieſcence, *ſhould* Lady Clementina determine in my favour—But it cannot be a happy circumſtance for

for me, if, as you hint, I am to enter into the family of Porretta as an unwelcome relation to any of them; and ſtill leſs, if my good fortune ſhall make a man juſtly valued by all who know him unhappy.

And are you, this afternoon, Chevalier, to ſee Clementina for the purpoſe you intimate? This *very* afternoon?—And are you then to change your paſſive conduct towards her? And will you court, will you urge her to conſent to be yours? Religion, country—Let me tell you, Sir—I muſt take reſolutions. With infinite regret I tell you that I muſt. You will not refuſe to meet me. The conſent is not *yet* given: You ſhall not rob Italy of ſuch a prize. Favour me, Sir, this moment, without the city gates.

Unhappy man! How much I pity you! You know my principles. It is hard, acting as I have done, to be thus invited. Acquaint yourſelf with my whole conduct in this affair from the biſhop, from father Mareſcotti, from the general himſelf, ſo much *always* your friend, and *once* ſo little mine. What has influenced them (ſo much as you ſeem to think againſt their inclinations) cannot want its influence upon a mind ſo noble as that of the Count of Belvedere. But whatever be your reſolutions upon the enquiries I wiſh you to make, I tell you before-hand, that I never will meet you but as my friend.

He turned from me with emotion: He walked about the room as a man irreſolute; and at laſt, with a wildneſs in his air, approached me—I will go this inſtant, ſaid he, to the family: I will ſee father Mareſcotti and the biſhop; and I will let them know my deſpair. And if I cannot have hope given me—O Chevalier! once more I ſay, that Lady Clementina ſhall not be yours while I live.

He

He looked round him, as if he would not have any body hear what he was going to ſay but me, though no one was near; and whiſpering, It is better, ſaid he, to die by your hand, than—He ſtopt; and in diſorder hurried from me; and was out of ſight when I got down to the door.

The Count, when he came up to me, left his valet below, who told Saunders, that Lady Sforza had made his lord a *viſit* at Parma; and, by ſomething ſhe related to him, had ſtimulated him to make *this* to me. He added, that he was very apprehenſive of the humour he came in, and which he had held ever ſince he ſaw Lady Sforza.

How, my dear Dr Bartlett, do the *raſh* eſcape as they do, when I, who endeavour to *avoid* embarraſſments, and am not ready either to give or take offence, am hardly able to extricate myſelf from one difficulty, but I find myſelf involved in another? What cannot a woman do, when ſhe reſolves to make miſchief among friends? Lady Sforza is a high-ſpirited and contriving woman. It is not for her intereſt that Clementina ſhould marry at all: But yet, as the Count of Belvedere is a cool, a diſpaſſionate man, and knows the views of that lady, I cannot but wonder what thoſe arts muſt be by which ſhe has been able to excite, in ſo calm a breaſt, a flame ſo vehement.

I am now haſtening to the palace of Porretta; my heart not a little affected with the apprehenſions given me by Camilla's account of her young lady's ſolemn, yet active turn, on the expected viſit. For does it not indicate an imagination too much raiſed for the occaſion (important as that is); and that her diſorder is far from ſubſiding?

LETTER VIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Sat. Evening.

I SIT down now, my dear and reverend friend, to write to you particulars which will ſurpriſe you. Clementina is the nobleſt woman on earth. What at laſt—But I find I muſt have a quieter heart, and fingers too, before I can proceed.

I THINK I am a little leſs agitated than I was. The above few lines ſhall go; for they will expreſs to you the emotions of my mind, when I attempted to write an account of what had then ſo newly paſſed.

As ſoon as I entered the palace, Camilla met me, and conducted me to the Marchioneſs. The Marquis and the biſhop were with her. O Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, we have been greatly diſturbed by a viſit from the Count of Belvedere. Poor man!—He ſays he waited on you at your lodgings.

He did. I then, at the biſhop's requeſt, told them all that had paſſed between us, except his laſt words, which implied, that it was better to die by the hand of another man than by his own.

They expreſſed their concern for him, and their apprehenſions for me; but I found that his unexpected viſit had not altered their purpoſe in my favour. They were convinced, they told him, that the reſtoration of their daughter's tranquillity of mind depended upon giving her intirely her own way; and not one word more of oppoſition or contradiction ſhould ſhe meet with from them.

I have been hindered, ſaid the Marchioneſs, by this unhappy man's viſit, and his vehemence, which moved me to pity him (for I am afraid that he will

will be in our daughter's unhappy way) from watching in perſon the humour of my child; which, two hours ago, Camilla told me, was very particular. I was going to her when you came; but I will ſend for Camilla.—She did.

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me in the morning, continued the Marchioneſs, ſhe apologized to me for ſending Camilla to you, to ſuſpend your viſit till the afternoon. She was not, ſhe ſaid, *prepared* to ſee you. —I aſked her, continued ſhe, what preparation was wanted to ſee a man eſteemed by us all, and who had given ſuch inſtances of his regard to her?

Madam, anſwered ſhe, and ſeemed as if gaſping for breath, am I not now to ſee him in a light in which hitherto I never beheld him? I have a thouſand things to ſay to him, none of which perhaps I ſhall be able to ſay, except he draws them from me. He hinted once, very lately, that he could only be rewarded by a *family act*. We *cannot* reward him; that is my grief; I muſt ſee him with a heart overwhelmed with obligation. He will appear as a prince to me: I muſt to myſelf as his vaſſal. I have been putting down in writing what I ſhould ſay to him; but I cannot pleaſe myſelf. O madam! he is great in my eyes, becauſe I am unable to reward him as he deſerves. I told her, that her fortune, her quality, the ſacrifice ſhe would make of her country (though never, I hoped, of her religion), ought to give her a higher opinion of herſelf; though all theſe were far from cancelling the obligation we all were under to him, on our Jeronymo's account as well as on hers.

Well, madam, replied ſhe, heaven only knows how I ſhall be able to behave to him, now you have left every thing to myſelf; and now he will talk to me, by permiſſion, on a ſubject ſo new, yet ſo very intereſting. O that this day were over!

I aſked her, proceeded the Marchioneſs, if ſhe would yet take further time?—A week, or more? O no, ſaid ſhe: That muſt not be. I ſhall be prepared to ſee him, I hope, by the afternoon. Pray let him come then. I am very clear now, putting her hand to her forehead: I may not be ſo a week, nor a day hence.

Camilla then entered the room. Camilla, ſaid the Marchioneſs, in what way is the dear creature now?

Ever ſince your ladyſhip left her, ſhe has been more reſerved and thoughtful; yet her ſpirits are high: Her mind ſeems full of the Chevalier's next viſit; and twice, within this half-hour, ſhe aſked if he were come? She reads over and over ſomething ſhe has written; lays it down, takes it up: walks about the room, ſometimes with an air of dignity, at others hanging down her head. I don't like her frequent ſtartings. Within this hour ſhe has ſeveral times ſhed tears. She ſighs often. She was not to be pleaſed with her dreſs. Once ſhe would be in black, then in colours, then her white and ſilver was taken out: But that, ſhe ſaid, would give her a bridal appearance: She at laſt choſe her plain white ſattin. She looks like an angel. But O that her eyes and her motions ſhewed greater compoſure!

You have a taſk before you, Chevalier, ſaid the biſhop. What tokens are theſe of a diſordered, yet a raiſed mind! We may ſee from theſe extraordinary agitations, on the expectation of a converſation that is to end in her conſent to crown our wiſhes, how much her heart has been in that event: May it be happy to you both!

I fear nothing, ſaid the Marchioneſs, as to the happineſs of my child, that lies within the power of the Chevalier: I am ſure of his tenderneſs to her.

I think,

I think, ſaid the Marquis, we will allow the Chevalier to carry his bride over to England for the *firſt* ſix months, and return with her to us in the *ſecond:* It may give a new turn to the courſe of her ideas. The ſame places, the ſame perſons, always in view, may ſadden her reflecting heart. And, beſides, the mind of the poor Count of Belvedere may be ſtrengthened by this abſence.

The biſhop applauded this thought. The Marchioneſs ſaid, *Reaſon* may approve the motion; but can the *mother* ſo ſoon part with her child?—Yet, for her happineſs, I muſt ſubmit.

Let us, ſaid the Marquis, leave this to her choice as the reſt. Camilla, let my daughter know that the Chevalier attends her pleaſure. You would have it ſo, Chevalier?

I bowed my aſſent.

Camilla returned not preſently: When ſhe did, I could not come ſooner, ſaid ſhe. My young lady is ſtrangely fluttered. I have been reaſoning with her.—Madam, turning to the Marchioneſs, will you be pleaſed to walk up to her?

Had this been the *firſt* interview, ſaid the biſhop, I ſhould not have wondered at her diſcompoſure—But this diſorder ſhews itſelf in a ſtrange variety of ſhapes.

The Marchioneſs, attended by Camilla, went up. I was ſoon ſent for. The Marchioneſs met me at the entrance of the young lady's dreſſing-room—and retiring, whiſpered, I believe ſhe had rather be alone with you. Dear creature! I do not know what to make of her. She has, I fancy, ſomething to propoſe to you. Camilla, come with me. We will be but in the next room, Chevalier.

When I entered the room, the young lady was ſitting in a penſive mood at her toilette, her hand ſupporting her head. A fine glow overſpread her cheeks as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me: She aroſe, and, courteſying low, advanced a few ſteps towards me;

but trembled, and looked now down, now aſide, and now conſciouſly glancing towards me.

I approached her, and, with profound reſpect, took her hand with both mine, and preſſed it with my lips. I addreſs not myſelf now to Lady Clementina as my pupil: I have leave given me to look upon her in a nearer light; and ſhe will have the goodneſs to pardon the freedom of this addreſs.

Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, turning her face from me, but not withdrawing her hand—and heſitating, as if not knowing how to ſpeak her mind, ſighed, and was ſilent.

I led her to her chair. She ſat down, ſtill trembling. God be praiſed, ſaid I, bowing my face on both her hands, as I held them in mine, for the amended health of the lady ſo dear to all who have the happineſs of knowing her! May her recovery, and that of our dear Jeronymo, be perfected!

Happy man! ſaid ſhe, happy in the power given you to oblige as you have done!—But how, how ſhall I—O, Sir! you know not the conflict that has rent my heart in pieces, ever ſince—I forgot when—O Chevalier! I have not power—She ſtopt, wept, and remained ſilent.

It is in your power, madam, to make happy the man to whom you own obligations which are already overpaid.

I took my ſeat by her, at her ſilent motion to a chair.

Speak on, Sir: My ſoul is labouring with great purpoſes. Tell me, tell me, all you have to ſay to me. My heart is too big for its priſon, putting her hand to it: It wants room, methinks; yet utterance is denied me—Speak, and let me be ſilent—

Your father, mother, brothers, uncle, are all of one mind. I am permitted to open my heart to her

their Clementina; and I promiſe myſelf a gracious audience. Father Mareſcotti befriends me.—The terms, madam, are thoſe I offered when I was laſt in Italy.

She hung down her head in liſtening ſilence—

Every other year I am to be happy with my Clementina in England—

Your Clementina, Sir!—Ah, Chevalier!—She bluſhed, and turned away her face—*Your* Clementina, Sir, repeated ſhe—and looked pleaſed, yet a tear ſtole down on her glowing cheek.

Yes, madam, I am encouraged to hope you will be mine.—You are to have your confeſſor, madam. Father Mareſcotti will do me the honour of attending you in that function. His piety, his zeal, my own charity for all thoſe who differ from me in opinion, my honour ſo ſolemnly engaged to the family who condeſcend to intruſt me with their deareſt pledge, will be your ſecurity.

Ah, Sir! interrupted ſhe, and are not you then to be a Catholic?

You *conſented*, madam, when I was laſt in Italy, that I ſhould purſue the dictates of my conſcience.

Did I? ſaid ſhe, and ſighed!—Well, Sir—

Your father or mother, madam, will acquaint you with every other particular in which you ſhall want to be ſatisfied.

Tears ſtood in her eyes; ſhe ſeemed in great perplexity. She would twice or thrice have ſpoken, but ſpeech was denied her: At laſt ſhe gave me her hand, and directed her ſteps, trembling, to her cloſet. She entered it. Leave me, leave me, ſaid ſhe; and putting a paper in my hand, and ſhutting to the door, inſtantly, as I ſaw, fell on her knees; and I, to avoid hearing ſobs which pierced my heart, went into the next apartment, where were her mother and Camilla, who had heard part of what had paſſed between us. The

Marchioneſs

Marchioneſs went to her; but preſently returning, The dear creature, ſaid ſhe, is quite ſenſible, thank God, though in grief. She beſought me to leave her to her own ſtruggles. If ſhe could but be aſſured that you, Chevalier, would forgive her, ſhe ſhould be better. She had given you a paper. Let him read it, ſaid ſhe; and let me ſtay here till he ſends for me, if he can bear in his ſight, *after* he has read it, a creature unworthy of his goodneſs.—What, ſaid the Marchioneſs, can be the meaning of all this?

I was as much ſurprized as ſhe. I had not opened the paper, and offered to read it in her preſence; but ſhe deſired to hear it read in her lord's, if it were proper; and precipitately withdrew, leaving me in the young lady's dreſſing-room, Camilla attending in the next apartment, to wait her commands. I was aſtoniſhed at the contents. Theſe are they *.

O THOU whom my heart beſt loveth, forgive me!—Forgive me, ſaid I, for what?—For acting, if I am enabled to act, greatly? The example is from thee, who, in my eyes, art the greateſt of human creatures. My duty calls upon me one way: My heart reſiſts my duty, and tempts me not to perform it: Do thou, O God, ſupport me in the arduous ſtruggle! Let it not, as once before, overthrow my reaſon, my but juſt-returning reaſon!—O God! do thou ſupport me, and ſtrengthen my reaſon. My effort is great! It is worthy of the creature, which thou, Clementina, didſt always aſpire to be.

My tutor, my brother, my friend! O moſt beloved and beſt of men! ſeek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of thee. Thy SOUL was ever moſt dear to Clementina: Whenever I meditated the gracefulneſs of thy perſon, I reſtrained my eye, I checked

* *Tranſlated by Dr* Bartlett.

checked my fancy: And how? Why, by meditating the ſuperior graces of thy mind. And is not that SOUL, thought I, to be ſaved? Dear obſtinate, and perverſe! And ſhall I bind my ſoul to a ſoul allied to perdition? That ſo dearly loves that ſoul, as hardly to wiſh to be ſeparated from it in its future lot.—O thou moſt amiable of men! How can I be ſure, that, were I thine, thou wouldſt not draw me after thee by love, by ſweetneſs of manners, by condeſcending goodneſs? I, who once thought a heretic the worſt of beings, have been already led, by the amiableneſs of thy piety, by the univerſality of thy charity to all thy fellow-creatures, to think more favourably of all heretics for thy ſake? Of what force would be the admonitions of the moſt pious confeſſor, were thy condeſcending goodneſs and ſweet perſuaſion to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine? I know that I ſhould not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee: Yet, ſenſible of thy ſuperior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled? My confeſſor would, in that caſe, grow uneaſy with me. Women love not to be ſuſpected. Oppoſition ariſes from ſuſpicion and contradiction; thy love, thy gentleneſs, thrown in the other ſcale, ſhould I not be loſt?

And what have my father, my mother, my brothers done, that I ſhould ſhew myſelf willing to leave them, and a beloved country, for a country but lately hated too, as well as the religion? But now, that that hatred is gone off, and ſo ſoon, gives another inſtance of my weakneſs, and thy ſtrength. O moſt amiable of men!—O thou whom my ſoul loveth, ſeek not to entangle me by thy love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would miſlead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: Since, wert thou to convince me at the *time*, my doubts would return; and, whenever thou wert abſent, I ſhould be doubly miſerable.

miſerable. For canſt thou, can I be indifferent in theſe high matters? Haſt thou not ſhewn me that *thou* canſt not? And ſhall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force, an efficacy upon *thee*, which a right one cannot have upon *me?*—O thou moſt amiable of men! ſeek not to entangle me by thy love!

But doſt thou *indeed* love me? Or is it owing to thy generoſity, thy compaſſion, thy nobleneſs, for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, could not ſuſtain the effort? I call upon thee, bleſſed virgin, to witneſs how I *formerly* ſtruggled with myſelf! How much I endeavoured to ſubdue that affection which I ever muſt bear to him!—*Permit* me, moſt generous of men, to ſubdue it! It is in thy power to hold me faſt, or to ſet me free. I know thou loveſt Clementina: It is her pride to think that thou doſt. But ſhe is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own, that thou loveſt her ſoul, her immortal ſoul, and her future peace. In *that* wilt thou ſhow thy love, as ſhe has endeavoured to ſhew hers. *Thou* art all magnanimity: *Thou* canſt ſuſtain the effort which *ſhe* was unequal to. Make ſome other woman happy!—But I cannot bear that it ſhall be an Italian. If it *muſt* be an Italian, not Florence, but Bologna, ſhall give an Italian to thee!

But can I ſhew thee this paper, which has coſt me ſo many tears, ſo much ſtudy, ſo much blotting-out, and reviſing, and tranſcribing, and which yet I drew up with an *intent* to ſhew thee? I verily think I cannot: Nor *will* I, till I can ſee, by converſing with thee face to face, what I ſhall be enabled to do, in anſwer to prayers to heaven, that it would enable me!——O how faint, at times, have been thoſe prayers!

You, my father, my mother, my brothers, and you, my ſpiritual father, pious and good man! have helped to ſubdue me, by your generous goodneſs.

You

You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I ſhall be. But do I not know that you have complied with me, for *my* ſake only?—Shall I not, if it pleaſe God to reſtore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which you, Father Mareſcotti, in particular, formerly urged againſt an alliance with this nobleſt of men, becauſe he was of a religion ſo contrary to my own, and ſo pertinacious in it? And will thoſe *recollections* make me happy? O permit, permit me, my deareſt friends, ſtill to be God's child, the ſpouſe of my Redeemer only! Let me, let me yet take the veil!—And let me, in a place conſecrated to his glory, paſs the remainder of my life (It may not be a long one) in prayers for you all, and in prayers for the converſion and happineſs of the man, whoſe ſoul my ſoul loveth, and ever muſt love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed againſt this motive, and my ſoul's everlaſting welfare? Let me take a great revenge of my cruel couſin Laurana. Let hers be the eſtate ſo truly deſpiſed, and ſo voluntarily forfeited, by the happier Clementina!—Are we not all of us rich and noble? Shall I not have a great revenge, if I can be enabled to take it in this way?

O thou whom my ſoul loveth, let me try the greatneſs of thy love, and the greatneſs of thy ſoul, by thy endeavours to ſtrengthen, and not impair, a reſolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep: For God only knoweth what this ſtruggle from the firſt hath coſt me; and what it will ſtill further coſt me! But, my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And ſhall I not endeavour to make the *cleſe* of it happy? *Let* me be great, my Chevalier! how fondly can I nevertheleſs call thee *my* Chevalier!

Thou

Thou canſt make the unhappy Clementina what thou pleaſeſt.

But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his goodneſs to two of your children? Theſe obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not *his* magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, *almoſt* divine Philanthropiſt, can'ſt thou forgive me?—But I know thou can'ſt. Thou haſt the ſame notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I have the preſumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage ſo wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the reſolution, to ſhew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conqueſt of myſelf; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friends generoſity: But do God and thou enable me to ſay, Not my will, but his and theirs, be done!—Yet, after all, it muſt be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to ſuch exalted merit) to add what name thou pleaſeſt, to that of

CLEMENTINA ———

Never was man more aſtoniſhed, perplexed, confounded. For a few moments I forgot that the angel was in her cloſet, expecting the iſſue of my contemplations; and walking out of her dreſſing-room, I threw myſelf on a ſopha in the next room, not heeding Camilla, who ſat in the window; my mind tortured; how greatly tortured! Yet filled with admiration of the angelic qualities of Clementina, I tried to look again into the paper; but the contents were all in my mind, and filled it.

She rang. Camilla haſtened to her. I ſtarted as ſhe paſſed me. I aroſe; yet trembled; and for a moment

moment ſat down to re-aſſure my feet. But Camilla coming to me, rouſed me out of the ſtupidity that had ſeized me. Never was I ſo little preſent to myſelf, as on this occaſion—A woman ſo ſuperior to all her own ſex, and to all that I had read of, of ours.—O Sir, ſaid Camilla, my lady dreads your anger. She dreads to ſee you: Yet hopes it—Haſten, haſten, and ſave her from fainting—O how ſhe loves you! How ſhe fears your diſpleaſure!—Hers indeed is *true* love!

She ſaid this as ſhe conducted me in, as I now recollect: for then all my faculties were too much engaged to attend to her.

I haſtened in. The admirable lady met me halfway, and throwing herſelf at my feet—Forgive me, forgive the creature, who muſt be miſerable, if you are offended with her.

I would have raiſed her; but ſhe would not be raiſed, ſhe ſaid, till I had forgiven her.

I kneeled to her, as ſhe kneeled; and claſping her in my arms, Forgive you, madam! Inimitable woman! More than woman!—Can you forgive me for having preſumed, and for ſtill preſuming, to hope to call ſuch an angel mine?

She was ready to faint; and caſt her arms about me to ſupport herſelf. Camilla held to her her ſalts;—I myſelf, for the firſt time, was ſenſible of benefit from them, as my cheek was joined to hers, and bathed with her tears.

Am I, am I forgiven?—Say that I am!

Forgiven! madam! You have done nothing that requires forgiveneſs. I adore your greatneſs of mind!——What you wiſh, bid me be, and that I *will* be. Riſe, moſt excellent of human creatures!

I raiſed her; and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her; holding both her hands in mine as ſhe ſat, and looking up to her with eyes that ſpoke not my heart, if they were not full of love and reverence.

Camilla had run down to the marchioneſs——O madam! it ſeems, ſhe ſaid—*Such* a ſcene! Haſten, haſten up. They will faint in each other's arms. Virtuous love! how great is thy glory!

The Marchioneſs haſtened after Camilla, and found me in this kneeling poſture, her daughter's hands both in mine——Dear Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, reſtrain your *grateful rapture!* For the ſake of the ſweet child's head, grateful as I ſee by her eyes it muſt be to her—reſtrain it.

O madam, quitting Clementina's hands. and riſing, and taking one of hers——Glory in your daughter: You always loved and admired her; but you will now *glory* in her. She is an angel!—Give me leave, madam (to Clementina), to preſent this paper to the Marchioneſs.

I gave it to her——Read it, madam——Let your lord, let the biſhop, let Father Mareſcotti read it—But read it with compaſſion for me: and then direct me what to ſay, what to do! I reſign myſelf wholly to your direction, and theirs; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina.

You ſay you forgive me, Chevalier:—Now ſhall I forgive myſelf. God's goodneſs and yours will, I hope, perfectly reſtore me. This is my direction, Chevalier——Love my MIND, as *yours* ever was the principal object of my love!

What, my dear, can be in this paper? ſaid the Marchioneſs, holding it in her hand, trembling, and afraid to open it.

Pardon me, madam, anſwered Clementina——I could not ſhew it to you firſt. I could not reveal my purpoſe to Camilla neither. How could I, when I knew not whether I could or could not maintain it, or even mention it?—But now, beſt of men, and, riſing, laid her hand on my arm, leave me for a few moments. My heart is diſturbed. Be ſo good as to excuſe me, madam.

She again retired to her cloſet. We heard her

ſob:

ſob: And Camilla haſtening to her—O theſe hyſterical diſorders! ſaid ſhe—They tear her tender conſtitution in pieces.

The Marchioneſs left her to Camilla; and offered me her hand.

Surpriſing! ſaid ſhe, as we went. Where will all this end? What can be in this paper?

I was unable to anſwer. And coming to the paſſage that led to her drawing-room, where ſhe had left the gentlemen, I bowed on her hand; and, the ſame paſſage leading to the back-ſtairs, took that way into the garden, in order to try to recover and compoſe my ſpirits.

Who, my dear friend, could have expected ſuch a turn as this?

I had not walked long, before Mr Lowther came to me—Signor Jeronymo, Sir, ſaid he, is greatly diſturbed on reading a paper that has been put into his hands. He begs to ſee you inſtantly.

Mr Lowther left me at Jeronymo's chamber-door.

He was on his couch. O my Grandiſon, ſaid he, as I approached him with a thoughtful air, how much am I concerned for you! I cannot bear that ſuch a ſpirit as yours ſhould be ſubjected to the petulance of a brain-ſick girl!

Huſh, my Jeronymo! Let not the friend forget the brother. Clementina is the nobleſt of women. It is true, I was not prepared for this blow: but I reverence her for her greatneſs of mind—You have read her paper?

I have, and am aſtoniſhed at it contents.

The Marquis, the Count, the biſhop, and Father Mareſcotti, entered. The biſhop embraced me. He diſclaimed, in the name of every one, the knowledge of her intentions: He expected, he ſaid, that ſhe would have received my addreſs with raptures of joy. But ſhe *muſt*, ſhe *will*, be yours, Chevalier; we are all engaged in honour to you. This is only

a ſtart of female delicacy, operating on a raiſed imagination. She leaves it to you, after all, to call her by what name you pleaſe.

May it be ſo! But ah, my lords? you ſee not the force of her arguments. With a lady ſo zealous in her religion, and ſo juſtly fond of her relations and country, they *muſt* have weight—Inſtruct me, tell me, however, my lords: Be pleaſed, madam [The Marchioneſs joined us juſt before] to adviſe me what to do?—I am yours.—I will withdraw. Conſult together; and let me know what I am to be.

I withdrew, and walked again into the garden.

Camilla came to me. O Chevalier! What ſtrange things are theſe? My lady has taken a reſolution ſhe never will be able to ſupport. She commanded me to find you out, and to watch your looks, your behaviour, your temper. She cannot live, ſhe ſays, if you are diſpleaſed with her—I ſee that your mind is greatly diſturbed. Muſt I report it ſo?

Tell her, Camilla, that I am all reſignation to her will: Diſturbed as ſhe has been, tell her, that her peace of mind is dear to me as my own life: That I *can* have no anger, no reſentment; and that I admire her more than I can expreſs.

Camilla left me. Father Mareſcotti came to me preſently after, with a requeſt, that I would attend the family in Jeronymo's chamber.

We went up together. All that the good father ſaid, as we walked in, was, that God knew what was beſt for us: For *his* part, he could only wonder and adore in ſilence.

When we were all ſeated, the biſhop ſaid, my dear Chevalier, you have intitled yourſelf to our utmoſt gratitude. It is confirmed that Clementina ſhall be yours. Jeronymo will have it ſo: We are all of his mind. His mother will enter into converſation with her in your favour.

I

I am equally obliged and honoured by this goodneſs. But ſhould ſhe perſiſt, what can I ſay, when ſhe calls upon me in the moſt ſolemn manner to ſupport her in her reſolution, and not to put her upon taking advantage of the generoſity of her friends?

She will be eaſily perſuaded, no doubt, Chevalier, anſwered the biſhop. She loves you. Does ſhe not ſay in this very paper, "that it is in your 'power to make her break or keep her reſolution? 'and to add what name you pleaſe to her Chriſ-'tian name?"

Nor can I, ſaid the Marquis, bear that ſlight in Laurana's favour. If her mind were found, her duty would not permit her to think of it.

It is our unanimous opinion, reſumed the biſhop, that ſhe will not be able to ſupport her reſolution. You ſee ſhe is obliged to court your aſſiſtance, to enable her to keep it. Father Mareſcotti, it is true, has laid a ſtreſs upon ſome paſſages, in which ſhe ſhews a doubt of her own ſtrength, and dreads yours in a certain article neareſt our hearts: But ſhe muſt be cautioned to leave all arguments of that kind to her confeſſor and you; and to content herſelf to be an auditor, not an arguer; and we doubt not your honour. The marriage articles will bind you, as they ſhall us —And now allow me to be before-hand with your Jeronymo, and ours, in ſaluting you our brother.

He took my hand; and, embracing me as ſuch, You deal nobly with me, my lord, ſaid I. I reſign myſelf to your direction.

Jeronymo affectionately held out his arms, and joyfully ſaluted me as his brother. The Marquis, the Count, each took my hand: And, the Marchioneſs offering hers, I preſſed it with my lips; and, withdrawing, haſtened to my lodgings; with a heart, O, Dr Bartlett, how penetrated by a ſuſpenſe ſo ſtrange and unexpected!

But when they attributed to flight, and unſoundneſs of mind, that glorious paſſage, in which ſhe propoſes to take a revenge ſo noble on the cruel Laurana, they ſeem unable to comprehend, as I can eaſily do, the greatneſs of mind of this admirable woman.

LETTER IX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, Monday July 10-21.

I HAD no call for reſt laſt night. I only repoſed myſelf in a chair for about an hour. I ſent early in the morning a note, to enquire, with the tendereſt ſolicitude, after all their healths, and particularly Clementina's and Jeronymo's. A written anſwer was returned by Jeronymo, that his ſiſter had reſted ſo very ill, that it was thought adviſeable to keep her quiet all day; unleſs ſhe ſhould be particularly earneſt to ſee me; and, in that caſe, they would ſend me word.

I was myſelf very much indiſpoſed, yet could ſcarce deny myſelf, though uninvited, to attend them at dinner. My own diſorder, however, determined me not to go, unleſs ſent for. It would, I thought, be too viſible to them all; and might raiſe a ſuſpicion that I wanted to move compaſſion: A meanneſs of which I am not capable. Yet, indiſpoſed as I was ſtill more in the afternoon, I hoped to have an invitation for half an hour. But, not being ſent to, I repeated my inquiries in another billet. No invitation followed. On the contrary, Jeronymo wrote one line, wiſhing to ſee me in the mornig.

I had as little reſt laſt night as the night before. My patience carried me to the palace of Porretta ſooner than uſual this morning. Signor

Signor Jeronymo rejoiced to ſee me. He hoped I did not take it amiſs that they invited me not the day before. To ſay the truth, ſaid he, the day's reſt was judged intirely neceſſary for you both: For my ſiſter particularly: And ſhe was ſo uneaſy and diſpleaſed at your going away on Saturday, without taking leave of her, that ſhe was the more eaſily perſuaded not to ſee you yeſterday. But already this morning, I underſtand, ſhe aſks after you with impatience. You are angry at her ſhe ſuppoſes, and will never ſee her more. You had but juſt left us on Saturday night, when Camilla came down, with her requeſt to ſee you. For my part, proceeded he, my thoughts are ſo much carried out of myſelf, by the extraordinary turn ſhe has taken, that at times I forget I ail any thing.

He then aſked, if I could forgive his ſiſter; and reflected on the ſex on her account, as never knowing their own minds, but when they meet with obſtacles to their wills. But ſhe muſt, ſhe will, be yours, my Grandiſon, ſaid he; and, if it pleaſe God to reſtore her, ſhe will make you rich amends.

The biſhop and father Mareſcotti came in, to make their morning compliments to Jeronymo. The Marquis and Count entered ſoon after to ſalute me.

The Marchioneſs followed them. Clementina was ſo uneaſy on Saturday night, ſaid ſhe to me, on finding you gone without taking leave of her, and ſo much diſcompoſed all day yeſterday, that I choſe not to ſay any thing to her on the great article. I am glad you are come.

Somebody juſt then tapping at the door, come in, Camilla, ſaid the Marchioneſs.

It is not Camilla; it is I, ſaid Lady Clementina, entering. I am told the Chevalier—O there he

he is—Favour me, Sir, with a few words—walking to a window at the other end of the room.

I followed her: Tears were in her eyes. She looked earneſtly at me: When turning her face from me—Why, madam, ſaid I, taking her hand, why this emotion? I have not, I hope offended you.

O Chevalier, I cannot bear to be ſlighted, and leaſt of all by you; though, I muſt own, that I deſerve it moſt from you. A ſlight from you is a charge of ingratitude upon me, that my heart cannot bear.

Slight you, madam!—I revere you, as the moſt excellent of women. You have, indeed, filled my heart with anguiſh: But I admire you more for the cauſe of that anguiſh than it is poſſible for me to expreſs.

Don't, don't ſay ſo. You will ruin me by your generoſity. I think you *muſt* be angry with me. I think you *muſt* treat me ill, or how ſhall I keep my purpoſe?

Your purpoſe, deareſt madam!—Your purpoſe!

My purpoſe! Yes, Sir! Will it afflict you, if I do?

Is it poſſible, madam, but it muſt? What would you think——

Huſh, huſh, my good Chevalier. I am afraid it will: But don't tell me it will. I cannot bear to afflict you.

When I had the honour of every one's conſent, madam—

That was in compaſſion to me, Sir.

My deareſt love, ſaid the Marquis, coming to us, that was at firſt our motive: But now an alliance with the Chevalier Grandiſon, in juſtice to his merits, is become our choice.

I bowed to the generous nobleman. She kneeled. Beſt and moſt indulgent of fathers! taking his hand, and kiſſing it, let me thank you for bear-

ing with me as you have done. What trouble have I given you!—All the buſineſs of my future life ſhall be to ſhew my gratitude, and my obedience to your will.

The Marchioneſs then tenderly raiſing her, took her to the farther end of the room. They talked low; but we heard all they ſaid. You were ſo very indifferent all day yeſterday, and laſt night, ſaid the Marchioneſs, that I would not diſturb you, love, for fear of breaking your reſt, elſe I would have told you, how deſirous now we all are of an alliance with the Chevalier Grandiſon. No other way can he be rewarded for his goodneſs to us all.

Permit me, madam, anſwered Clementina, to give you the motives of my preſent conduct; of my *ſelf-denial*; ſuch is my value for the Chevalier, I will call it ſo: If I thought I could make the generous man happy; if I thought I ſhould not rather puniſh than reward him; if I thought I ſhould be happy in myſelf, and my ſoul would not be endangered; if I thought I could make you and my papa happy, by giving my hand to him; God knows that my heart would not make the leaſt ſcruple. But, madam, the Almighty has laid his hand upon me. My head is not *yet* as it ſhould be; and, before I took my reſolution, I conſidered every thing, as much as my poor ſhattered reaſon would permit me to conſider it. This was the way I took —I prayed that God would direct me. I put myſelf in the ſituation of another perſon, who, circumſtanced as I was, I ſuppoſed, came to me for advice. I ſaw plainly, that I could not deſerve the Chevalier, becauſe I could not think as he thought in the moſt important of all articles; and there was no likelihood of his thinking as I thought. I prayed for fortitude. I doubted myſelf. I altered and altered what I had written: But ſtill all my alterations ran one way. It was *againſt my own wiſhe*

wiſhes. So this I took for an anſwer to my prayers. I tranſcribed it fair; but ſtill I doubted myſelf. I would not conſult you, madam: You had declared for the Chevalier. That would not have been to do juſtice to the queſtion before me, and to the divine impulſe by which I was determined to be governed, if my prayers for it ſhould be anſwered. I let not Camilla know my ſtruggles. I beſought the aſſiſtance of the Bleſſed Virgin to favour an unhappy maid, whoſe heart was in her duty, but whoſe head was diſturbed. It was ſuggeſted to me what to do: Yet I would not ſend to the Chevalier what I had written. I ſtill doubted my heart; and thought I never ſhould be able to give him the paper. At laſt I reſolved. But when he came, my heart recoiled. He could not but ſee the diſtreſs I was in. I am ſure I met with his pity. Could I but give him the paper, thought I, my difficulty would be over; for then I am ſure, almoſt ſure, that, ſeeing my ſcruples, and the rectitude of my purpoſe, he will himſelf generouſly ſupport me in my reſolution. At laſt I gave the paper to him. And now let me ſay, that I verily think I ſhall be eaſier in my mind, if I can be allowed to adhere to the contents, yet not be thought ungrateful. Dear bleſſed Grandiſon, turning to me, read once more that paper: And then if you will not, if you cannot, ſet me free; I will obey my friends, and make you as happy as I can.

She turned from every one, and claſping her hands, Great God, I thank thee, ſaid ſhe, for this ſerene moment!

Serene as the noble enthuſiaſt thought her mind, I ſaw it was too high ſet. From the turn of her eyes I feared a relapſe. It was owing to her greatneſs of mind, her reaſon and her love combating with each other, that ſhe *ever* was diſordered. I approached her—Admirable lady, ſaid I, be *you* free! Whatever be my deſtiny, be *you*, for me, what you

you wiſh to be. If *you* are well and happy, I will, if poſſible, make *myſelf* ſo.

Dear Grandiſon, ſaid the biſhop, coming up to me, and taking my hand, how do I admire you! But *can* you be thus great?

Shall I not emulate, my lord, ſuch an example ſet by a woman?——I came over without any intereſted views. I conſidered myſelf, indeed, as *bound* by the conditions to which I had formerly yielded, but lady Clementina and our family as *free*. When I was encouraged to hope, I *did* hope. I will now, though with deep regret, go back to my former ſituation. If Lady Clementina perſiſts in her preſent reſolution, I will endeavour to acquieſce with it. If ſhe ſhould change her mind, I will hold myſelf in readineſs to receive her hand, as the greateſt bleſſing that can be conferred upon me. Only let me add, that, in the firſt caſe, the difficulty upon me will be greatly increaſed by the exalted contents of the paper ſhe put into my hands on Saturday.

The Marchioneſs taking her daughter's hand and mine——O why, ſaid ſhe, ſhould minds thus paired be ſundered?——And will you, Chevalier, wait with patience the reſult of my ſweet child's—caprice—ſhall I call it?

Detain not my hand, my dear mamma, withdrawing it a little wildly—Let me go up, and pray, that my fortitude of mind, after the pain it has coſt me to obtain it, may not forſake me. Adieu! Adieu, Chevalier! I will pray for you as well as for myſelf. Never, never, in my devotions, will we be ſeparated.

Away flew the angel.

She met Camilla in the paſſage—Dear Camilla! I have had an eſcape, as far as I know. My hand and the Chevalier's hand, each in one of my mamma's!—My reſolution was in danger. My mamma might have joined them, you know; and then I muſt have been his.

Jeronyme

Jeronymo in ſilence, but tears in his eyes, attended to the ſcene between his ſiſter and me. He embraced me——Deareſt of men, let me repeat my mother's queſtion: Can you with patience wait the reſult of this dear girl's caprice?

I can; I will.

But I will talk to her myſelf, ſaid he.

So, ſaid the marquis, will we all.

It will be right to do ſo, added the Count, leſt ſhe ſhould repent when it is too late.

But I believe, ſaid Father Mareſcotti, the Chevalier himſelf would not wiſh that Lady Clementina ſhould be *too* vehemently urged. She pleads her ſoul: A ſtrong plea: A plea that ſhould not be over-ruled. I myſelf doubt very much, whether ſhe will be able to adhere to her reſolution: If ſhe be ſhe will merit beatification. But let her not be over-perſuaded. Once more I ſhould be glad to read the paper, the contents of which have ſo much ſurpriſed us all.

I had it in my pocket; and he aſked permiſſion to read it aloud. Jeronymo oppoſed his motion: But the biſhop approving it, he read it. He laid great emphaſis upon *particular* words, and repeated ſeveral of the paſſages in it: You will eaſily gueſs *which*, my dear friend; and all were as much affected, they owned, as when they heard it firſt read: Yet they joined in one doubt, notwithſtanding what ſhe had ſo lately ſaid of the deliberation ſhe had given her purpoſe, that ſhe would not be able to adhere to her reſolution; and made me many compliments on the occaſion.

But, my dear friend, if ſhe can continue to intereſt her glory in the adherence, and they are not *very* urgent with her in my favour, I am inclined to believe, that ſhe has greatneſs of mind ſufficient to enable her to carry her reſolution into effect. Where piety, my dear friend, engages the heart to give its firſt fervors to its ſuperior duties, is it not probable

probable that all temporal impulſes ſhould receive abatement, and become but *ſecondary* ones? And now will not Father Mareſcotti once more try to revive his influences over her mind?—Is it not his *duty* to do ſo, zealous Catholic as he is? Can the biſhop refuſe, good man as he is, and as ſteady in his principles, to ſecond the father?

But what trials are theſe, my dear Dr Bartlett, to an expecting heart!—Will they not ſerve to convince us of the vanity of all human reliance for happineſs? I am in a very ſerious humour. But what can I ſay to *you* on ſuch ſubjects, that you knew not much better before than I? "Let us, I remember "you once ſaid, when we are called upon to act "a great or manly part, preach by action. Words "then will be needleſs." God only knows whether the ardent heart would be puniſhed or rewarded by the completion of its wiſhes: But this I know, that were Clementina to give me both her hand and her heart, and could not, by reaſon of her religious doubts, be happy with me, I ſhould myſelf be extremely miſerable, eſpecially if I had been earneſt to prevail upon her to favour me againſt her judgment.

LETTER X.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In continuation.*

I WAS obliged to lay down my pen. My mind was too much diſturbed to write on.

We had a great deal of diſcourſe, before we quitted Jeronymo's chamber, on this extraordinary ſubject. They all, as I told you, expreſſed their *doubts*, whether the lady would be able to perſiſt in her new reſolution. The Marquis and Marchioneſs gave their opinion, that ſhe ſhould be left entirely

tirely to the workings of her own will: And the Count propoſed, by way of enforcing their opinions, that neither the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti on one hand (though religion was in the queſtion), nor Jeronymo and myſelf on the other, ſhould endeavour to prevail upon her either to *alter*, or *perſevere* in, her way of thinking. Jeronymo ſaid, he deſired only one converſation with his ſiſter alone, before he complied with his propoſal.

They put it to me. I ſaid, That ſeveral paſſages in her paper were of too ſolemn a nature for me to refuſe my conſent to their propoſal: But, however, if I ſhould obſerve, in future converſations between her and me, that ſhe was inclined to alter her mind, and *ſeemed* to wiſh to be encouraged to declare the alteration, they muſt allow me, for the ſake of my own honour, as a *man*, and of her delicacy, as a *woman*, to ſhew the ardour of my attachment to her, by my *preventing* declaration, and even intreaty.

The Marchioneſs bowed to me with a grateful ſmile of approbation.

Father Mareſcotti heſitated, as if he had ſomething of an objection to make; but he was ſilenced by the Marquis's ſaying, On *your* honour, on *your* delicacy, I am ſure, Chevalier, we may rely.

I am abſolutely of opinion that we may, ſaid the Count. The Chevalier can put himſelf in every one's ſituation, and can forget his own intereſt, when a right and juſt meaſure is to be taken.

This is true, ſaid Jeronymo—But let it be *our* part to ſhew the Chevalier, that he is not the *only* man in the world who can do ſo.

You muſt remember, my dear Jeronymo, ſaid the Biſhop, that religion is a conſideration ſuperior to all others. Shall our ſiſter, who follows the example ſet her by the Chevalier, be diſcouraged in an effort ſo noble? But I am willing to ſubſcribe to the propoſal, as an equal one.

Father

Father Mareſcotti, ſaid I, you muſt return me the paper. I muſt often have recourſe to it, to ſtrengthen my own mind, in order to enable myſelf to anſwer your expectations.

The father deſired leave to take a copy of it in ſhort hand, and retired for that purpoſe.

I have no doubt but he will make great uſe of it with the family, and perhaps with the lady, ſhould there be occaſion hereafter. For my own part, if the noble enthuſiaſt, when the heat of her imagination is gone off, ſhall perſiſt in believing that ſhe has a divine impulſe in favour of her reſolution, and *that* given in anſwer to her prayers, I will endeavour to ſhew her, that her call upon me to ſupport her in it, though againſt myſelf, ſhall be anſwered, whatever it coſt me.

They prevailed on me to ſtay dinner. She excuſed herſelf from being preſent; but deſired to ſee me when it was over.

Camilla *then* led me to her. I found her in tears. She was afraid, ſhe ſaid, that I would not forgive her: Yet I *would*, ſhe was ſure, if I knew the conflicts with which her ſoul laboured.

I ſoothed her diſturbed mind. I told her, that I deſired her direction, and was reſolved to purſue it. Her paper ſhould be one of my conſtant leſſons; and *her* conſcience the rule of my conduct, with regard to my expectations of her favour.

O Sir, ſaid ſhe! how good you are! It is from your generoſity, next to the divine aſſiſtance, that I expect ſupport in my reſolution. I but imperfectly remember what I would have done, and what I conſented to, when you were laſt among us—But when I *beſt* knew myſelf, I was more inclined to ſupport my parents and brothers in their expectations, with regard to the two great articles of religion and reſidence, than to comply with yours. My fortune, my rank, merited your conſideration; and my pride was ſometimes piqued. "But it was the regard I

" had to the welfare of your immortal ſoul, that " weighed *moſt* with me. O Sir! could you have " been a Catholic!——

She then wrung her claſped hands, and tears trickled down her cheeks. God Almighty convert you, Chevalier!—But you muſt leave me. I am beginning to be again happy!—Leave me, Sir. But let me ſee you to-morrow. I will pray for a compoſure of mind in the mean time. Do you pray for me too. " And pray for yourſelf, Chevalier! The welfare of your ſoul, your immortal ſoul, " was *ever* my principal concern."

She began to ramble. Her looks were a little wild. I took leave of her; and going haſtily from her, in order to hide my own emotion, I ſurpriſed Father Mareſcotti, who, as it was at firſt ſight evident to me, from the confuſion I found him in, and the attempts he heſitatingly made to excuſe himſelf, had been liſtening to what paſſed between the lady and me. Pity! that a well-intended zeal ſhould make a good man do mean things!

No apologies, my dear father, ſaid I. If you doubted my honour, I can think myſelf, in ſome meaſure, obliged to your *condeſcenſion*, for taking this method to prove me. Allow me, my dear, Sir, to ſay (It is to Father Mareſcotti) that the man who, in the great actions of his life, thinks himſelf under the All-ſeeing eye, will not be afraid of a fellow-creature's ear.

I beg a thouſand pardons, ſaid he, heſitating, and in confuſion. But I will confeſs the truth; I believed it was next to impoſſible, that a young man, whoſe love to one of the moſt excellent women is not to be queſtioned, ſhould be able to keep the conditions preſcribed to him, and forbear to make uſe of the power ſhe acknowledges he has over her affections——But forgive me, Chevalier.

Forgive *yourſelf*, my dear father; I do moſt heartily forgive you.

I led

I led him down to Jeronymo's chamber, begging of him not to ſay a ſyllable more of this matter, and not let me ſuffer in his eſteem by this accident.

I have more than once, Dr Bartlett, experienced the irreconcileable enmity of a man whom I have forgiven for a meanneſs; and who was leſs able to forgive me my forgiveneſs, than I was him his fault. But Father Mareſcotti cannot be ſuch a man. He is capable of generous ſhame. He could hardly hold up his head all the time I ſtaid.

I related to the family, in the preſence of the father, the ſubſtance of what paſſed between the lady and me. They ſeemed ſurpriſed at her ſtedfaſtneſs. The Biſhop told me, that he had diſpatched a meſſenger poſt to the general, with a letter, in which he had written a faithful account of their preſent ſituation. He would ſhew me a copy of it, if I pleaſed. I was ſure, I ſaid, I could depend upon his generoſity and honour; and ſhould be glad to know the ſentiments of the general and his lady upon it, when they returned an anſwer.

I promiſed to attend them in the morning: And going to my lodgings, found there, waiting for me, the Count of Belvedere. Saunders and his gentleman were both together below ſtairs, waiting for, yet dreading, as they ſaid, my return. Saunders had told the Count it was uncertain: but he declared that he would wait for me, were it ever ſo late. They both beſought me to take care of my own ſafety. His gentleman told me, that his maſter had been very much diſturbed in his mind ever ſince he was with me laſt; declaring often, that his life was a burden to him. He believed, he ſaid, he had a brace of piſtols with him; and then again expreſſed his care for my ſafety, as well as his lord's. Fear not, ſaid I: The Count is a man of honour: I would not for the world hurt *him*: and I dare ſay he will not hurt *me*.

I haſtened up. Why, my lord, ſaid I (taking his unwilling hands, each in mine, for a double reaſon), did you not let me know you intended me this honour? Or why did not your lordſhip ſend for me as ſoon as you came?

Send for you! with a melancholy air; What from your Clementina? No!—But tell me what is concluded upon? My ſoul is impatient to know. Anſwer me like a man: Anſwer me like a man of honour.

Nothing, my lord, is concluded upon: Nothing can be concluded upon till Lady Clementina's mind be fully known.

If *that* be all the obſtacle——

Not a ſlight one. I aſſure you, that Clementina knows her own worth. She will put a juſt value upon herſelf. In her unhappy delirium ſhe always preſerved a high ſenſe of that delicacy which diſtinguiſhes the woman of true honour. It ſhines forth now in all her words and actions with redoubled luſtre. She will make the more difficulties, as her friends make leſs. Nothing *can* be done *ſoon*: And if it will make your lordſhip eaſier (for I ſee you are diſturbed), I will acquaint you when any thing is likely to be carried into effect.

And *is* nothing yet concluded on? And *will* you give me ſuch notice?

I will, my lord.

Upon your honour?

Upon my honour.

Well then, I have ſome days longer to crawl upon this earth.

What means my lord?

This I mean, withdrawing his hands from mine, and taking out of his pockets two piſtols: I came reſolved that you ſhould take one of theſe, at your choice, had the affair been concluded upon, as I dreaded it would. I am no aſſaſſin, Sir, nor ever employed one: Nor would I have deprived Clementina

mentina of her elected huſband. All I intended was, that the hand to which ſhe is to give hers, ſhould have firſt taken my life. I will not, I cannot live, to ſee her the wife of any man on earth, though ſhe has refuſed to be mine—You ſhould have *found* I would not.

What a raſhneſs!—But I ſee your mind is diſturbed. The Count of Belvedere could not otherwiſe talk in this manner.

It is not *impoſſible*, ſurely, my dear Dr Bartlett (however *improbable*, as I begin to apprehend), that Clementina may change her mind. I could not, therefore, acquaint the Count with our preſent ſituation; becauſe the hope he would have conceived from it would, in caſe of a change, have added ſtrength to his deſpair. I contented myſelf, therefore, to reaſon with him on his raſh intention: and having renewed my aſſurances, as above, he took leave of me ſo much recovered, as to thank me for the advice I had given him: and to promiſe, that he would make it the foundation of his prayers to Heaven for a calmer mind than he had known for ſome days paſt.

Saunders and his valet ſeemed overjoyed at ſeeing us come down together in an amicable manner; and in the high civility each paid the other.

I ſhould have mentioned that the Count, of his own accord, in paſſing through my antechamber to the ſtairs, laid in one of the windows the two piſtols. My dear Grandiſon, ſaid he, let theſe remain in your keeping. They are pieces of curious workmanſhip. Whither might one of them, by this time, have ſent me!—And in what difficulties might you the ſurvivor, a foreigner, have been involved; which then I conſidered not; for all my malice was levelled againſt my unhappy ſelf! I will not truſt myſelf with them—

Here I conclude for this night. I will not diſpatch theſe laſt-written letters, till I ſee what to-

morrow

morrow will produce. My dear friend! How grievous is ſuſpenſe!——Perhaps I ſhould have thought myſelf more obliged to bear it, had I been thus entangled, fettered, ſuſpended, by my own fault.

LETTER XI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

I WENT, according to promiſe, in the morning, to the palace of Porretta. I found all the family, the Marchioneſs and Lady Clementina excepted, in Jeronymo's chamber. My entrance, I ſuppoſe, was ſolemn; for Jeronymo, as I approached him, ſnatching my hand, ſaid, this girl, this uncommon girl! How can I forgive her for vexing the heart of my Grandiſon?

Father Mareſcotti looked ſo conſcious, that I pitied him. I took his hand, and, with an air of kindneſs, aſked him—Are there any hopes, my good father, that I ſhall have the honour of calling you one of my deareſt houſehold friends in England?

I gave him no time to anſwer, leſt he ſhould not be aſſured enough: And addreſſing myſelf to the Biſhop, My Lord, I aſk *you* the like queſtion: Is there a likelihood that I ſhall have an intereſt in Father Mareſcotti's more intimate friendſhip? We already, I anſwer *for* myſelf, and *from* my vanity, love each other.

Dear Grandiſon! ſaid the Marquis; and, taking my hand, he called me by the kindeſt name—ſaving that it was not *ſon!* Jeronymo dried his eyes. The Count ſaluted me in a tender accent. The Biſhop was ſilent.

I ſee,

I ſee, thought I, that the admirable Clementina perſeveres!—Religion, that can do ſo much for *her*, will not, I hope, leave me unbenefited by its all-chearing influence. If I cannot be ſo happy as I wiſh, I am in the hands of Providence, and will not give myſelf up to unmanly deſpair—Yet the greatneſs of this woman's mind! thought I. Why did they not fall upon indulgent methods with her before? Then, probably, had there not been a ſuppoſed reaſon for an invitation to me to quit my native country, to which I had been ſo long a ſtranger, and to come over to Italy!—Then had ſhe, in all likelihood, recovered her reaſon, and I had not known how great ſhe could be; and her filial duty would have diſengaged me equally from all obligation of honour, and expectations of favour!

The Marchioneſs came in ſoon after. Her addreſs to me confirmed me in my apprehenſions—Dear Grandiſon, ſaid ſhe, condeſcendingly laying her hand on mine, how do you? See our dear Jeronymo—How much better he is—What return can we make to you for your goodneſs to him? I went up to the dear girl laſt night, after you were gone. She was then indeed a little hyſterical: But the diſorder went off in prayers for you and for herſelf. I am juſt come from her. She has had a quiet night. She is calm, and I may ſay ſerene. All her cares are in what manner to ſhew her gratitude to you.

It is impoſſible, madam, but I muſt have joy in your joy. Lady Clementina, I apprehend, perſeveres in her reſolution!—

I have talked to her, Chevalier, in your favour. If you love her, ſhe ſays, as we all think you do, ſhe will *yet* be yours.

Dear madam (overjoyed), tell me—

Let me interrupt you, Chevalier: I muſt not miſlead

miſlead you, nor keep you in ſuſpenſe—She will, ſhe ſays, beg your acceptance of her vows—if—

If what, madam—

Hear me with patience, Chevalier—If you will comply with the conditions on which we would have permitted her to be yours, when you were laſt in Italy—This is her *own* propoſal—Made at her *own* motion—She is afraid it will be to no purpoſe (ſhe ſays *afraid*, Sir): But, as you have not denied her to herſelf, ſhe begs I will put the queſtion to you in her name, for the ſake (if you ſhould refuſe her) of her own future tranquillity of mind. The Chevalier Grandiſon is generous; he is juſt; he is polite: He cannot but receive this motion of my child by her mother, as the greateſt condeſcenſion from both.

I bowed. I was going to ſpeak; but they all ſeverally broke in upon me.

On my knees, Chevalier, ſaid Father Mareſcotti, I will entreat you!

O Chevalier, ſaid the Biſhop, how happy is it in your power to make us all!

Surely you *can*, you *will*, you *muſt*, Chevalier! ſaid the Count, if you love the dear creature, as we all ſuppoſe you do.

You will not, I hope, dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Marquis, *refuſe* my daughter. Aſk *any* conditions of us—She ſhall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither, and ſtay till you ſhall chuſe to return with us.

Jeronymo, with ſobs, caught my hand as I ſat next him—For *God*'s ſake, for *my* ſake, for *all* our ſakes, for your *ſoul*'s ſake, my Grandiſon, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you brother.

If *my* tears, if *my* prayers have weight, ſaid the Marchioneſs, let me call down my child, and ſhe ſhall give you her hand in our preſence. She thinks, beſides the regard ſhe has for your ſoul, that ſhe ought to inſiſt upon the terms on which

we

we would have *conſented* to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wiſhes.

Deareſt Grandiſon! rejoined the Biſhop, *refuſe not* my ſiſter: *Refuſe not* the daughter of the Marcheſe and Marcheſa della Porretta: *Refuſe not* the aſſenting Clementina.

They were all ſilent: their eyes were upon me. It is, anſwered I, too condeſcendingly generous to put this taſk upon me: But, *refuſe* Lady Clementina, ſaid you! How you wound my ſoul by the ſuppoſition! I ſee your compaſſion for me, in the light you cannot but *mean* I ſhould. Lady Clementina's generous and condeſcendingly meant propoſal, when I am willing to allow terms to *her*, that ſhe will not to *me*, ſhews me how important ſhe thinks the difference between the two religions: Need I repeat, my Lord (to the Biſhop), what my own thoughts are upon this ſubject? Would to heaven the terms were no other than thoſe *before agreed to*; or were ſuch as I *could* comply with! I have only to conſole myſelf, that the power of *refuſal* lies where it ought to lie. Clementina is an angel. I am not worthy of her. Yet let me add, this company (bowing round me) cannot think me too ſolemn—Were I to live always here; were I convinced that there is no life after this, your commands and *Clementina*'s would be laws to me. But has ſhe not the goodneſs to ſay, in her paper, "That I have the ſame notion ſhe has of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come?"

They looked upon one another. It is hard, very hard, ſaid the Biſhop, for a man, convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different perſuaſion what he expects ſhould be allowed for himſelf. *You*, Chevalier, however, can allow it; and have greatneſs of mind enough to judge favourably of thoſe who cannot. I do love you, but fain would I love you more.

The

The Marchioneſs wept. My dear love, ſaid the Marquis, taking her hand with the tenderneſs of a lover, but ſpeaking a little too ſeverely of me for his uſual generoſity—How many tears has this affair coſt you! My heart bleeds to ſee you weep. Comfort yourſelf. Let us comfort each other. The Chevalier Grandiſon is indeed unworthy of our child; unworthy of the terms we offered to him; unworthy of our joint intreaties—He is an invincible man.

I was greatly affected. After a little heſitation, I aſk leave, my Lords, ſaid I, to retire for one moment. I will return as ſoon as I have recovered myſelf from the concern given me by the—*miſ*-apprehenſion (ſhall I call it?) of the beſt of men, whom from my heart I reverence.

I aroſe as I ſpoke, withdrew, and took two or three turns in the ſalon.

I ſtaid not till I was ſent for: but, aſſuming as chearful an air as I could, returned, and found them earneſt in talk. They all aroſe at my return, ſeemingly pleaſed with it; and the Marquis coming to me, Chevalier, ſaid he, I am ſorry—

Not one word of apology, my Lord, interrupted I. I withdrew not from diſreſpect, or in reſentment, but purely from concern, that, in *your* opinion, I deſerved not the honour done me by one ſo dear to you. Think me unhappy, my Lord, and pity me. Principle, not perverſeneſs, influences me: It does every one preſent: It does the dear lady above: And ſhall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the ſame motive?

O that I could embrace my fourth ſon! ſaid the Marchioneſs. The Biſhop threw his arms about me. Generous expanſion of *heart!* were the words that fell from his lips. Jeronymo ſhewed his friendly love in what he ſaid: And *muſt* not, ſaid the Count, this young man be one of us?

After

After chocolate, the Marchioneſs withdrew to the window, making a motion to me to attend her. I haſtened to her. She complimented me, ſpeaking low, as a fit perſon to be conſulted in a caſe where female delicacy was concerned; and then aſked me, what I would have her ſay to Clementina, who had *offered* her hand to me on conditions, with which ſhe had hopes I would comply? Muſt I tell the dear child ſhe is *rejected?*

Lady Clementina rejected!—Dear Madam, how can I bear that ſhe ſhould but ſuppoſe it?—Be pleaſed to tell her, that I have been again ſounded on the ſubject of a change of religion, *if* her favour for me could be procured: But that I was ſo ſteady in my faith, that there were no hopes of my *converſion*, as you will call it: and be ſo good as to remind her (it may look like a breach of conditions if *I* do), that I require not a change in *her*; and that therefore the terms propoſed are unequal.

Fain, very fain, Chevalier, would I—She ſtopt there—But no more on this ſubject, reſumed ſhe. I will ſee in what way the dear creature is now.

She left me, and went to her daughter. The ſubject was changed.

In about half an hour ſhe returned. She told me, that ſhe had followed my advice, but that Clementina ſeemed diſſatisfied and perplexed: and, as ſhe had not *aſked* to ſee me, adviſed me to ſuſpend my attendance on her till the afternoon, as ſhe would by that means have more time to compoſe her ſpirits, and herſelf further opportunities of talking with her.

Declining their invitation to dinner, I went to my lodgings; and, to amuſe myſelf, had recourſe to my pen.

Having written thus far, I lay it down till my return from them.

LETTER XII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

AT my entrance into the palace of Porretta, I was deſired to walk into the garden to the Biſhop. I found with him Father Mareſcotti.

Dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Biſhop, meeting me, and taking my hand, you muſt decide a point between the father and me, that we are afraid has made us a little accountable to you.

I was ſilent. He proceeded.

Clementina is very ſedate. She ſent for me and the father ſoon after you left us. She aſked us ſeveral queſtions in relation to you; and inſiſted on our advice, as religious men, and as we would anſwer for it to our own conſciences. Her firſt was, Whether we thought there were any hopes of your converſion?—I anſwered negatively.

I don't expect, ſaid ſhe, that he would be induced to change his religion for a wife, nor even for a crown, were he not convinced of the falſehood of his own, and the truth of ours: But again I aſk, cannot you and Father Mareſcotti convince his judgment? I ſhould think it would not be ſo hard a taſk, learned and good men, as you both are: Good man, and modeſt, and patient, and unpreſuming as he is; who has been ſo long among Catholics; who came from England ſo young; has been left ſo much to his own direction; and who muſt ſee the difference of the two religions to the advantage of ours, were he but to judge by the efficacy of each on the lives and manners of the people profeſſing each; for ſurely the men of name and family, who are ſent among us by their parents, from the heretic countries, in order to obſerve our manners, and to improve their own, are

are not the *worſt* of the people of thoſe countries.

I told her, proceeded the Biſhop, that, to be impartial, there were bad and good of all nations; that ſhe was not likely to be approached by any of her *own* but who were good; that you, Chevalier, and Mrs Beaumont might convince us that there were good people among the Proteſtants; and that now and then a young man of that profeſſion did *actually* appear among us, who was *not* a diſcredit to his country. But, continued I, I have heretofore debated the ſubject with the Chevalier Grandiſon. You know I was in a manner called upon to do it; and have found him a Proteſtant upon principle; and that he has a great deal to ſay for himſelf. You, father, would not allow me this; but you never entered into cloſe argument with him on the ſubject, as I have done.

My ſiſter then aſked, proceeded the Biſhop, if I thought that her own religious principles would be endangered, if ſhe became yours, and went with you to England?

We both referred her to certain paſſages in the paper ſhe gave you.

My heart, ſaid ſhe, could never be proof againſt a generous and kind treatment. The condeſcending compliances with my weakneſs, which my father, mother, brothers, and uncle, have made, have effected what oppoſition and cruelty, as you ſee, could not. So compaſſionate, ſo humane a man, as I think the Chevalier Grandiſon, and ſo ſteady as he is in his principles, ſo much, you own, as he has to ſay for himſelf, joined with the ſenſe I always had, from my *mother*'s example, of the duties of a good wife, will too probably ſtagger me in my faith: and if ſo, I ſhall be unhappy: I ſhall make my confeſſor ſo. I am *determined*, added ſhe (as you, brother, have ſeen), in my own mind: But I aſk your opinion, and yours, father Mreſcot-

ti. The Chevalier now is a favourite with you both. Religion only can now be the queſtion—— Is it not too probable that I ſhall be ſtaggered in my own faith, were I to be his?

We gave her, continued the biſhop, our opinions freely, as religious men. *Could* we, Chevalier, do otherwiſe? And yet we are both ready to accuſe ourſelves of infringing conditions with you. Tell us, if in your opinion we have?

I cannot, my lord, judge from this general account. If you did *more* than anſwer her queſtions; if you expatiated *argumentatively* on the ſubject, I muſt think you *have:* and your own doubts help to convince me that you have; tho' I cannot but reſpect you greatly for the frankneſs of your application to me on this ſubject.

We *were* earneſt, Chevalier: we *were* warm in what we ſaid——

Well, my lord, called upon as you both were, it would not have become your characters to be cool. —For my own part, I have been recollecting the behaviour of your admirable ſiſter, throughout every ſtage of her delirium, reſpecting myſelf; and I have not been able to call to mind one inſtance in it of an attachment *merely* perſonal. I need not tell you, father, nor you, my lord, what a zealous Catholic ſhe is. She *early* wiſhed me to be one: and had I not thought myſelf obliged in honour, becauſe of the confidence placed in me by the whole family, to decline the ſubject, our particular converſation, when ſhe favoured me with the name of tutor, would have generally taken that turn. Her unhappy illneſs was owing to her zeal for religion, and to her concealing her ſtruggles on that account. She never hinted at marriage in her reveries. She was ſtill ſolicitous for the *ſoul* of the man ſhe wiſhed to proſelyte; and declared herſelf ready to lay down her life, could ſhe have effected that favourite wiſh of her heart. At

other

other times ſhe ſuppoſed my marriage with ſome other woman; and was only generouſly ſolicitous that it ſhould not be with one who might diſcredit the regard ſhe herſelf profeſſed for me. At another time ſhe wiſhed to be acquainted with my ſiſters, and hoped they would come to Italy: She propoſed to perfect them in the Italian tongue, as they ſhould her in the Engliſh; but, as to me, only beſpoke a viſit from me now and then, when they came. I have the vanity to think that I ſtand high in her favour: but religion, it is evident, as it ought, ſtands higher. From all theſe recollections and obſervations, I have endeavoured to account for the noble behaviour of your ſiſter; and am the leſs ſurpriſed at it, now ſhe is come to her memory. It is all great; all uniform; and moſt probably we ſhould have been in a very different ſituation than what we have been long in, had ſhe had her way given her at the time ſhe was ſo earneſt—For what? *Only* to be allowed a *ſecond* interview, a farewel viſit, when ſhe had ſhewn a little before, on a *firſt*, that marriage ſeemed not to be in her thoughts.

And had ſhe not been intruſted to the management of the cruel Laurana, ſaid the Biſhop—

From which, thank God, ſaid the father, I was the inſtrument of freeing her.

By all this, proceeded I, I mean not recrimination; but only to obſerve the conſiſtency of the noble lady's mind, when ſhe was *able* to reflect: and what now remains for me to do, but to reconcile myſelf, if poſſible, to a conduct that I muſt forever admire, however I may, in its conſequences, as to my own particular, regret it?—Your lordſhip, I am afraid, thinks that ſhe adheres to the contents of the paper ſhe put into my hands.

Unleſs you, Chevalier—

That, my lord, is out of the queſtion. Let it, however, be remembered, that I have not preſcrib-

ed to her that hard condition which is made an indiſpenſible one to me: Yet is Lady Clementina the only woman on earth that I would have *wiſhed* to call mine, on the terms on which I ſhould have been proud to receive her hand: for it is eaſy to foreſee, that generally great inconveniencies muſt attend a marriage between perſons of a different religion, one of them zealous, the other not indifferent.

But, Chevalier, you acquit Father Mareſcotti and me.

I do, my lord. Be you your own judges. The *condition* was not propoſed by me. I conſented to it for the ſake of thoſe who preſcribed it, and for your ſiſter's ſake. I could not wiſh to proſecute my humble ſuit, notwithſtanding her declared favour for me, againſt the pleas of conſcience, which ſhe ſo earneſtly urged. How could I, while religion, and the generoſity of her friends to her required, as ſhe thought, that ſhe ſhould get above all regards for me? I was therefore willing to comply with the propoſal, and to wait the iſſue of the ſpontaneous determination, and to be governed by it. But now that your lordſhip and Father Mareſcotti have diſpenſed with the condition, I preſume that I am not bound by it.

What means my Grandiſon?

Only this: I could not be thought to bear a love ſo fervent to the admirable Clementina, as the man ought to bear who aſpires to the honour of calling her his, if I made not *one* effort to convince her, that ſhe may be happy with me as to the article ſhe is ſo ſolicitous about——From *female delicacy*, ſhe may perhaps expect to be argued with, and to be perſuaded. Allow me to give her aſſurances of my inviolable honour in that point. It becomes me, as a man, and as her admirer, to remove her ſcruples, if I *can*, before I yield up my love to the force of them.

Would

Would you *argue* with her on the merits of the two perſuaſions?

I would not. I never did: I would only aſſure her of my firm reſolution never to attempt to bring her over to mine, nor to traverſe the endeavours of her confeſſor to keep her ſteady in hers. But were we to conſider only her future eaſe of mind [you ſee, my lord, that ſhe herſelf has a view to that, in the propoſal made me, as from herſelf], in which the happineſs of all your family is included, it is right to ſee if ſhe builds on a foundation that cannot be ſhaken; that ſhe may not hereafter regret the ſteps ſhe has taken, which might poſſibly—

I underſtand you, Chevalier—It is prudently, it is kindly put, as well for her ſake as ours.

I ſhall be glad, my lord, that you ſhould be within hearing of every word that ſhall paſs between us on this occaſion. *One* effort I *ought* to make. If ſhe is determined, I will not urge her further. For all the world, and the dear Clementina in it, I would not have her act againſt her conſcience: Nor will I take advantage of the declaration ſhe has repeatedly made, that it is in my power to hold her faſt, or to ſet her free. I will not ſo much as urge it to her, leſt, if ſhe ſhould alter her purpoſe, it ſhould be from the conſcience of a kind of promiſe implied in that declaration, and not from her heart. No, my lord, ſhe ſhall be *wholly* free. I will not, excellent as ſhe is, accept of her hand againſt her conſcience: Neither my conſcience, nor, let me ſay, my pride, will permit me to do ſo. But the world, as well as my own heart, would blame me, if I made not one effort. If it fail, I ſhall be eaſier in my own mind; and ſo will ſhe in hers. Be you, my lord, within hearing of our next converſation.

I would not, Dr Bartlett, propoſe to Father Mareſcotti, that *he* ſhould, for fear of making him uneaſy,

uneaſy, on his liſtening to what paſſed between the lady and me.

I can abſolutely depend upon your honour, Chevalier, replied the Biſhp. We have brought ourſelves to be *ſincere* favourers of this alliance with you. But I own to you, that both Father Mareſcotti and myſelf, on the unexpected turn my ſiſter has voluntarily taken, are of opinion that you will *both* be happier if it take not place. The difference in religion; her malady—

No more, my lord, of this ſubject. If I cannot ſucceed, I muſt endeavour to draw conſolation to myſelf from reaſon and reflection. Mean time, all I aſk is, that you will both acquit me of any ſuppoſed breach of condition, as well in your own minds, as to the reſt of the family, if I make this *one* effort: After which, if it ſucceed not, I will, whatever I ſuffer, diveſt myſelf of ſelf, and join with you and Father Mareſcotti, to ſecure the ground gained in the reſtoration of the nobleſt of female minds.

They looked upon each other as if they were afraid of the event. The father whiſpered the Biſhop. I believe, by a word or two that I could not but hear, it was to induce him to place himſelf ſo as to hear (as I had propoſed) the converſation that was next to paſs between the lady and me.

Turning round on their whiſpering, don't I ſee Camilla, my lord, ſaid I, at a diſtance, watching our motions, as if ſhe wanted an opportunity to ſpeak to one of us?

She has been walking for ſome time within ſight, ſaid Father Mareſcotti.

The Biſhop made ſigns to her to advance. She did; and told me, that her young lady was deſirous to ſee me.

I followed her. Clementina was alone. Camilla introduced me to her, and withdrew.

She

She was in great confuſion on my approach. Her complexion frequently varied. She looked at me often, and as often turned away her eyes, and ſighed. Two or three times ſhe hemm'd, as if ſhe would have cleared her voice; but could not find words to expreſs her labouring mind. It was eaſy to ſee that her perplexity was not favourable to me. I thought it would be cruel not to break the way for her to ſpeak.

Let not my dear Clementina forbear to ſay all that is in her heart to the man who greatly prefers her peace of mind to his own.

I had, I had, ſaid ſhe, a great deal to ſay before I *ſaw* you: but now you are *preſent*—She ſtopt.

Take time to recollect yourſelf, madam—I have been talking in the garden to my lord the Biſhop, and to Father Mareſcotti. I greatly revere them both. You have conſulted them on the contents of the paper you were pleaſed to put into my hands. I have hopes from *thence* that you may be made eaſy in your mind. I will never, deareſt madam, urge you on the article of religion. You ſhall be abſolute miſtreſs of your own will. You ſhall preſcribe to me what conditions you pleaſe with regard to your way of life, your pleaſures, your gratuities to your ſervants, and others.. Father Mareſcotti and your Camilla with you, you will be as ſafe from innovation as you can be in your father's houſe.

Ah, Chevalier!

We may perhaps prevail upon your father and mother to honour us with their company in your firſt journey to England. They have not been of late ſo well as it were to be wiſhed: We have baths there of ſovereign efficacy in many diſorders. By uſing them, and change of climate, they will very probably receive benefit in their healths. Jeronymo—

Ah,

Ah, Chevalier!—She aroſe from her ſeat, and reſeated herſelf ſeveral times with great emotion. I proceeded.

Jeronymo, our dear Jeronymo, I hope will accompany us, and his ſkilful Lowther. Thoſe baths are reſtorative.

O Chevalier! what a man you are!—

She ſtopt, with an air of attention, as if ſhe wiſhed me to proceed.

—And when your honoured and beloved friends ſhall ſee their Clementina happy, as I am determined ſhe ſhall be, if all the tenderneſs of affection I am able to ſhew can make her ſo, how happy will they *all* be!—Your chapel, madam! Your confeſſor! Your own ſervants!—

Ah, Sir! Sir!—Ought I to liſten to ſuch temptations, after what I have given you, upon deliberation, in writing? Good heaven, and the whole heavenly hoſt, direct me!

She had recourſe to her beads; and her lips, as a word now-and-then half pronounced informed me, moved to a Pater-noſter. Again ſhe aſſumed an attentive air.

My ſiſters, madam, will revere you. You will have pleaſure in calling them *yours*. Their lords are men of the firſt figure in their country. I aſk not for fortune. I aſk only for *you*, and you I aſk of yourſelf. My eſtate is conſiderable, and improving. The pride I take in being independent, and in the power of obliging, ſuffers me not to be imprudent with regard to œconomy. My capital manſion (I value it for not being a houſe of yeſterday), though not ſo magnificent as your palace in Bologna, is genteel, ſpacious, convenient. The paper you gave me, ſhews me that the grandeur of your ſoul is equal to that of your birth. I revere you for the pious and noble ſentiments contained in it. What obligations will you lay me under to your goodneſs, if you can prevail upon yourſelf to rely upon

Ah,

my aſſurances, that I will *never* ſeek to make you unhappy on a religious account; and if you can be ſatisfied with the enjoyment of your own religion, and leave to me the exerciſe of mine! Dear madam, *why* may not this be? *Why* will you not leave me as free as I am ready to leave you? Juſtice, generoſity, are my pleas to a lady, who ſurely cannot *but* be juſt and generous. Think, madam; dear Lady Clementina, think; if you cannot, by making me happy, be yourſelf ſo.

I took her unreſiſting hand, and kiſſed it. She ſighed. She wept. She was ſilent.

With what pleaſure, proceeded I, will you every other year viſit and reviſit England, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new in turn! Never reviſiting England without ſome of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another; and who will be of our family. Your Grandiſon, madam, *allow* me to ſay *your* Grandiſon, has not, he preſumes to aver, a *narrow* heart. You ſee how well he can live with the moſt zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but, when called upon, fears not to avow his own—My deareſt Clementina! [Again I preſſed her hand with my lips] ſay, you think you *can* be happy, and yet bleſs me with your love.

O Sir! God is my witneſs—But leave me, leave me for a few moments. I dare not truſt myſelf *with* myſelf.

Command me not to leave you, madam, till you reſolve in my favour—Say, cannot you be happy in the free exerciſe of your own religion?—Father Mareſcotti, Camilla with you—In England but one year at a time——In Italy, under the re-aſſuring eye of your father, mother, brothers, the next.

Ah, Sir! you muſt retire—*Indeed* you muſt. You leave me not at liberty—You muſt let me conſider

ſider—On this criſis of time, as far as I know, depends an eternity of happineſs or miſery.

Command me not from you: Bid me not leave you. Obey the tender impulſe that, I flatter myſelf, I diſcover in my favour. I ſeek *your* happineſs in purſuing *my own*. Your eternal welfare *cannot* be endangered. *My* conſcience will oblige me to ſtrengthen *yours*, when I ſee it is yours—Bid me not leave you—Excellent Clementina, bid me not leave you!

You muſt, you muſt——How can I truſt myſelf againſt a voice that is the voice of love, and claims my kindneſs, my juſtice, my generoſity—Was I ever ungenerous, unjuſt, unkind?—And if thus ſtaggered now, what, were I to be yours, would the ſuperadded ſenſe of my duty do!——O leave me, Sir, a few moments, leave me.

Be propitious, madam, be propitious, to my humble hope: That is all I will at preſent ſay; and now I obey you—Profoundly bowing, I withdrew into the next apartment; ſhe to her cloſet.

I went out ſlowly, and heard the haſty motion of ſomebody going out of the apartment as I entered it. It was, it ſeems, the Biſhop, who had placed himſelf within hearing of what paſſed between his ſiſter and me, as I had deſired he would.

It was a full quarter of an hour before I heard her move; and then it was to ſeek for me.

I was ſitting in a penſive mood, revolving the embarraſſments I had met with from ſome of the beſt of women; and as you, my dear Dr Bartlett, know, in different countries; and particularly the unexpected turn which this excellent creature had taken. She approached me with an air of majeſty, yet mixed with tenderneſs. I met her, and, with a bent knee, taking her hand—My fate hangs upon thoſe lips, ſaid I; and was proceeding; when interrupting me—O Sir! I hear not; it is not *ſafe* for me to hear *that* voice, accompanying *this* manner—Let me bend to you: I have been craving the divine direction

direction. An irreſiſtible impulſe (ſurely it is *that* direction) bids me ſay—Yet what can I ſay?—If I attempt to argue, I am loſt!—Does not this ſhew me that, were I to be yours, I muſt be all you wiſh me to be? And then my everlaſting peace, my everlaſting happineſs—O Sir! I doubt not *your* juſtice, *your* generoſity—but I fear *myſelf!*—Seek not, let me repeat, looking a little wildly; ſeek not, kindeſt of men, to entangle me with your love.

She bent her knee, and I was afraid would have fainted. I claſped my ſupporting arms about her.

Let me, let me cut ſhort all I intended to ſay, ſaid ſhe, by referring to my paper. The contents of that *are not, cannot* be anſwered to my ſatisfaction. Be my advocate to yourſelf, to your own heart, and ſeek not to entangle me with your love.

Whatever it coſt me (taking both her hands in mine, and bowing upon them), I will yield to your pleaſure. I never will urge you again on this ſubject, unleſs your brother the Biſhop give me hope of your welcome change of mind.

Beſt of men, ſaid ſhe, withdrawing her hands, and claſping them together—But this is not enough—You muſt promiſe me your future friendſhip. You muſt let me call you *Brother:* You muſt be my *Tutor*, I your *Pupil*, once more—Happy days were thoſe; the happieſt of my life! And encourage and confirm in me the reſolution I have taken, or I ſhall not be happy!

Look upon me, madam, as your brother, as your friend: But this latter taſk requires more magnanimity than I am maſter of. To your brother the Biſhop, and to Father Mareſcotti, I muſt leave that taſk. They will be in earneſt in it. I cannot, becauſe I am convinced in my own mind that we might have been happy—Could you—But I forbear, though with difficulty—I have *promiſed* not to urge you further.

Indeed I have conſulted them both, reſumed ſhe; but not before I had given you my written determination: Had they given their opinions *different* from what they did, I never could have got over the apprehenſions I have of your ſtrength, and my own weakneſs. I only conſulted them, in hopes they would (as they could, or they had not been good Catholics) confirm and ſtrengthen my mind: and why, why ſhould I puniſh the man, I muſt forever eſteem as my beſt friend, with a wife, that her unhappy malady has made unworthy of him? Dear Chevalier, I find myſelf at times not recovered. I may never be quite well. *You* and *yours* deſerve not to be puniſhed, but rewarded. Believe me, Sir, this has been a *ſecond* conſideration with me. God enable me to adhere to my reſolution! for his ſake, for your ſake, and for the ſake of my own peace of mind!

Muſt it not be difficult, my dear Dr Bartlett, more difficult than when I came over to Bologna, to give up all hopes of ſo exalted a woman?

But ſay, Chevalier, you are not angry with me. Say, that you do not, that you will not think me ungrateful. To obviate ſuch a charge as that of ingratitude to a man who has laid us all under ſuch obligations—What is it that I would not do?

I *cannot* be diſpleaſed with you, madam. You *cannot* be ungrateful. I muſt not ſpeak; yet hardly know how to be ſilent. I will take a walk in the garden. I have a new leſſon to learn.

With profound reverence I withdrew. She rang. Camilla came in.

I haſtened into the garden, greatly diſſatisfied with myſelf, yet hardly knowing why. I thought I wanted ſomebody to accuſe, ſomebody to blame—Yet how could it be Clementina? But the words *Narrow Zeal*!—*Sweet Enthuſiaſt!*—as if I would find fault with her *religion*, involuntarily ſlipt from me to myſelf

I:

It is difficult, my dear Dr Bartlett, at the inſtant in which the heart finds itſelf diſappointed of ſome darling hope, to avoid reflections that, however, can only be juſtified by ſelf-partiality. What muſt I be, if, led as I have been by all her friends to hope, I had not been *earneſt* in my hope!

The Biſhop joined me in the garden—Excuſe me, Grandiſon, ſaid he, for breaking in upon your contemplations: But I was deſirous to apologize to you for taking the liberty, though you allowed it to me, of attending to what paſſed between you and my ſiſter.

I ſhould, my Lord, have ſaid every thing I did ſay to your ſiſter, the occaſion the ſame, before your whole aſſembled family. Your Lordſhip has therefore no apologies to make to me. Heard you all that paſſed?

I believe I did. Thoſe apartments were always the women's. Camilla placed me in a cloſet that I knew not of, where I heard every word you both ſaid of the laſt part of your converſation. I muſt aſk you, Chevalier—*Is* not Clementina——

Clementina, my Lord, is all that is great and good in woman. You will imagine, that it would have been much more eaſy for me to ſupport myſelf under the reſolution ſhe has taken, had I not had ſuch teſtimonies of her magnanimity. Permit me, my Lord, to ſay, that I have one good quality: I can admire goodneſs or greatneſs where-ever I meet with it; and that whether it makes for me or againſt me. Clementina has all my reverence.

He made me compliments, and withdrew.

The Marquis, the Count, and the Marchioneſs afterwards joined me in the garden. The Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti not coming with them, or preſently after them, I doubted not but they went to Clementina, in order to applaud her for, and confirm her in a reſolution which muſt be agreeable to them.

I was right in my conjecture.

The Marquis and Count each took my hand, and firſt expreſſed their ſurpriſe at the young lady's adherence to her reſolution; and next their high value of me. The Marchioneſs obſerved, "that her "daughter, with all her excellencies, was ever dif- "ficult to perſuaſion, when ſhe had deliberately "reſolved upon any point."

It was eaſy I ſaid, to ſee, that they all now were of one opinion, which was, that Lady Clementina was not to be moved from her preſent purpoſe.

They owned they were: but ſaid, that if it were not *mine*, they thought themſelves bound in honour to conſent that I ſhould try, by generous means (and they were ſure I would not think of any other), to prevail upon her in my favour.

I preſume, ſaid I, that the Biſhop has already acquainted you with the ſubſtance of what paſſed juſt now between Lady Clementina and me.

They were ſilent.

Has not your ladyſhip ſeen Lady Clementina ſince?

I have; and ſhe is extremely uneaſy. She wiſhes you could be of our religion. Could it have been ſo, I, for my part, ſhould rather have called the Chevalier Grandiſon my ſon, than any man in the world. Clementina told me, added ſhe (I cannot but ſay with more compoſure than I could have expected, tho' not without tears), that you promiſed to urge her no more on this ſubject. She owns, that more than once, as you talked to her, ſhe could hardly forbear giving you her hand on your own terms. But ſhe ſays, that you were the moſt generous of men, when you ſaw ſhe made a point of conſcience of her adherence to her newly-taken reſolution: And now, Chevalier, having made my Lord and the Count acquainted with all theſe things, we are come to adviſe with you what is to be done.

Dear

Dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Marquis, adviſe us. We want an opportunity to ſhew you, in more than words, our gratitude for all your goodneſs to us: We want to appeaſe our Jeronymo, who is ready to ſuſpect, that his brother and Father Mareſcotti have contributed to this turn of our daughter's mind: and we want you to declare freely your own ſentiments with regard to Clementina; and whether you would adviſe us, as well for her own ſake as for yours, to endeavour to prevail on her to change her mind. Dear creature! a relapſe would now be fatal to her, and to her mother and me.

I have no difficulty, my Lord, to anſwer to theſe points. As to the firſt, I am greatly rewarded by the pleaſure I have, in the more than could be hoped-for happy effects of Mr Lowther's ſkill, and in the proſpects that open to us of Lady Clementina's reſtored health of mind. On this ſubject I have but one requeſt to make: It is that you will not mortify me ſo much as to *ſuppoſe* that I am not ſufficiently rewarded.

As to appeaſing the generous mind of Signor Jeronymo, let that taſk be Lady Clementina's. She can plead conſcience with more force for herſelf than any ſecond perſon can do for her; and if ſhe does, it will be a demonſtration to us all of her being likely to be happy in her perſeverance!—More happy than I ſhall be! The admirable lady who has ſilenced, on this head, a man ſo deeply intereſted to conteſt this point with her, will certainly be able to appeaſe a brother by the ſame pleas; and the ſooner, as, being of the ſame religion with the lovely pleader, her arguments will have greater force with *him* than they could be ſuppoſed to have on *me*: For, let me ſay, my Lord, that I could not ſo much as *ſeem* to give way to them, had I not been accuſtomed, when I was to judge of another's actions, to ſuppoſe myſelf

that very perſon: Hence have I often thought myſelf obliged to give judgment againſt my own wiſhes, though, on reſuming MYSELF, I have not found reaſon to diſapprove my firſt expectation.

As to the third point, what can I ſay?—And yet, as your lordſhip has put it, does it not call upon me, as I may ſay, to give a *proof* of the diſintereſtedneſs I have mentioned? I anſwer then, as ſuppoſing myſelf in *your* ſituation—I cannot expect that you will urge an intereſt, which I, by having put myſelf into that of Lady Clementina, have promiſed *not* to urge, unleſs ſhe change her mind. What plea can a parent make uſe of, but that of *filial duty?* And where the child can plead *conſcience* in anſwer, ought it to be inſiſted on?

And now, reſuming MYSELF, let me preſume to adviſe you to give the dear lady full time to conſider and *re*-conſider the caſe. Her imagination may be heated: in other words, her malady may have a ſhare in the heroiſm ſhe has ſo nobly exerted: and yet I am afraid ſhe will perſevere. Permit me, my Lords, to ſay *afraid:* I cannot wholly diveſt myſelf of Self, in this very affecting caſe. We will not therefore take her at her word: I will abſent myſelf for ſome time from Bologna; but (as ſhe has the goodneſs to acknowledge an eſteem for me) with *her* leave. I will return at my time. I will *repeat* my abſences, if we have the leaſt ſhadow of doubt. But if ſhe hold her purpoſe, and ſhall not be viſibly worſe in her health or mind, we may conclude her reſolution unalterable. In this caſe, I ſhall have one or two requeſts to lay before you; and, if granted, will endeavour to make myſelf as happy as a man in ſuch a ſituation can be.

They applauded my advice. They declared themſelves unwilling to think of giving up the pleaſure they had brought themſelves to have, in conſidering me as one of their family; and aſſured me,

me, that it would have been impoſſible that any the leaſt difficulty ſhould have ariſen from them, after they had brought themſelves to diſpenſe with the moſt material one.

They were earneſt with me to paſs the evening with them. But I excuſed myſelf. I wanted to be at my own lodgings, in order to revolve all that had paſſed. But having not taken leave of Lady Clementina, I imagined ſhe might think I went away in ill humour if I forbore it. My whole ſtudy, I told them, ſhould be to make Lady Clementina eaſy: And if the Marchioneſs would be ſo good as to permit me to take leave of her for the evening in her preſence, I would depart; only making my compliments to Signor Jeronymo, by Mr Lowther, knowing that he would be grieved for my diſappointment; and my mind not being at preſent eaſy enough to contend with his concern for me.

The Marchioneſs ſaid, ſhe would ſee in what way her Clementina then was, and acquaint me, by Camilla, with her wiſhes. She withdrew, leaving the Marquis, the Count, and me together.

Before we could renew our diſcourſe, the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti joined us; both in high ſpirits. They were exceſſively complaiſant to me. It was eaſy to gueſs at the occaſion of their good humour. I could not be greatly delighted with it. But when the Count told them what had paſſed before they joined us, the biſhop embraced me; the father unawares ſnatched my hand, and kiſſed it.

I was glad to be relieved from their compliments, by the expected meſſage from the Marchioneſs and Clementina.

The young lady met me, as I entered, at the door of her apartment. She held out her hand to me. I reſpectfully took it. I ſaw ſhe had been in tears: But ſhe looked with a ſerenity that I was glad

glad to ſee, though I doubted not but it was partly owing to the converſation ſhe had had, ſince I left her, with her brother and her confeſſor, as well as to what might have paſſed between her mother and her.

She led me to a chair between them both. She withdrew not her hand; and aimed at a more chearful countenance than I had a heart. I congratulated her on her ſerenity. It is in your power, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to make me ſtill more ſerene—Can you, of a truth, and from your heart, approve of my preſent way of thinking? *Can* you, Chevalier?—

I can admire you for it, madam. You have exalted yourſelf, in my opinion. But I *muſt* regret it—Becauſe—But I have promiſed not to urge you. Your conſcience, madam, is concerned—To endeavour but to *perſuade* againſt conſcience, if you have no doubt of your motive, is not warranted even in a parent.

I am, I *think* I am, returned ſhe, abſolutely ſure of my motive. But, my dear mamma, be pleaſed to put the queſtions I wiſhed you to put to the Chevalier.

She ſtill ſuffered me to with-hold her hand; and with the other took out her handkerchief; not to wipe away her tears, but to hide her bluſhes. She wept not: Her boſom heaved with the grandeur of her ſentiments.

The queſtion, my dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Marchioneſs, is this—We have all of us told my Clementina, that you are invincible on the article of religion. She believes *us:* She doubts it not from your *behaviour* and *words:* But, as ſhe would not omit any means to convince you of her high regard for you, ſhe is deſirous to hear from your own lips, that you are *not* to be convinced: She is not afraid, the article ſo important, to hear you declare that you will not be a Catholic. It will

make

make her more eaſy, upon reflexion, to be told by you *yourſelf*, that you *cannot* comply, even were ſhe to conſent to be yours, at a very ſhort day, if you *could*—

The exalted lady ſtood up, ſtill not withdrawing her hand—Falſe ſhame, I deſpiſe thee, ſaid ſhe: Yet, covered with bluſhes, ſhe turned her face from me.—*That* hand, as *this* heart, putting her other hand to her throbbing boſom, is yours, on that one condition—I am convinced of your affection for me—But fear not to tell me (it is for my own future peace of mind that I aſk it) that you cannot accept it on the terms.

She then withdrew her hand, and would have gone from me: but again I ſnatched it with both of mine.

Do *you*, moſt excellent of human beings, let me aſk you; do *you* conſider the inequality in the caſe between us, as you are pleaſed to put it? I preſume not to require a change of principles in you. You are only *afraid* of your perſeverance, though you are to be left to your freedom; and your confeſſor to ſtrengthen and confirm you. Of me, is not an actual change required againſt *conviction?*—Deareſt Lady Clementina! Can you, can you (your mind great and generous in every other caſe) inſiſt upon a condition ſo unequal!—Be great throughout; and I kneeled to her—Be uniformly noble—Withdraw not your hand.

She ſtruggled it, however, from me; and, haſtening to her cloſet—Once more, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, read my paper.

I left her, and approaching the Marchioneſs, who was in tears; judge me, madam, ſaid I, as I, in your opinion, deſerve—What ſhall I ſay?—I can urge my hopes no farther: My promiſe is againſt me: Clementina is deſpotic—Forgive me!—But indeed Clementina is *not* impartial—

Dear

Dear Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs, giving me her hand, what can I ſay?—I admire *you!* I glory in my *child!* I could not, myſelf in her place, have withſtood your plea. When her imagination is cool, I ſtill queſtion if *ſhe* will hold her purpoſe. —Propoſe to her, if you can engage her to deſcend from theſe heights, your intended abſence—*You* muſt calm her. You *only* can. Her ſoul is wrought up to too high a pitch.

O madam! But I muſt firſt try to quiet my own.

I withdrew into the room adjoining; and in a few minutes returning, found the lovely daughter incircled by the arms of the indulgent mother, both in tears. Clementina was ſpeaking. Theſe were the words I heard her ſay:

Indeed, my deareſt mamma, I am *not* angry with the Chevalier. Why ſhould I? But he can allow for me. I cannot be ſo great as he. Don't I ſay that I ſhould be undone by his goodneſs?

She turned her hand, and ſeeing me, diſengaged herſelf from her mother's arms, and met me. Allow for me, Sir, I beſeech you, ſaid ſhe. I *may* be partial. I believe I *am:* But you can forgive me: I will *hope* you can—*Read my paper*, ſaid I, and went from you: But it was not in anger. *Read it*, I again ſay. I can give no other anſwer. I never can be happy with a man whom I think a heretic; and the moment I ſhould, in tenderneſs, in duty, think him *not* one, I ſhall ceaſe myſelf to be a Catholic. A *huſband*, Sir, allied to perdition, what wife can bear the reflection?

The Chevalier, my dear, urges you not. He adheres to his promiſe. You were willing to put a queſtion to him yourſelf. I conſented that he ſhould anſwer it in your preſence, for the ſake of your future peace of mind. He has ſpoken to it like himſelf: He has ſhewn you how much he admires you, at the ſame time that he ſignifies his inviolable

violable adherence to his own religion. My dearest love, he has conceded to terms in our favour, that we have not conceded to in his. Glorious and unexceptionable is his adherence, were it to a *right* religion. He *believes* it is. He might urge much to his own advantage from your adherence to yours: But he has only hinted at that to *us*, not to *you*. He is willing to wait the event of your will. He will leave us, as he did more than once before, and return; and if you perſevere, he will endeavour to make himſelf eaſy——

And leave us; and return to England, I ſuppoſe?

No doubt of it, my dear——

While the Florentine is there——

I never, madam, can be any thing but a well-wiſher to the Florentine——

God give *you*, Sir, and *me* too, eaſe of mind. But I find my head overſtrained. It is bound round as with a cord, I think, putting her hands to each ſide of it for a moment—You muſt leave me, Sir. But if you will ſee me to-morrow morning, and tell me whether you intend to go, and what you intend to do, I ſhall be obliged to you. Cannot we talk together, Sir, as brother and ſiſter? or as tutor and pupil?——Thoſe were happy days! Let us try to recover them.

She put her hand to her forehead, as apprehenſive of diſorder; and looked diſcompoſed. I bowed to both ladies in ſilence; retired; and, without endeavouring to ſee any body elſe, went to my lodgings.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, Thurſday, July 13-24.

I HAD a viſit early this morning from the Count of Belvedere. He found me very much indiſpoſed. He had heard that I met with ſome difficulties, and attributed my indiſpoſition to them.

I owned that it might be ſo. My life, my lord, ſaid I, has not been ſo happy as might have been hoped for, by a man who has made it his ſtudy to avoid giving offence, either to man or woman; and has endeavoured to reſtrain paſſions, that otherwiſe might have been as unruly as thoſe of other young men in my circumſtances. But, I bleſs God, I have reſolution. I may bend beneath a weight when it is *firſt* laid upon me: But if I find I cannot ſhake it off, I will endeavour to collect my ſtrength, and make myſelf eaſy under it. Pardon me, my Lord: I do not often allow my mind to break out thus into words: But I hold the Count of Belvedere for my friend.

You do me honour, ſaid he: and I came with a heart diſpoſed to cultivate your friendſhip. I thank you for your laſt goodneſs to me. Your advice and gentle behaviour, when I was not fit to be truſted with myſelf, have ſaved me, as far as I know, from final deſtruction. To the laſt day of my life I ſhall confeſs obligations to you. But, my dear Chevalier, if ſome account of the difficulties you meet with will not be a renewal of grief, now you are not very well—

It will not be ſo, my Lord, interrupted I, ſince at preſent I can think of nothing elſe: Yet, putting myſelf in the place of every one of the family of Porretta, I have nobody to blame, but the contra-

ry.

ry: and I muſt admire Lady Clementina as one of the nobleſt of women.

He was all impatience for further particulars.

What may yet be the event, I cannot tell, proceeded I; therefore will only ſay, that difference in religion is the difficulty with the lady. I am willing to allow her the full and free exerciſe of hers. She inſiſts upon a change of mine. For the reſt, you, my lord, want not friends among the principles of the family; let *them* give you what account they think fit. I would not ſcruple to gratify your curioſity, could I give you a concluſive one.

I *am* curious, Chevalier, ſaid he, I loved Clementina above all women, *before* her illneſs. I loved her not the leſs *for* her illneſs; for then my pity joined with my love, and added a tenderneſs to it, of which I had not, in equal degree, been before ſenſible. The treatment ſhe met with, and the ſelf-intereſted cruelty of Lady Laurana, heightened her illneſs, and that (I did not think it poſſible) my love. In order to free her from that treatment; and in hopes that a different one (my hopes you ſee were not ill founded) would reſtore her reaſon; and that the happy reſult might be the defeating of the cruel Laurana's expectations; I tendered myſelf in marriage to her, notwithſtanding her illneſs. But I muſt ſay, that I never knew how much I loved her, till I was apprehenſive that, not only I, but Italy and her religion, were likely to loſe her for ever. And will you not allow of my curioſity now? God give you, Chevalier, health and happineſs here and hereafter! But may you never be the huſband of Clementina, but of ſome woman of your own country, if there be one in it that can deſerve you!

The Count left me with this wiſh, pronounced with earneſtneſs: and I ſuppoſe will viſit the

Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti, in order to gratify his curioſity.

My indiſpoſition requiring indulgence, I ſent a billet to the Marchioneſs, excuſing my attendance till the afternoon, on the ſcore of an unexpected engagement. I was loth to mention that I was not very well, leſt it ſhould be thought a lover-like artifice, to move compaſſion. I will not owe my ſucceſs, even with a Clementina, to mean contrivances. You know I have pride, my dear friend—Pride which your example has not been able to ſubdue, though it has ſometimes made me aſhamed of it.

One o'Clock.

CAMILLA, by direction of her two ladies, made me a viſit about two hours ago. They were alarmed at my poſtponing my attendance on Lady Clementina till the afternoon; ſuſpecting that the Count of Belvedere had unwelcomely engaged me; and therefore ſent the worthy woman to know the true cauſe. Camilla obſerving that I looked ill, I deſired her to take no notice of it to any body: But ſhe could not help acquainting the Marchioneſs with it; who, ordering her to forbear mentioning it to Clementina and Jeronymo, was ſo good, attended by Father Mareſcotti, to make me a viſit in perſon.

Never was mother more tender to her own ſon than ſhe was to me. The father expreſſed a paternal affection for me. I made light of the illneſs, being reſolved, if poſſible, to attend them in the afternoon. My mind, my dear friend, is diſturbed. I want to be at a certainty: Yet, from what the Marchioneſs hinted, I believe I have no reaſon to doubt. The father and the Biſhop have ſpared no pains, I dare ſay, to ſtrengthen the lady's ſcruples. Their whole ſtudy (the Marchio-

neſs

neſs intimated) is now in what manner to acknowledge their obligations to me.

They owe me none.

My dear Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, at parting, take care of your health: She put her hand on mine—Your *precious* health. Don't think of coming out. We will in turn attend you here.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advice of the Marchioneſs, I went to the palace of Porretta as ſoon as I thought their dinner-time was over. Signor Jeronymo deſired to be alone with me for a few minutes; and when he was, began upon the ſubject of the unexpected turn which his ſiſter had taken, I found that he had been acquainted with the truth of every thing: Not a ſingle circumſtance was omitted, that might enable him to judge fairly of the whole.

And will you, Grandiſon; *can* you, my dear friend, ſaid he, have the goodneſs to attend with patience the event of this dear girl's heroiſm, or what ſhall I call it?

I aſſured him, that the reſtoration of his ſiſter's health of mind was the deareſt to me of all conſiderations; and that I came over at firſt with no other hopes than *his* recovery and *hers*; reſolved to leave to Providence all the reſt.

The Marchioneſs came in ſoon after, and taking me aſide, chid me with tenderneſs even maternal, for coming abroad. The reſt of the family ſoon joined us; and then they all, as with one voice, offered to uſe their intereſt with Clementina in my favour, if either my peace of mind, or my health, were likely to be affected by her preſent reſolution.

While there was *conſcience* in it, I anſwered, I would not for the world that ſhe ſhould be urged to change it. Nothing now, as I believed, remained to be done, but to try the firmneſs of her reſo-

lution, by firſt ſhort, and then longer abſences: and thoſe I would propoſe to herſelf, if they thought fit, when I was next admitted to her preſence.

Jeronymo, and all the family, I ſaw were of one mind. Tell me; *ſay*, my dear Dr Bartlett, is it excuſeable in a man, who has been ſo long favoured by your converſation, and *ſhould* have been benefited by your example; who have behaved ſo greatly in diſappointments, and even perſecutions, to find in himſelf a pride that, at the inſtant, had almoſt carried him into petulance, when he ſaw every one of this family appear to be more pleaſed than diſpleaſed, that he was not likely to be allied to them?—Who yet, when he coolly conſiders, and puts himſelf in the caſe of each individual of it, muſt acknowledge, that they might well be allowed to rejoice (the great article religion *out* of the queſtion) in hope of keeping her among them in her native country; and the more, becauſe of the unhappy diſorder of her mind; and out of a diſtant one, obnoxious to them all, as England is? Would not my own father and mother; would not I myſelf, have equally rejoiced in ſuch a turn in the affections of a ſiſter of my own, eſpecially if we had complied with her principally from motives of compaſſion, and contrary to the intereſts of our family?

The Marchioneſs conducted me to the young lady. She received me with a bluſh, as a perſon would do another whom ſhe was ſenſible ſhe had cauſeleſly diſappointed. She took notice, after the firſt emotion, that I ſeemed not to be well, and caſt an eye of compaſſion on me. A ſlight indiſpoſition, I ſaid, that might, perhaps, be owing to my late inactivity and want of exerciſe. I had thoughts of once more making the tour of Italy, in order to viſit the many kind friends at different courts,

courts, who had honoured me with their notice during my former abode there.

How long do you propoſe to be abſent, Sir?

Perhaps a month, madam.

A month, Sir!—She ſighed, and looked down.

Signor Jeronymo, I hope, ſaid I, will correſpond with me.

I could almoſt wiſh, ſaid ſhe—Pardon me, madam, to her mother—and looked baſhfully down.

What would my child wiſh?

That *I* might correſpond with the Chevalier in his abſence—As his *ſiſter*, as his *pupil*, I think I might—

You will do me, madam, the higheſt honour—Dear madam, to the Marchioneſs, may I not have *your* intereſt with Lady Clementina, to engage her to purſue her kind hint.

By all means. My deareſt love, it will not miſbecome you in any character, whether as pupil, as ſiſter, or friend, to write to ſuch a man as the Chevalier Grandiſon.

Perhaps then I may, ſaid ſhe. You, madam, ſhall ſee all that paſſes in this correſpondence.

That ſhall be as you pleaſe, my love. I can abſolutely depend on the Chevalier's generoſity and your prudence.

I ſhould *chuſe*, madam, ſaid I, that you ſhould ſee all that paſſes. As amuſement is principally my view in this tour, I can be punctual to place and time.

But ſhall you be gone a month, Sir?

At much leſs, madam, as you ſhall command.

Nay, as things are circumſtanced, it is not for me—She ſtopt, ſighed, and looked down.

You, madam, are above unneceſſary reſerve. I never yet abuſed a confidence. I am proud of your good opinion. I never will do any thing to forfeit it. Whatever ſhall be your pleaſure, *that* ſignify to me

me in the letters you will favour me with. I will be all grateful obedience.

Whither, Sir, do you intend to go firſt?

To Florence, madam——

To Florence, Sir?—But Lady Olivia, I think, is *not* there—To Mrs Beaumont, I ſuppoſe?

I will ſend you, madam, from Florence, the beginning letter of the hoped-for correſpondence. I will be careful to be within diſtance of receiving your favour in a very ſhort ſpace, by means of a ſervant, whom I will leave at Florence to attend to our correſpondence.

And when, Sir, do you leave Bologna?

I will now take leave of my new correſpondent, and my dear friends here, and diſpoſe myſelf for my little route.

She looked at her mother; then at me——again ſighed, bluſhed, and looked down—*Well, Sir*, was all ſhe ſaid.

Will you not drink chocolate with us to-morrow, ſaid the Marchioneſs.

I excuſed myſelf. As I was not well, I thought I *might* be obliged to keep my chamber for two or three days; and that therefore it was better to take leave of her then, that I might not give them anxiety, for their own ſakes, on a ſuppoſal that I owed my indiſpoſition to my diſappointment: and yet, Dr Bartlett—But you know my heart, and all its imperfections: And will not you, on this extraordinary occaſion, allow me to give way to my native pride for my own ſake? Who but muſt admire the exalted mind of this young lady? What man would not wiſh her to be his?—But to covet a relation to a family, however illuſtrious, however worthy, every one of which wiſhes, and with *reaſon* on his ſide, that it may not take place—I muſt, if poſſible—But a few weeks will now determine my fate—I will not leave *them* or *myſelf*, if I can help it, any cauſe of regret.

I took

I took a ſolemn leave of Clementina. She wept at parting; and dropping down on one knee, prayed for a bleſſing to attend me where-ever I went.

Had *not* my indiſpoſition lowered my ſpirits, I ſhould have been affected at the ſolemnity and grace of her manner. The Marchioneſs was.

I went from her to Jeronymo. I left it to his mother to tell him all that had paſſed, and took almoſt as ardent a leave of him. I deſired a viſit from Mr Lowther; and left my compliments for all the reſt of a family that I ever muſt highly reſpect.

Thurſday, July 13-24.

I TOOK, by advice, a medicine over night, that compoſed me. I had wanted reſt. I am much better, and preparing for my journey to Florence. I have returned anſwer that I *am*, to inquiries made after my health by the whole family. The Biſhop excuſed his perſonal attendance, on the Count's ſudden reſolution to ſet out for Urbino; and inſiſting on his and Father Mareſcotti's accompanying thither for a few days.

Camilla came to me from her two ladies and the Marquis. All three, ſhe told me, were indiſpoſed. Their inquiries after my health were very tender: The Marquis bid her tell me, that he hoped to be well enough to make me a viſit before I ſet out. Jeronymo wiſhed to ſee me firſt, if I had opportunity: But, as I probably muſt, if I go, ſee Lady Clementina, and another ſolemn parting will follow, I think it will be beſt, for *both* our ſakes, as well as for Jeronymo's, not to obey him; and ſo I hinted by Camilla.

The Count of Belvedere has made me a viſit. He is ſetting out for Parma. Not one word paſſed his lips about Lady Clementina, or her family. He was very earneſt with me to promiſe him a viſit at his palace. I gave him room to expect me. By his ſilence on a ſubject ſo near his heart, as well as by

by the very great reſpect he paid me, I have no reaſon to doubt but he knows the ſituation I am in with Clementina: *She* will have *his* prayers, I dare ſay, for perſeverance in her preſent way of thinking! Indeed now, *every-body*'s of her family—for who can doubt the general's? She would have had *mine* to the ſame purpoſe the more ſincerely, had they not all joined to indulge my hopes; and had ſhe not given ſuch inſtances of the nobleſt of female minds.

But, how great ſoever may be the occaſion given me for fortitude, by a reſolution ſo unexpected by every-body from Lady Clementina, I cannot be deprived of all pleaſure ſince the contents of my laſt packets, as well thoſe from Paris as from England, afford me a great deal.

Every thing is done at Paris, that I could have wiſhed, in relation to Mr Danby's legacy.

Lord W. lets me know, that he thinks himſelf every day happier than in the paſt with his lady; who alſo ſubſcribes to the ſame acknowledgment.

Our Beauchamp tells me, that he wants only my company to make him the happieſt of men. He requeſts me to write a letter of thanks, in my own name, to Lady Beauchamp, on his dutiful acknowledgment to me of her kindneſs to him. I will with pleaſure comply; and the ſooner, as I am ſure that gratitude for paſt benefits, and not expectation of new ones, is his motive.

He laments in poſtſcript, that his father is taken with a threatening diſorder. I am ſorry for it. Methinks I am intereſted in the life and health of Sir Harry Beauchamp. I hope he will long enjoy the happineſs of which his ſon ſays he is extremely ſenſible. Should he die, the lady will be a great deal in my Beauchamp's power, large as her jointure is. If, on ſuch an event, he be not as obliging to her as he now is, and forget not all paſt obligations, I ſhall not have the opinion of his heart that I now have. Our Beauchamp wants but the trial

of

of proſperity (a much more arduous one than that of adverſity) to be, upon full proof, an excellent man.

Lady Mansfield, with equal joy and gratitude, acquaints me, that only my preſence in England is wanting to bring to a deciſion every point that now remains in debate with her adverſaries, the Keelings; they having ſhewn themſelves inclinable, by the mediation of Sir John Lambton, to compromiſe on the terms I had adviſed ſhe ſhould get propoſed, as from me; and the wicked Bolton having alſo made propoſals, that perhaps ought to be accepted, if he cannot be brought to amend them.

Two of Emily's letters of diſtant date are come together. I will write to the dear girl by the next mail, and let her know how much abſence endears to me my friends.

You give me joy, my dear Dr Bartlett, in acquainting me with the happineſs of Lord and Lady G. I will write to my Charlotte upon it, and thank her for the credit ſhe does me by her affectionate behaviour to that honeſt and obliging man.

How happy are you, my dear friend, and Lord and Lady G. and Emily, at Miſs Byron's! I am charmed with the characters you give me of her family.

But I have letters brought by the ſame mail, that are not ſo agreeable as thoſe I have taken notice of. They are from Lady Olivia, and my poor Couſin Grandiſon.

That unhappy woman *is* to be my diſturbance! She is preparing, ſhe ſays, to come back to Italy. She execrates: She threatens. Poor woman!—But no more of her at preſent.

My couſin is, by this time, I ſuppoſe, at Paris. He writes, that he was on the point of ſetting out, in purſuance of my advice; and will wait there for my direction to proceed to Italy, or not. I ſhall write to him to continue at Paris till he hears further

ther from me; and, at the ſame time, to ſome of my friends there, to make France agreeable to him.

I ſhall not perhaps write again very ſoon. Letters from England will, however, find an eaſy acceſs, directed to me, under cover, to Mrs Beaumont at Florence, as you know how.

I ſhall be pretty much in motion, if health permit. I ſhall take a view of the works projecting by the Duke of Modena, in order to render his little Signory conſiderable. I ſhall viſit the Count of Belvedere at Parma. Mrs Beaumont and her friends will have more of my company than any other perſons. Perhaps I may make a long-requeſted viſit to the Altieri family, at Urbino. If I do, I muſt not put a ſlight on the Conte della Porretta, who preſſingly invited me thither. I think to paſs a few days at Rome. If I go from thence to Naples, I ſhall perhaps once more, in the general's company, viſit Portici, in order to make more accurate obſervations than I have hitherto done, on thoſe treaſures of antiquity which have been diſcovered in the antient Herculaneum.

I have a private intimation from Milan, that a viſit there would be a welcome one to Lady Sforza. I may poſſibly take that city in my way, when I quit Italy. But how can I, without indignation, ſee the cruel Laurana?

Thus, my dear and reverend friend, have I given you an imperfect ſketch of my preſent intentions, as to paſſing the month that I think of abſenting myſelf from Bologna.

It is a long time ſince I have been able to tell you aforehand, with regard to ſome of the moſt material articles of my life, what I *will* or *will* not to do. Yet, knowing my own motives, I cannot ſay that, were the laſt three or four years of it to come over again, I ſhould have acted otherwiſe than I have done. Do you, my reverend friend, with that freedom which has been of inexpreſſible uſe to me, remind

me,

me, if I am too ready to acquit myſelf. You know (I repeat) all the ſecrets of my heart. Be not partial to your ſincere friend. I write not to be praiſed, but corrected. Don't flatter my vanity: I am yet but a young man. You have not blamed me a great while: I am, for this reaſon, a little diffident of the ground I ſtand upon: But, if you have no *material* fault to recollect, ſpare yourſelf the trouble of telling me ſo: Having thus renewed my call upon you, for your friendly admonition, I will look upon your ſilence as an acquittal, ſo far as I have gone; and we will begin, from the date of your next, a new account. In the mean time, be not concerned for my health. I am much better than I was. My mind was weakened by ſuſpenſe. I long ſince thought the criſis near. If it be not already overpaſt, a few weeks muſt ſurely determine it.

I am not in haſte to ſend this packet. A week hence Sir Alexander Neſbit will ſet out directly for England. He has a great deſire of being acquainted with my dear Dr Bartlett, and requeſts me to give him a commiſſion, that may introduce him to you. I would not, however, have delayed ſending you theſe letters by a ſpeedier conveyance, had my deſtiny in this country been abſolutely determined.

Sir Alexander is a worthy man: As ſuch, wants not a recommendation to my dear and reverend friend, from his

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

[*With the preceding ſeven Letters of Sir* CHARLES.]

Groſvenor-Square, Monday, Aug 7.

GOOD God, my dear!—I diſpatch a packet to you, received, a few hours ago, from Dr Bartlett, with deſire of forwarding it to you. My ſiſter was with me. We read the letters together. I diſpatch them by an expreſs meſſenger: What ſhall we ſay? Tell me, Harriet. More ſuſpenſe ſtill. Dear creature, tell me all you think of the contents of this packet. If I enter into the particulars, I ſhall never have done ſcribbling. Adieu, my love!

CHARLOTTE G.

Return the letters, when peruſed. I want to ſtudy them before the doctor has them back.

LETTER XV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Selby-houſe, Friday, Aug. 11.

TELL you, my dear Lady G. all I think of the contents of the packet you ſo kindly ſent me by an expreſs meſſenger!—What will you ſay to me if I do? I can much better tell you what all my *friends* here ſay of them. They are for congratulating me upon thoſe contents. But can I congratulate *myſelf?* Can I *receive* their congratulations?—A woman! an angel!—So much more worthy of Sir Charles Grandiſon, than the poor Harriet Byron *can* be!—O how great is Clementina,

mentina, how little am I in my own eyes! The lady will ſtill be his. She muſt. She ſhall. She will change her mind. So earneſt is he! So fervently in love with him ſhe!—Who will preſume to hope a place in his affections after her? My pride, my dear, is all up. Can I? How mean will any one now appear in his eyes, when he thinks of his Clementina? And who can be contented with half a heart! Nay, *not* half a one, if he does juſtice to this wonder of a woman? It was always my conſolation, when I looked upon him as loſt to myſelf, that it was to a perſon of ſuperior merit.

But who can forbear pitying the glorious man! O my dear, I am loſt in the ſubject! I know not what to ſay. Were I to tell you what I thought, what were my emotions, as I read now his generous pity for the Count of Belvedere—Now his affectionate and reſpectful addreſs to the noble lady—Her agitations of mind previous to the delivery of her paper to him—That paper, the contents ſo greatly ſurpaſſing all that I had read of woman!—yet ſo much of a piece with the conduct ſhe ſhewed, when the ſtruggle between her religion and her love coſt her her reaſon—His equal ſteadineſs in his religion ſo nobly firm—yet towards her ſo delicate—In ſhort, the whole of his conduct and hers, in the various lights in which they appeared in the different converſations with her, with her family—Were I to tell you, I ſay, what I thought, and what were my emotions as I read, a volume would not be ſufficient; nor know I what meaſure would contain my tears. Suffice it to ſay, that I was not able to riſe in two days and nights; and it has been with the greateſt difficulty that I obtained pen and ink, and leave to write; and the phyſician talks of confining me to my chamber for a week to come.

Sir Charles cries out upon ſuſpenſe—Indeed it is a grievous thing.

You will obſerve, that in theſe laſt letters he mentions *me* but once; and that is, in making me a compliment on the favour which the beloved *four* conferred upon me, and all of us, in the viſit you were ſo good as to make us. And why do you think I take notice of this?—Not from petulance, I aſſure you; but for the praiſe of his juſtice as well as delicacy: For, could Sir Charles Grandiſon excuſably (if, on *other* occaſions, he remembered the poor girl whom he reſcued; could he excuſably, I ſay), while his ſoul was agitated by his own ſuſpenſe, occaſioned by the uncommon greatneſs of Clementina's behaviour, think of any other woman in the world?

But you ſee, my Charlotte, that the excellent man *has been*, perhaps *is*, greatly indiſpoſed. Can we wonder at it? Such a prize in view, ſo many difficulties as he had to ſtruggle with overcome; yet at laſt a ſeemingly inſuperable one ariſing from the lady herſelf, and from motives that increaſed his admiration of her? But a woman may be eloquent from grief and diſappointment; when a man, though his nobler heart is torn in pieces, muſt hardly complain.—How do I pity the diſtreſſes of a manly heart!

But ſhould this noble lady, on his return to Bologna, after a month's abſence, hold her purpoſe, unleſs he changes his religion, I will tell you my thoughts of what will probably be the reſult. He will not marry at all. If he cannot love another woman as well as he does Clementina, *ought* he? And who can equally deſerve his love? Have we not heard from himſelf, as well as from Dr Bartlett, that all the troubles he has had have proceeded from our ſex? It is true, that men and women can hardly ever have any *great* troubles, but what muſt ariſe from each other. And *his* have ariſen from good women too (I hope Lady Olivia is not deliberately bad). And why ſhould ſo good a man

man continue to ſubject himſelf to the petulance, to the foibles, of us wayward women, who hardly know our own minds, as Signor Jeronymo told his friend, when our wiſhes are in our power?

But, ſick or well, you ſee Sir Charles Grandiſon loſes not his ſpirit. His enlarged heart can rejoice in the happineſs of his friends. I *will* have joy, ſaid he once to me. And muſt he not have it in the hopes of recovery of his friend Jeronymo? In the reſtoration of the admirable Clementina? And in the happineſs thoſe recoveries muſt give to a worthy and illuſtrious family? Let me enumerate from him the pleaſure he enjoys, in the felicity he has given to many, though he cannot be in himſelf the happy perſon he makes others. Is he not delighted with the happineſs of Lord and Lady W.? Of his Beauchamp, and his Beauchamp's father and mother?—Of Lady Mansfield and her family? With yours and Lord G's happineſs? Does it not rejoice you, my dear, to have it in your power to contribute to the pleaſure of ſuch a brother? And how great, how honourable, how conſiderate, how delicate is his behaviour to the noble Clementina! how patient, how diſintereſted with her family! How ready to enter into their ſentiments, and to allow for them, though againſt himſelf! But he is prudent: He ſees before him at a great diſtance: He is reſolved to have nothing to reproach himſelf with in future, that he can obviate at preſent. But is not his conduct ſuch as would make a conſiderate perſon, who has any connections with him, tremble? Since, if there be a fault *between* them, it muſt be *all* that perſon's; and he will not, if it be poſſible for him to avoid it, be a ſharer in it? Do you think, my dear, that had he been the firſt man, he would have been ſo complaiſant to his Eve as *Milton makes Adam* [So contrary to that part of his character, which made him accuſe the woman to the Almighty *]

ty *]—To taſte the forbidden fruit, becauſe he would not be ſeparated from her in her puniſhment, though all *poſterity* were to ſuffer by it?—No; it is my opinion, that your brother would have had galliantry enough to his fallen ſpouſe, to have made him extremely regret her lapſe; but that he would have done *his own duty*, and left it to the Almighty, if ſuch had been his pleaſure, to have annihilated his firſt Eve, and given him a ſecond—But, my dear, do I not write ſtrangely? I would be chearful if I could, becauſe you are ſo kind as to take pains to make me ſo: But, on re-peruſing what I have written, I am afraid that you have taught me to think oddly. Tell me truth, Charlotte: Is not what has laſt ſlipt from my pen more in Lady G.'s manner, than in that of

Her HARRIET BYRON.

One line more; and no more, my dear, my indulgent aunt Selby!—They won't let me write on, Charlotte, when I had a thouſand things further to ſay on the contents of this important packet; or I ſhould not have concluded ſo uncharacteriſtically.

LETTER XVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA *della* PORRETTA.

Florence, July 18-20

I BEGIN, dear and admirable Lady Clementina, the permitted correſpondence, with a due ſenſe of the favour done me in it: Yet *can* I ſay that it is not a painful favour? Was ever man be-for

* *The woman that thou gaveſt me, tempted me, and I did eat.*

fore circumſtanced as I am?—Permitted to admire the nobleſt and moſt amiable of women, and even generouſly allowed to look upon himſelf as a man eſteemed, perhaps *more* than eſteemed, by her and her illuſtrious family; yet in honour forbidden to ſolicit for a bleſſing that once was deſigned for him, and which he is not accuſed of demeriting by miſbehaviour, or by aſſuming an appearance that he made not good—Excellent lady! Am I other than you ever had reaſon to think me, in my manners, in my principles? Did I ever endeavour to unſettle you in your attachments to the religion of your country? No, madam: Invincibly attached as I knew you were to that religion, I contented myſelf with avowing my own; and indeed ſhould have thought it an ill requital for the protection I enjoyed from the civil and eccleſiaſtical powers, and a breach of the laws of hoſpitality, had I attempted to unſettle the beloved daughter of a houſe ſo firmly likewiſe attached, as they always were, to their principles. From *ſuch* a conduct, could this beloved daughter doubt the free exerciſe of her religion, had ſhe—

But, huſhed be the complainings, that my expoſtulating heart will hardly be denied to dictate to my pen! Have I not ſaid, that I *will be* all you wiſh me to be—All *hope*, or all *acquieſcence*—Forgive me, madam, forgive me, dear and ever-to-be-reſpected family, that yet I uſe the word *hope*. Such a prize almoſt in poſſeſſion—can I *forbear* to ſay hope?—Yet do I not at the ſame time promiſe acquieſcence?—Painful as it is to me, and impoſſible as it would be, were not all-commanding conſcience pleaded, moſt excellent of women! I will, I *do* acquieſce. If you perſevere, dear to my ſoul as you ever *muſt* be, I reſign to your will.

The diſappointed heart, not given up to unmanly deſpair in a world ſo ſubject to diſappointments, will catch at the next good to that it has loſt—Shall I not hope, madam, that a correſpondence ſo al-

lowably begun, whatever be the iſſue in the greater event, will for ever laſt? That a friendſhip ſo pure will ever be allowed? That the diſappointed man may be conſidered as the ſon, the brother of a family, which muſt, in all the branches of it, be ever dear to him?—I *will* hope it. I will even demand the continuance of its eſteem; why ſhould I not ſay of its *affection?* But ſo long only, as my own impartial heart, and my zeal for the glory and happineſs of your whole houſe, ſhall tell me I deſerve this; and ſo long as I can make out my pretenſions, to the ſatisfaction of every one of it; it cannot be on my ſide, nor will I allow it on yours, that the man who once, by the favour of your whole family, was likely to be happy in a near alliance to it, ſhould, and perhaps for *that* reaſon, as it often happens in like inſtances, be looked upon as the moſt remote from its friendly love.

Never, madam, could the heart of man boaſt a more diſintereſted paſſion for an object, whoſe mind was dearer to it than even her perſon; or a more ſincere affection to every one of her family, than mine does. I am unhappily called upon to the proof. The proof is unqueſtionable. And—To the laſt hour of my life, you and they, madam, *will* be dear to me.

Adieu, moſt excellent of women!—Circumſtanced as I am, what *more* can I ſay?—Adieu, moſt excellent of women!—May every good, temporal and eternal, be yours, and every one's of your beloved family, prays

Your and their moſt grateful,
moſt affectionate, and
moſt obedient,
GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Lady CLEMENTINA *della* PORRETTA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Tueſday, Aug. 5. N. S.

I WAS the more willing, Sir, to become your correſpondent, as I thought I could write to you with greater freedom than I could ſpeak. And indeed I will be very free, and very ſincere. I will ſuppoſe, when I addreſs myſelf to you, that I am writing to my brother and beſt friend. And indeed to which of my *other* brothers can I write with equal freedom?—You, in imitation of the God of us all, require only the heart. My heart ſhall be as open to you, as if, like Him, you could look into every ſecret receſs of it.

I thank you, Sir, for the kind and generous contents of the letter, by which you have opened this deſirable correſpondence. Such a regard have you paid in it to the weakneſs of my mind, and to its late unhappy ſtate, without mentioning that unhappy ſtate—O Sir, you are the moſt delicate of men—What tenderneſs have you always ſhewn me, for my attachment to the religion of my fathers——Surely you are the moſt pious of Proteſtants!——Proteſtants *can* be pious; you and and Mrs Beaumont have convinced me that they can. Little did I think I ſhould ever be brought to acknowledge ſo much in favour of the people of your religion, as you and ſhe, by your goodneſs, have brought me to acknowledge. O Sir! what might you not have brought me to by your love, by your kind treatment of me, and by your irreſiſtible addreſs, were I to have been yours, and reſiding in a Proteſtant nation, every one of your friends of that religion, and all amiable, and perhaps *exemplarily* good? I was *afraid* of you, Che-

valier,

valier. But no more of this ſubject. *You* are invincible; and I hope *I* ſhould not have been overcome had I been yours—But do we not pray againſt running into temptation?—Again, I ſay, no more of this ſubject at preſent, yet hardly know how to forbear—

Nothing but the due conſideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, in which we are but probationers, and of the eternity of the next, could have influenced me to act againſt my heart. Dear Chevalier, how happy ſhould I have been, could I have given my hand as that heart would have directed, and on ſuch terms as I could have thought my ſoul ſecure?—How ſhall I quit this entangling ſubject? I am in the midſt of briars and thorns—Lend me, lend me your extricating hand; and conduct me into the ſmooth and pleaſant path, in which you at firſt found me walking with undoubting feet. Never, never, for my ſake, let an unexperienced virgin truſt herſelf with her own imagination, when ſhe begins to meditate with pleaſure the great qualities of an object, with whom ſhe has frequent opportunities of converſing.

Again am I recurring to a ſubject I wiſh to quit. But ſince I cannot, I will give my pen its courſe—Pen, take thy courſe. Mind, equally perverſe and diſturbed, I will give way to thee: I ſee there is no withſtanding thee—

Tell me then, my brother, my friend, my faithful, my *diſintereſted* friend, what I ſhall do, what method take to be indifferent to you in *another* character? What I ſhall do to be able to look upon you *only* as my brother and friend?—Can you not tell me? Will you not? Will not your love of Clementina *permit* you to tell her?—I will help you to words—Say, "you are the "friend of her *ſoul.*" If you cannot be a Catholic *always*, be a Catholic when you *adviſe* her. And then, from your love of her ſoul, you will be able to

to ſay, "Perſevere, Clementina! and I will not "account you ungrateful."——

O Chevalier! I fear nothing ſo much as being thought capable of ingratitude by thoſe I love. And *am* I not, can you think that I am *not* ungrateful? Once you told me ſo. Why, if you mean me *more* than a compliment, do you not tell me how to be *grateful?* Are *you* the only man on earth who have it in your will, and in your power, to confer obligations, yet can be above receiving returns? What ſervices did you endeavour to do to the ſoul of a miſguided youth, at your firſt acquaintance with him!——Unhappy youth! And how did he at the time requite you for them! He has let us know (generous ſelf-accuſer!) what heroic patience you had with him; and how bravely you diſdained his ungrateful defiance. Well may he love you as he does. After many, many months diſcontinuance of friendſhip, you were called upon to ſnatch him from the jaws of death by your bravery. You were not requited, as you might have expected, from ſome of our family—What regret has the recollection coſt us *all!*—You were obliged to quit our Italy; yet, *called upon*, as I may ſay, by your wounded friend; incurably wounded, as it was apprehended; you haſtened to him: You haſtened to his ſiſter, wounded in her head, in her heart: You haſtened to her father, mother, brothers, wounded in their minds, by the ſufferings of that ſon and daughter. And whence did you haſten to us? From your native country. Quitting your relations, all proud of your love, and proud of loving you: on the wings of friendly zeal did you haſten to us, in a diſtant region. You encountered with, you overcame a thouſand obſtacles. The genius of healing, in the form of a ſkilful operator, accompanying you; all the art of the phyſicians of your country did you collect, to aſſiſt your noble purpoſe. Succeſs attended

your

your generous wiſhes. We ſee one another, a whole family ſee one another, with that delight which was wont to irradiate our countenances before diſaſter overclouded them.

And now, what return ſhall we make for your goodneſs to us? You ſay, you are already rewarded in the ſucceſs with which God has bleſſed your generous endeavours to ſerve us. Hence it is, that I call you proud, and at the ſame time happy. Well do I know, that is not in the power of a wife to reward you. For what could a wife do by ſuch a man more than her duty? And were it poſſible for Clementina to be yours, *would* you that your kindneſs, your love to her, ſhould be rewarded at the price of her everlaſting happineſs?—No, you anſwer—You would leave to her the full and free exerciſe of her religion—And *can* you promiſe, can you, the Chevalier Grandiſon, undertake, if you think your wife in an error, that you never will endeavour to cure her of that error? You who, as the the huſband, ought to be the regulator of her conſcience, the ſtrengthener of her mind—Can you, believing your own religion a right one, hers a wrong one, be contented that ſhe ſhall perſevere in it? Or can ſhe avoid, on the ſame, and even ſtill ſtricter principles, entering into debate with you? And will not then her faith, from your ſuperior underſtanding, be endangered?—Of what force will be my confeſſor's arguments againſt yours, ſtrengthened by your love, your kindneſs, your ſweetneſs of manners? And how will all my family grieve, were Clementina to become indifferent to *them*, to her *country*, and *more* than indifferent to her religion?

Say, Grandiſon, my tutor, my friend, my brother, can you be indifferent on theſe weighty matters?—O no, you cannot. My brother, the Biſhop, has told me (but be not angry at my brother for telling me), that you did declare to my elder brother

ther and him, that you would not in a *beginning* addreſs have granted to a *princeſs* the terms you were willing to grant *me;* and that you offered them to me as a compromiſe!—Compaſſion and love were equally perhaps your inducements. Poor Clementina!—Yet, were there not a *greater* obſtacle in the way, I would have accepted of your compaſſion becauſe you are great and good; and there be no inſult, but true godlike piety, in our compaſſion—Well, Sir, and do not my father, my mother, the beſt and moſt indulgent of fathers and mothers; and do not my uncle and brothers, and my other kindred, comply with their Clementina, upon the ſame affectionate, the ſame pitying motive; otherwiſe religion, country, the one ſo different, the other ſo remote, *would* they have conſented?—They would not. Will you not then, my dear Chevalier, think that I do but right (knowing *your* motive, knowing *theirs*, knowing that to rely upon my own ſtrength is preſumption, and a tempting of the Almighty) to act as I act, to reſolve as I have reſolved—O do you, my tutor, be again my tutor—You never taught me a leſſon that either of us might be aſhamed to own—Do you, as I have begged of you in my paper, ſtrengthen my mind. I own to you that I have ſtruggled much with myſelf: And now I am got—above myſelf, or beneath myſelf, I know not whether—For my letter is not ſuch as I deſigned it. *You* are too much the ſubject: I deſigned only a few lines; and thoſe to expreſs the grateful ſenſe I have of your goodneſs to me, and our Jeronymo; indeed to every-body; and to beg of you, for the ſake of my peace of mind, to point out ſome way, by which I, and all of us, may demonſtrate our attachment to our ſuperior duties, and our gratitude to you—

What a quantity have I written!

Excuſe my wandering head; and believe me to be, as much the wellwiſher of your glory, as of my own.

CLEMENTINA *della* PORRETTA.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA.

Rome, Aug. 11. *N. S.*

"NOTHING," ſays the moſt generous and pious of her ſex, "but the due conſideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, and of "the duration of the next, could have influenced "me to act againſt my *heart*."—Condeſcending goodneſs! What acknowledgments do you make in my favour! But, *favour*—can I ſay?—No, *not* in my favour; but, on the contrary, to the extinction of all my hopes; for what pleas remain to be urged, when you doubt not my affection, my gratitude, my tenderneſs, my good faith, and think that from *them* will ariſe your danger?

My "extricating hand," at your command, "is "held out;" and it ſhall not be my fault if you recover not the "ſmooth and pleaſant path, in "which you were accuſtomed to walk with un-"doubting feet."

You bid me "tell you what you ſhall do to be "indifferent to me"—What pain does the gracious manner of your rejection give me? Exalted goodneſs!—"Your brother, your friend, your faithful, "your *diſintereſted* friend," will "tell you," againſt himſelf, to the forfeiture of all his hopes; "he will "tell you," that you ought *not* "to give your hand "as your heart" (condeſcending excellence!) "would have directed," if you cannot do it, "and "think your ſoul ſecure."

You "will help me to words," you ſay—I repeat them after you. "Perſevere, Clementina—I will "not," I cannot "account you ungrateful."

How much does the dear, the generous Clementina over-rate the ſervices, which heaven, for my conſolation (ſo I will flatter myſelf), in a very heavy diſappointment

diſappointment that was to follow, made me an humble inſtrument of rendering to the worthieſt of families! To that heaven be all the glory! By aſcribing ſo much to the agent, fear you not that you depreciate the firſt cauſe? Give to the Supreme *His* due, and what will be left for me to claim? What but a common ſervice, which any one of your family would, in the like circumſtances, have done for *me?*

It is generous, it is noble, in you, madam, to declare your regard for the man you refuſe: But what a reſtraint muſt I act under, who value, and muſt for ever value, the fair refuſer; yet think myſelf bound in honour to acquieſce with the refuſal; and to prefer your peace of mind to my own? To lay open my heart before you would give you pain. I will *not* give you pain: Yet let me ſay, that the honour once deſigned me, had it been conferred, would have laid me under unreturnable obligations to as many perſons as are in your family. It was, at one time, an honour too great even for my ambition; and yet that is one of the conſtitutional faults that I have found it moſt difficult to reſtrain. But I will glory in their intended goodneſs; and that I loſt not their or your favour from any act of unworthineſs—Continue to me, moſt excellent Clementina; continue to me, lords and ladies of your illuſtrious houſe, your friendſhip, and I will endeavour to be ſatisfied.

Your "Tutor," as you are pleaſed to call him; your friend, your "BROTHER" (too clearly do I ſee the *excluſive* force of that laſt recognition!) owns, that "he cannot be indifferent to thoſe motives "that have ſo great weight with you." He ſees your ſtedfaſtneſs, and that your conſcience is engaged: He ſubmits therefore, whatever the ſubmiſſion may coſt him, to your reaſoning; and repeats your words—"Perſevere, Clementina."

I did tell your elder brother, and I am ready to

tell all the world, "that I would not, in a *begin-*
"*ning* addreſs, tho' to a princeſs, have ſigned to
"the articles I yielded to by way of compromiſe."
Allow me, madam, to repeat this queſtion, to which
my declaration was an anſwer—"What would the
"*daughters* have done, that they ſhould have been
"conſigned to perdition*?"—I had in my thoughts
this further plea, that our church admits of a poſ-
ſibility of ſalvation out of its own pale—God for-
bid but it ſhould!—The church of God, we hold,
will be collected from the ſincerely pious of all com-
munions. Yet I own, that had the intended ho-
nour been done me, I ſhould have rejoiced that none
but ſons had bleſſed our nuptials.

But how do your next words affect me—"Com-
"paſſion, and love, ſay you, were equally, perhaps,
"your inducements—Poor Clementina!" add you.
Inimitably great as what follows this is, I ſhould
have thought myſelf concerned, as well for my own
honour as for your delicacy, to have expatiated on
the ſelf-pitying reflection conveyed in theſe words,
had we been otherwiſe circumſtanced than we are:
But to write but one half of what, in happier cir-
cumſtances, I would have written, muſt, as I have
hinted, give pain to your noble heart. The excel-
lent Clementina, I am ſure, would not wiſh me to
ſay much on this ſubject. If *ſhe* would, I *muſt* not;
I *cannot*.

The beſt of fathers, mothers, brothers, and of ſpi-
ritual directors, in your own way, are yours. They,
madam, will ſtrengthen your mind. Their advices,
and their indulgent love, will be your ſupport in
the reſolution you have taken. You call upon me
again to approve of that reſolution. I *do*, I *muſt*
approve of it. "The lover of your ſoul," con-
cludes with the repetition of the words you pre-
ſcribe to his pen—If cooler reflection, if reconſide-
ration

* Vol. IV. p. 91.

ration of thoſe arguments which perſuaded me to hope, that you would have been in no way unhappy or unſafe, had you condeſcended to be mine—If mature and diſpaſſionate thought cannot alter your preſent perſuaſion on this head—"Perſevere, "Clementina," in the rejection of a man as ſteady in his own faith as you are in yours. If your conſcience is concerned—If your peace of mind is engaged—you ought to refuſe. "You cannot be "thought ungrateful"—So, againſt himſelf, decides your called-upon, and generouſly acknowledged,

"*Tutor, Friend, Brother,*"

GRANDISON.

LETTER XIX.

Lady CLEMENTINA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Aug. 19. *N. S.*

AND do you, beſt of men, conſent to be governed by my wiſhes? But are you *convinced* (you do not ſay you are) by my reaſonings?—Alas! my reaſoning powers are weakened: My head has received an incurable wound: My memory, indeed, ſeems returned; but its return only ſerves to make me more ſenſible of my paſt unhappineſs; and to dread a relapſe.

But what is it I hear? Olivia is come back to Florence; and *you* are at Florence! Fly from Florence, and from Olivia—But whither will you go, to avoid a woman who could follow you to England?—Whither but to England!—We are all of us apprehenſive for the ſafety of your perſon, if you refuſe to be the huſband of that violent woman. Yet cannot I bear the thoughts of her being yours. But *that*, you have told me, ſhe never can be—Yet, if you could be happy with her, why ſhould I be an

enemy to her happineſs?—But to your own magnanimity I will leave this ſubject.

Let me adviſe with my tutor, my friend, my brother, on a point that is now much more my concern than Olivia, and her hopes—Fain, very fain, would I take the veil. My heart is in it. My friends, my deareſt friends, urge againſt my plea, the dying requeſt, as well as the wiſhes, while living, of my grandfathers on both ſides. I am diſtreſſed; I am *greatly* diſtreſſed; for well do I know what were the views of the two good men, now with God, in wiſhing me *not* to aſſume the veil. But could they foreſee the calamity that was to befal their Clementina? They could *not*. I need not dwell upon the ſubject, and upon the force of their pleas and mine, to a man whoſe mind is capacious enough to take in the whole ſtrength of both at once. But you will add an obligation to the many you have already conferred upon me, if you can join your weight to my pleas: and make it your requeſt, that I may be obliged in this momentous article. Let me expect that you can, that you will. They all languiſh for opportunities to oblige the man, who has laid them under obligations not to be returned. Need I to ſuggeſt a plea to you, the force of which muſt be allowed from you, if you ever with fervour loved Clementina?

If I know my own heart, and I have given it a ſtrict examination, two things granted me would make me as happy as I now can be in this life: The one, that my requeſt to be allowed to ſequeſter myſelf from the world, and to dedicate myſelf to God, be complied with: The other, to be aſſured of your happineſs in marriage with an Engliſh, at leaſt not an Italian, woman. I am obliged to own, though I am ſenſible that I expoſe to you my weakneſs by the acknowledgment, that the laſt is but too neceſſary to the tranquillity of my mind, in the ſituation in which the grant of my firſt wiſh will

plac

place me. Let me know, Chevalier, when I have ſet my hand to the plough, that there is no looking back; and that the *only* man I ever thought of with tenderneſs is another's, and, were I *not* profeſſed, never could be mine. Anſwer as I wiſh; and I ſhall be able to follow you, Sir, with my prayers, to the country that has the honour of producing ſuch an ornament to human nature.

It muſt not be known, you will readily ſuppoſe, that I have ſought to intereſt you in my plea. For this reaſon, I have not ſhewn this letter to any-body. Father Mareſcotti, I have hopes, as a religious, will declare himſelf in my favour, if *you* do. My brother, the Biſhop, ſurely will ſtrengthen your hand and his, though he appears as the *brother*, not as the prelate, in ſupport of the family reaſons.

I am not aſhamed to ſay I long to ſee you, Sir. I can the more readily allow myſelf to tell you ſo, as I can declare that I am unalterably determined in adherence to my written reſolution, never to truſt to my own ſtrength in an article in which my everlaſting welfare is concerned. O, Sir, what ſtruggles, what conflicts, did this reſolution coſt me, before I could make it!—But *once* made, and upon *ſuch* deliberation, and after I had begged of God his direction, which I imagine he has graciouſly given me, I have never wiſhed to alter it. Forgive me, Sir. You will; you are a good man—My God only have I preferred to you.

CLEMENTINA *della* PORRETTA.

LETTER XX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA.

Florence, Aug. 23. *N. S.*

MY dear correſpondent aſks, If I am convinced by her reaſonings— I repeat, That I reſign to your will every hope, every wiſh, reſpecting myſelf. In a caſe where conſcience can be pleaded, no other reaſonings are neceſſary.

But what can I ſay, moſt excellent of women, to the requeſt you make, that I will ſupport you in your ſolicitude to take the veil? I hope you only propoſe this to me, by way of aſking my advice— "Let me, ſay you, *adviſe* with my tutor, my friend, "my brother"—I have given the higheſt inſtance that man could give of my diſintereſtedneſs; and I will now, as you require, ſuppoſe myſelf a Catholic in the humble advice I ſhall offer to my ſiſterly friend; and this will the rather appear, ſince, as a Proteſtant, I ſhould argue againſt *any one*'s binding him or herſelf, by vows of perpetual celibacy.

"Need I, aſks my dear correſpondent, ſuggeſt a "plea for you to make, the force of which muſt be "allowed, if ever you fervently loved Clementina?" At what plea does the excellent Clementina hint? Is it not at an *Herodian* one *? Why, if ever ſhe honoured her Grandiſon with her eſteem, does ſhe not enforce the ſame plea with regard to him? Can ſhe, avowing that eſteem, be ſo generous as to wiſh him to

* *Herod directed, that his Mariamne ſhould be put to death, that ſhe might not be the wife of any other man, if he returned not alive from the court of Auguſtus Cæſar, before whom he was cited to anſwer for his conduct, which had been obnoxious to that prince, in the conteſt between him and Antony for the empire of the world.*

enter into the married eſtate, and even to inſiſt upon it, as a ſtep that would contribute to her future peace of mind, yet hope to prevail upon him to make it his requeſt, that ſhe may be ſecluded from a poſſibility of ever enjoying the ſame liberty? Were I *married*, and capable of wiſhing to fetter and reſtrain thus my *wife*, in caſe of her ſurviving me, I ſhould think ſhe ought to deſpiſe me for the narrowneſs of my heart. What then is the plea that a young lady, in the bloom of beauty, would put me upon making?—And to whom?—To her own relations, who all *languiſh*, as ſhe expreſſes herſelf, *for opportunities to oblige him*; and who are extremely earneſt to *diſſuade* her from entering upon the meaſure ſhe wiſhes him to promote? Can he, madam, to uſe your own words in the ſolemn paper you gave me, think of *taking ſuch advantage of their generoſity* to him?

But can Clementina della Porretta, who is bleſt with the tendereſt and moſt indulgent of parents, and who has always juſtly gloried in her duty to them; whoſe brothers love her with a diſintereſtedneſs that hardly any brothers before them have been able to ſhew; can ſhe, in oppoſition to the will of her grandfathers, wiſh to enter into a meaſure that muſt fruſtrate all their hopes from her for ever?—Dear lady! conſider.

You, my beloved correſpondent, who hold marriage as a ſacrament, ſurely cannot doubt but you may ſerve God in it with much greater efficacy, than were you to ſequeſter yourſelf from a world that wants ſuch an example as you are able to give it. But, madam, your parents propoſe not marriage to you: They only, at preſent, beſeech, not command you (they know the generoſity of your heart) not to take a ſtep that muſt entirely fruſtrate all their hopes, and put an option out of *your own* power, ſhould you change your mind. Let me adviſe you, madam, diſclaiming all intereſted views,

and

and from motives of a love merely fraternal (for ſuch is your expectation from the man you honour with your correſpondence) to ſet the hearts of relations, ſo juſtly dear to you, at eaſe; and to leave to Providence the iſſue. They never, madam, will compel you. And give me leave to ſay, that piety requires this of you. Does not the Almighty, everywhere in his word, ſanctify the *reaſonable* commands of parents? Does he not intereſt himſelf, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, in the performance of the filial duty? May it not be juſtly ſaid, that to obey your parents is to ſerve God? Would the generous, the noble-minded Clementina della Porretta, *narrow*, as I may ſay, her piety by limiting it (I ſpeak now as if I were a Catholic, and as if I thought there were ſome *merit* in ſecluding one's ſelf from the world), when ſhe could, at leaſt, *equally* ſerve God, and benefit her own ſoul, by obeying her parents, by fulfilling the will of her deceaſed grandfathers, and by obliging all her other near and dear relations? Lady Clementina cannot reſolve all the world into herſelf. Shall I ſay, there is often cowardice, there is ſelfiſhneſs, and perhaps, in the world's eye, a too ſtrong confeſſion of diſappointment, in ſuch ſeclusions?

There are about you perſons, who can give this argument its full force—I *cannot* do it. O my Clementina, my ſiſter, my friend, I cannot be ſo great, ſo undiveſted, in this inſtance, as you can be!—But I can be juſt: I preſume to ſay, I cannot be ungenerous. I tell you not what I hope to be enabled by your noble example, in time, to do, becauſe of the preſent *tenderneſs* of your *health*. But you muſt not, madam, expect from *me* a conduct, that you think it would become you to diſavow. Delicate as the *female* mind is, and as is moſt particularly my dear correſpondent's, that of the man, on ſuch an occaſion as this, ſhould ſhew

at

at leaſt an *equal* delicacy: For has he not *her* honour to protect, no leſs than his *own*, as a man, to regard?

Diſtreſs me not, my dear Clementina; *add* not, I ſhould *rather* ſay, to my diſtreſs, by the declaration of *yours*. I repeat, that your parents will not compel you. Put it not out of your *power* to be prevailed upon to do an act of *duty*. God requires not that you ſhould be dead to your friends, in order to live to him. Their hope is laudable. Will Lady Clementina della Porretta put it out even of the *Almighty*'s power to bleſs their hope? Will ſhe think herſelf unhappy, if ſhe cannot puniſh them, inſtead of rewarding them, for all their tender and indulgent goodneſs to her?—It cannot be. God Almighty perfect his own work, ſo happily begun, in the full reſtoration of your health! This bleſſing, I have no doubt, will attend your filial obedience. But can you, my dear correſpondent, expect it, if you make yourſelf uneaſy, and keep your mind in ſuſpenſe, as to your duty, and indulge yourſelf in ſuppoſing that the will of God, and the will of your parents, are oppoſite? A great deal now depends upon yourſelf. O madam, will you not in a *ſmaller* inſtance, were your heart ever ſo much engaged to the cloiſtered life, practiſe that ſelf-denial, which in the *higheſt* you enforce upon me? All your temporal duties againſt you; and your ſpiritual not favouring, much leſs impelling you?

But once more, I quit a ſubject, that may, and no doubt will, be enforced in a much ſtronger manner than I *can* enforce it. I will ſoon, very ſoon, pay my duty to you, and all yours. You own your wiſhes to ſee me, becauſe you are fortified by your invincible adherence to your reſolution. I will acknowledge anguiſh of heart. I cannot, as I told you above, be ſo great as you. But if you will permit your ſiſterly love to have its

its full operation, and if you wiſh me peace of mind, and a cordial reſignation to your will, let me ſee you, madam, on the next viſit I ſhall have the honour to make you, chearful, ſerene, and determined to acquieſce in the reaſonable will of parents, who, I am confident, I again repeat it, will never compel you to marry—Have they not already given you a very ſtrong inſtance that they will not?—In a word, let me hear you declare, that you will reſign yourſelf to their will in this article of the veil; and I ſhall then, with the more chearfulneſs, endeavour to reſign to yours, ſo ſtrongly and repeatedly declared, in the letter before me, to, dear lady,

Your fraternal friend, and ever-obliged Servant,
GRANDISON.

Lady Olivia, madam, arrived this day at her own palace. It is impoſſible that any thing but civility can paſs between her and your greatly favoured correſpondent.

LETTER XXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Thurſday, Aug. 17-28.

I SHALL hereafter have a pretty large ſupplement to give you to my literary journal; having found it neceſſary, as much as poſſible, in the paſt month, to amuſe myſelf with ſubjects without myſelf. And I ſhall ſend you now the copies of three letters of mine, written in Italian to Lady Clementina; and two of hers, in anſwer to the firſt and ſecond of them *.

I arrived

* *See the five preceding Letters.*

I arrived here yeſterday, but before I proceed to acquaint you with my reception, I ſhould mention, that Lady Olivia arrived at her own palace at Florence on Friday laſt. I was then in that city, but newly returned from Naples and Rome. She ſent one of her gentlemen to me the night of her arrival, to acquaint me with it, and to deſire me to attend her next morning. I went.

Her firſt reception of me was polite and agreeable. But the moment her aunt Maffei withdrew, and we were alone, her eyes darting a fiercer ray, Wretch, ſaid ſhe, what diſturbance, what anxieties, haſt thou given me!—But it is well, that thy ingratitude to the creature who has riſked ſo much for thee, has been rewarded, as it ought to be, by a repulſe from a ſtill prouder heart, if poſſible, than thy own!

You, Lady Olivia, anſwered I, have *reaſon* to impute pride to me. You have given me many opportunities to ſhew you, that I, a man, can keep my temper; when you, a woman, have not been able to keep yours; yet, in me, never met with an aggreſſor.

Not an aggreſſor, Sir!—To ſay nothing of the contempts you caſt upon me here in my own Italy, what was your treatment of me in your England?—Paltry iſland! I deſpiſe it!—To reſolve to leave me there! To refuſe to compliment me with a day, an hour! [O my deteſted weakneſs! What a figure did I make among your friends!] And declaredly to attend the motions of the haughtieſt woman in Europe!—Thank God, for your own ſake, yes, Sir, I have the charity to ſay for *your own* ſake, that you are diſappointed.

I pity you, Lady Olivia; from my ſoul I pity you! and ſhould abhor myſelf, were I capable of mingling inſult with my pity. But I leave you.

Forgive

Forgive me, Chevalier, catching my arm as I was going. I am more diſpleaſed with myſelf than with you. A creature that has rendered herſelf ſo cheap to you (but, Sir, it is *only* to you) cannot but be uneaſy to herſelf; and when ſhe is, ſhe muſt miſbehave to every body elſe. Say you forgive me—

She held out her hand to me. But immediately, on Lady Maffei's coming in, followed by ſervants, withdrew it.

Her behaviour afterwards was that of the true paſſionate woman; now ready to rave, now in tears. I *cannot*, Dr Bartlett, *deſcend to particulars*. A man, who loves the ſex; who has more compaſſion than vanity in his nature; who can value even generally faulty perſons for the qualities that are laudable in them, muſt be deſirous to *draw a veil* over the weakneſſes of ſuch. I left her diſtreſſed. There *may* be caſes in which ſincerity cannot be ſeparated from unpoliteneſs. I was obliged to be *unpolite*, or I could not have been *ſincere*; and muſt have given ſuch anſwers as would perhaps, in ſome meaſure, have entitled the lady to think herſelf *amuſed*. Poor woman! She threatened to have me overtaken by her vengeance. But now, on the diſappointment I had met with at Bologna, it became abſolutely neceſſary for me to encourage, or to diſcourage, this unhappy lady—I could not have been juſt to *her*, had I not been juſt to *myſelf*.

A very extraordinary attempt was made, next day, on my perſon; I am apt to believe from this quarter. It ſucceeded not: And as I was on the Tueſday to ſet out for Bologna, I let it paſs off without complaint or enquiry.

I paid the Count of Belvedere a viſit, as I had promiſed. The General at Naples, and the Count at Parma, received me with the higheſt civilities; and

and both from the ſame motive. The Count *will* hope.

The General accompanied me, with his lady, part of my way to Florence: The motive of his journey is to rejoice perſonally with his friends at Urbino and Bologna, on the reſolution his ſiſter has taken, and to congratulate her upon it; as he has already done by letter, the copy of which he ſhowed me. There were high compliments made me in it. We *may* ſpeak handſomely of the man whom we neither envy nor fear. He would have loaded me with preſents; but I declined accepting any; in ſuch a manner, however, as he could not be diſſatisfied with me for my refuſal.

I paid alſo my reſpects at Urbino to the Altieri family, and the Conte della Porretta, in my way to Rome and Naples, and met with a very polite reception from both. For the reſt of the time of my abſence from Bologna, my literary journal will account.

On Wedneſday afternoon I went to the palace of Porretta. I haſtened up to my Jeronymo, with whom, as alſo with Mr Lowther, I had held a correſpondence in my abſence, and received favourable intelligences from them.

Jeronymo rejoiced to ſee me. I was inexpreſſibly delighted to find him ſo much recovered. His appetite, he told me, was reſtored. His reſt was balmy and refreſhing. He ſat up ſeveral hours in the day; and his ſiſter and he gave joy to each other, and to all their friends. But he hinted to me his wiſhes ſtill to call me brother; and begged of God, in a very earneſt manner, ſnatching my hand, and wetting it with his tears, that it ſtill might be ſo.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs joined to thank me for my part of the correſpondence with their beloved daughter; for, on my declining to ſupport her in her wiſhes to be allowed to take the

veil, ſhe had ſhewed them the copy of her ſecond letter, as well as my reply to it. The bleſſings which they poured out upon me were mingled with their tears; and Father Mareſcotti and the Biſhop declared, that they would, in every prayer they put up to heaven for themſelves and the family, remember me, and beg of God to ſupply to me by another, and even, they ſaid, a *better* Clementina, the diſappointment I had unexpectedly met with from *theirs*. The General and his lady, and the Count, arrived the day before: But they were not preſent.

While they were all complimenting and applauding the almoſt *ſilent* man (for in ſo critical a ſituation what could I ſay?) Camilla came in, and whiſpering the Marchioneſs, Clementina, ſaid the Marchioneſs, is impatient to ſee her friend. Chevalier, I will introduce you. I followed her.

The young lady, the moment ſhe beheld me, flew to me with open arms, as to her brother, her *fourth brother*, as ſhe called me; and thanked me, ſhe ſaid, a thouſand thouſand times, for my letters to her. My mamma, ſaid ſhe, has ſeen them all. But, ah, Sir, your third!—I did not think you would have refuſed me your intereſt with my friends. I cannot, cannot give up that point. It was always my wiſh, madam (turning to her mother), to be God's child; that will not make me leſs your's and my papa's. O, Chevalier, you have not quieted, you have not convinced my heart!

I promiſe myſelf, that I could have left you without a plea, my dear correſpondent, returned I, had my heart been at eaſe, and the argument leſs affecting to myſelf. And ſurely, if Lady Clementina had been convinced, ſhe would have acted up to her conviction.

O, Sir, you are a dangerous man. I ſee, if a certain event had taken place, I ſhould have been

a loſ

a loſt creature!—Are not you, Sir, convinced that, in my notions of a loſt creature, I ſhould? If you are, I hope *you* will act up to your conviction.

Was this neceſſary to be ſaid to me?—I think, on recollection, ſhe half ſmiled when ſhe ſaid it.

My dear Dr Bartlett, you ſee Clementina could be pleaſant on an occaſion ſo ſolemn!—But perhaps ſhe ſaw me only *affectedly* chearful. Little as ſhe at preſent imagines it, I think it not impoſſible that ſhe may in time be brought to yield to the ſenſe of her duty, laid down by ſuch powerful advocates as ſhe has in her own family. Whatever happens, may it be happy to her and this family, and then I cannot be wholly joyleſs. What is there in this life worth—But let me not be too abſtracted. This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent chearfulneſs, and be ſerviceable to our fellow-creatures, is not to be deſpiſed, even by a philoſopher.

I hope, madam, ſaid I to her, that at leaſt you ſuſpend your wiſhes after the ſequeſtered life. She allowed the force of one or two of my arguments; but I could perceive, that ſhe gave not up her hope of being complied with in her wiſhes to aſſume the veil.

The General, and his lady, and the Count, being come in, haſtened up to pay their compliments to me. How profuſe were the two gentlemen in theirs!

At the Marchioneſs's motion, we went to Jeronymo, and found the Marquis, the Biſhop, and Father Mareſcotti coming to us. And then, every one joining in their acknowledgments of obligation to me, and wiſhing it in their power to make us as happy as they declared I had made them, I ſaid, it *was* in their power, I hoped, to do me an unſpeakable pleaſure.

They called upon me, as with one voice: It is, anſwered I, that my dear friend Jeronymo may be prevailed upon to accompany me to England. Mr Lowther would think himſelf very happy in his attendance on him there, rather than to ſtay here; and yet, if my requeſt ſhould not be granted, he is determined not to leave him till he is ſuppoſed to be out of danger.

They looked upon one another with eyes of pleaſure and ſurprize. Jeronymo wept. I cannot, cannot bear, ſaid he, ſuch a weight of obligation. Grandiſon, we can do nothing for *you*. And you have brought me your Lowther to heal me, that you might have the killing of me yourſelf.

Clementina's eyes were filled with tears. She went from us with ſome little precipitation.

O Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs, my Clementina's heart is too ſuſceptible for its own eaſe, to impreſſions of gratitude. You will quite kill the poor child—or make her repent her reſolution.

What is there but favour to me, replied I, if my requeſt can be complied with? I hope my dear Jeronymo will not be unattended by others of his friends: I have had the promiſes of the two young lords. Our baths are reſtorative. I will attend you to them, my dear Jeronymo. The difference of air, of climate, may probably be tried with advantage. Let me have the honour of entertaining you in England, looking all round me; and *that* I will conſider, as a full return of the obligations you think ſo highly of, and are ſo ſolicitous to diſcharge.

They looked upon one another in ſilence.

Would to God, proceeded I, that you, my lord, and you, madam (directing myſelf to the father and mother), would honour me, as my gueſts, for one ſeaſon—You once had thoughts of it, had a certain happy event taken place——I dare promiſe

you

you both, after the fatigues you have undergone, a renewal of health, from our ſalutary ſprings. I ſhould be but too happy, if, in ſuch company, a ſiſter might be allowed to viſit a brother!—But if this be thought too great a favour, that ſiſter, in your abſence, cannot but give and receive pleaſure, ſometimes in viſiting Mrs Beaumont at Florence; ſometimes her brother, and his lady, at Naples. And I will engage my two ſiſters and their lords to accompany me in my attendance on you back to Bologna. My ſiſters will be delighted with the opportunity of viſiting Italy, and of paying their reſpects to a young lady whoſe character they revere, and to whom once their brother had hoped to give them the honour of a relation.

They ſtill continuing ſilent, but none of them ſeeming diſpleaſed, You will, by ſuch a favour, my dear Lords, and you, madam, to the Marchioneſs, do me credit with *myſelf*, as I may ſay. I ſhall return to my native country, if I go alone, after the hopes you had all given me, like a diſappointed and rejected man. My pride, as well as my pleaſure, is concerned on this occaſion. My houſe in the country, my houſe in London, ſhall be yours. I will be either inmate or viſiter at your pleaſure. No man loveth his country better than I do: But you will induce me to love it ſtill better, if by your compliance with my earneſt requeſt, you ſhall be able to obtain either health or pleaſure from a twelvemonth's reſidence in it. Oblige me, my dear Lords; oblige me, madam; were it but to give yourſelves a new reliſh to your own country and palace on your return. Our ſummers have not your fervid ſun: Our commerce gives us all your juſtly-boaſted autumnal fruits; nor are our winters ſo cold as yours. Oblige me, for the approaching winter only, and ſtay longer, as you ſhall find inclination.

Deareſt Grandiſon, ſaid Jeronymo, I will ac-

cept of your invitation the moment I am told that I may undertake the journey——

The journey, my Lord! interrupted I.—Your cabin ſhall be made near as convenient to you as your chamber. You ſhall be ſet aſhore within half a league of my houſe in London. God give us all a pleaſant voyage; and in a few days time, you will not know, except by amended health and ſpirits, that you are not in this your own chamber.

Surely, ſaid the general, my ſiſter was right in her apprehenſions, that ſhe would not be able to continue a Catholic, had ſhe been this man's. I wiſh *you*, my Lord, ſaid he, *you*, madam, and Jeronymo, would go. You have had a long courſe of fatigues and troubles. You love the Chevalier. *Winter* with him however. I have heard much of the efficacy of the Engliſh baths. Clementina muſt not go. My wife and I will make her as happy as poſſible in your abſence: And take Grandiſon at his word. Bring him and his ſiſters back with you. Their lords, I underſtand, *have been* among us. They will not be ſorry to viſit Italy a ſecond time, as, no doubt, they are men of taſte—But when, Chevalier, do you think of going?

The ſooner the better, were it but to take advantage of the fine ſeaſon: It will be but what mariners call a *trip* to England. You will make me very happy. You can have no other way of diſcharging the obligations you are ſo ſolicitous about. I will return with you: The health of Lady Clementina, I flatter myſelf, will be quite confirmed by that time. Signor Jeronymo, I hope, will be reſtored likewiſe: What joy ſhall we be enabled to give one another!—

They took only till the morning to conſult and give me an anſwer.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

MR Lowther and his colleagues having been conſulted, gave it as their opinion, that Jeronymo might be removed by a litter to the neareſt ſea-port, and there embark for England; but that it is moſt eligible to ſtay till the next ſpring, by which time they hope the two old wounds may be ſafely cicatrized, and the new one only kept open.

But they all engaged, that then not only Jeronymo, and the two young lords, but ſome others of the family will be my gueſts in England; and, in the mean time, that the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti will in turn correſpond with me, and acquaint me with all that paſſes here.

Clementina drank chocolate with us. She had been made acquainted with their determination, and approved of the promiſes of a viſit to be made me next year, by ſome of the principals of the family. What a hard circumſtance is it, whiſpered ſhe, as ſhe ſat next me, that the perſon who would be moſt willing to go, and I flatter myſelf, would not be the *leaſt* welcome, muſt not be of the company! I ſhould have been glad to have made one viſit to the country where the Chevalier Grandiſon was born.

And what a perverſeneſs, thought I, is there in cuſtom! that would not permit this kind expliciteſs in Lady Clementina, were ſhe not determined to conſider the *brother* in the man before her, rather than a ſtill nearer relation! By how many ways, my dear Dr Bartlett, may delicate minds expreſs a denial!—Negatives need not be frowningly given, nor affirmatives bluſhingly pronounced.

Jeronymo

Jeronymo and I being left alone, he challenged me on the viſible concern which he, and every one, as he ſaid, ſaw in my countenance, on the turn his ſiſter had taken: Had it not been in my heart, he was ſure it would not have been *there*.

Can you wonder at it, my dear friend? ſaid I; When I came over, greatly as I thought of your ſiſter, I did not think ſhe had been *ſo* great as ſhe has ſhewn herſelf. I admired her ever, but I now *more* than admire her. Taught to hope, as I was, and ſo unexpectedly diſappointed as I have been, I muſt have been more than man, were I not very much affected.

No doubt but you muſt, and I am cordially concerned for your concern. But, my dear Grandiſon, it is God alone that ſhe prefers to you. She ſuffers more than you can do. She has no other way, ſhe aſſures me, to comfort herſelf, but by indulging her hopes, that ſhe ſhall not live long—Dear creature! She flatters herſelf, that her reaſon is reſtored, in anſwer to her fervent ſupplications, which, ſhe ſays, ſhe put up to Heaven, in her lucid intervals, that for the ſake of her parents and brothers it might be reſtored, and that then ſhe might be taken to the arms of mercy. But if your heart be *deeply* affected, my Grandiſon—

It is, Jeronymo. I am not an inſenſible man. But ſhould now our dear Clementina be prevailed upon to deſcend from the height to which ſhe has ſoared, however my wiſhes might be gratified by the condeſcenſion; yet, while ſhe believed her conſcience would be wounded by it, I could not but think it would be ſome diminution to her glory. And how, as ſhe has hinted in one of her letters to me, would it be poſſible, were I to ſee my beloved wife unhappy with her ſcruples, to forbear endeavouring to quiet her mind by removing them? And could *this* be effected, without giving her an opinion of the religion I profeſs, in oppoſition to hers?

hers? And would not that ſubject me to a breach of articles? O my dear Jeronymo! Matters muſt ſtand juſt as they do, except ſhe could think more favourably of my religion, and leſs favourably of her own.

He began to talk of their obligations to me. I declared that they could no other way give me pain. Do not, ſaid I, let this ſubject ever be again mentioned by you, or any of the family. Every one, my dear Jeronymo, is not called upon by the occaſion, as I have had the happineſs to be. Would my friend envy me this happineſs?

I wiſh, Dr Bartlett, with all my heart, that I could think of any thing that I could accept of, to make ſuch grateful ſpirits eaſy. It pains me to be placed by them in ſuch a ſuperior light as muſt give *them* pain. What, my dear Dr Bartlett, can I do, conſiſtent with my notions of friendſhip, to make their hearts eaſy?

He was afraid, he ſaid, that I ſhould now ſoon thing of leaving them.

I told him, that having no doubt of Lady Clementina's perſeverance in her reſolution, and of her leave to return to my native country, I ſhould be glad, for my own ſake, as well as the lady's, to be allowed to depart in a few days. Mr Lowther, as it would make Jeronymo, as he had declared, more eaſy, would ſtay behind me. But diſmiſs him, my friend, ſaid I, as ſoon as you can. He had obtained abroad a happy competency, and was returned to England, when I firſt knew him, with intent to enjoy it. He is as rich as he wants to be; and can gratify only the natural benevolence of his heart, by attending my dear friend. I hope to get him to accept of apartments with me in my London houſe, and to fix his retirement, if not with me in my paternal ſeat, in its neighbourhood at leaſt. He has merit that is not confined to his profeſſion: But for what he has done for my Jeronymo,

ronymo, he will always hold a prime place in my heart.

It is *true*, Dr Bartlett; and I pleaſe myſelf, that he will be found as worthy of your friendly love, and my Beauchamp's, as of mine. If I can at laſt be indulged in my long, long hoped-for wiſh, of ſettling in my native country with ſome tolerable tranquillity of mind, I ſhall endeavour to draw round me ſuch a collection of valuable perſons, as ſhall make my neighbourhood one of the happieſt ſpots in Britain.

The Marchioneſs came up to us. Clementina, ſaid ſhe, is apprehenſive that you will ſoon leave us. Her father and brothers are walking with her in the garden: They will, I dare ſay, be glad of your company.

I left Jeronymo and his mother together, and joined the Marquis and his other ſons, and Clementina. The General's lady and Father Mareſcotti were in another alley, in earneſt converſation.

The Marquis made me a high compliment; and, after a few turns, the prelate led off his father and brother, and left Clementina and me alone together.

Were you not cruel, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, in your laſt letter to me, not only to deny me your weight in the requeſt my heart was, and is ſtill ſet upon, but to ſtrengthen their arguments againſt me? Great uſe have ſome of my friends made of what you wrote. O Sir, you have won the heart of Giacomo; but you have contributed to oppreſs that of his ſiſter. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be eaſy if I am denied the veil.

Dear Lady Clementina, remember, that the full eſtabliſhment of your health depends, under God, upon the quiet of your own mind. Give not way, I beſeech you, to uneaſy apprehenſions. What daughter may rely upon the indulgence of a father and

and mother, what ſiſter upon the affection of brothers, if you may not upon yours? You have ſeen how much their happineſs depends upon your health. Would you doubt the efficacy of that piety while you are in the world, of which you have already (ſhall I ſay to *my* coſt?) given an inſtance ſo glorious to yourſelf, that the ſufferer by it cannot help applauding you for it?

O Chevalier! ſay not at your coſt, if you wiſh me to be eaſy.

With the utmoſt difficulty *have* I reſtrained, and *do* I reſtrain myſelf on theſe occaſions. I muſt however add on this a few words: You have obliged me, madam, to give one of the greateſt inſtances of ſelf-denial that ever was given by man: Let me beſeech you, deareſt Lady Clementina, for your own ſake, for the ſake of your duty, as well to the departed as to the living, (and, may I add, for *my* ſake?) that you would decline this now favourite wiſh of your heart.

She pauſed; and at laſt ſaid, Well, Sir, I ſee I muſt not expect any favour from you on this ſubject. Let us turn into that ſhaded alley. And now, Sir, as to the other part of my requeſt to you in my laſt letter—It was not a requeſt made on undeliberate motives.

What is that, madam?

How ſhall I ſay it?—Yet I will—If, Chevalier, you would baniſh from my heart——Again ſhe ſtopt. I thought not, at that moment, of what ſhe meant.

If you would make me eaſy——

Madam——

You muſt marry!—Then, Sir, ſhall I not doubt of my adhering to my reſolution. But, ſay not a word till I have told you, that the lady muſt be an Engliſh woman. She muſt not be an Italian. Olivia muſt *not* be yours. You could not be happy,

I perſuade

I perſuade myſelf, with Olivia. Do you think you could?

I bowed in confirmation of her opinion.

I *thought* you could not. Let not Clementina be diſgraced in your choice of a wife. I have a proud heart. Let it not be ſaid, that the man, of whom Clementina della Porretta thought with diſtinction, undervalued himſelf in marriage.

This, Dr Bartlett, was a requeſt of the ſame generous import, that ſhe mentioned in her reveries before I left Italy. How conſiſtently delicate! She had tears in her eyes, as ſhe ſpoke. I was too much affected with her generoſity to interrupt her.

If you marry, Sir, I ſhall, perhaps, be allowed to be one in the party that will make you a viſit in England: My ſiſter-in-law has, within this hour, wiſhed to be one. She will endeavour to prevail upon her lord (he can deny her nothing) to accompany her. You will be able to induce Mrs Beaumont once more to viſit her native country. You and your lady, and perhaps your ſiſters and their lords, will return with *us*. Thus ſhall we be as one family. If I am not to be obliged in *another* wiſh, I muſt in *this*: And this *muſt* be in your power. And will you not make me eaſy!

Admirable Clementina! Who can be ſo great as you! Such tenderneſs as I read in your eyes, ſuch magnanimity, never before met in woman! You can do every thing that is noble—But that very greatneſs of ſoul attaches me to you; and makes it, at leaſt while I am an admiring witneſs of your excellence—

Huſh, Chevalier! Not a word more on this ſubject. It affects me more than I wiſh it did. I am afraid I am chargeable with affectation—But you muſt, however, marry. I ſhall not be eaſy while you are unmarried—When I know it is not poſſible to be—But no more on this ſubject now—How long is it that we are to have you among us?

If I have no hopes, madam—

Dear Chevalier, ſpeak not in this ſtrain--She turned her face from me.

The ſooner the better—But your pleaſure, madam—

I thank you, Sir—But did I not tell you, that I have pride, Chevalier?—Ah, Sir, you have long ago found it out! *Pride* will do greater things for women, than *Reaſon* can—Let us walk to that ſeat, and I will tell you more of my pride.

She ſat down; and making me ſit by her—I will talk to theſe myrtles, fanciſully ſaid ſhe, turning her head from me. "Shall the Chevalier Grandiſon be acquainted with the weakneſs of thy heart, Clementina? Shall he, in compaſſion to thy weakneſs, leave his native country, and come over to thee?—Shall the ſucceſs that has attended his generous effort, ſhew *his* power to the confirmation of *thy* weakneſs to take a reſolution becoming thy character, be doubtful whether thou canſt adhere to it, and give him room to think thee doubtful?—Shall he, in conſequence of this doubtfulneſs, make *officious* abſences, to try thy ſtrength of mind?—And ſhalt thou fail in the trial his compaſſionate generoſity puts thee to?"—No, Clementina!

Then turning to me, with a down-caſt-eye—I thank you, Sir, for all the inſtances of generous compaſſion you have ſhewn me. My unhappy diſorder had *intitled* me in ſome meaſure to it. It was the hand of God. Perhaps a puniſhment for my pride; and I ſubmit to it. Nor am I aſhamed to acknowledge the kindneſs of your compaſſion to me. I will retain a grateful ſenſe of it to the laſt hour of my life. I wiſh to be remembered by you with tenderneſs to the laſt hour of yours. I may not live long: I will therefore yield to your requeſt, ſo earneſtly made, and to the *wiſhes* of my deareſt friends, in ſuſpending at leaſt *my own*. I will hope to ſee you (in the happy ſtate I have

hinted at) in England, and afterwards in Italy. I will ſuppoſe you of my family. I will ſuppoſe myſelf of yours. On theſe ſuppoſitions, in theſe hopes, I can part with you; as, if I live, it will be a temporary parting only; an abſence of a few months. And have I not behaved well for the whole laſt month, and ſeveral days over, though I reckoned to myſelf the time as it paſſed, more than once every day, as ſo much elapſed, and nearer to the time of your return?—I own it (bluſhing)—And now, Sir, I return to you the option you offered me. Be the day, the ſolemn day, at *your* nomination—Your *Siſter* Clementina will ſurrender you up to *her* ſiſters and *yours*—O Sir! lifting up her eyes to me, beholding an emotion in me which I tried to conceal, but could not, how good, how compaſſionate, how affectionate, you are!—But name to me *now* your day! This ſeat, when you are far, far diſtant from me, ſhall be a ſeat conſecrated to the remembrance of your tenderneſs. I will viſit it every day; nor ſhall the ſummer's ſun, nor the winter's froſt, keep me from it.

It will be beſt, taking her hand, admirable lady! it will be beſt for us both, for *me* I am ſure it will, that the ſolemn day be early. Next Monday morning let me ſet out—Sunday *evening*—The *day*, on my part, ſhall be a day paſſed in imploring health, happineſs, and every bleſſing, on my deareſt Clementina, on our Jeronymo, and their whole family; and for a happy meeting to us all in England—SUNDAY EVENING, if you pleaſe, I will—I could not ſpeak out the ſentence.

She burſt into tears; reclined her face on my ſhoulder—her boſom heaved—and ſhe ſobbed out ——Oh, Chevalier!—*Muſt*, *muſt*—But *be* it—*Be* it ſo!—And God Almighty ſtrengthen the minds of both!

The Marchioneſs, who was coming towards us, ſaw at a diſtance the emotion of her beloved daughter,

ter, and fearing ſhe was fainting, haſtened to her, and claſping her arms about her—My child, my Clementina, ſaid ſhe—Why theſe ſtreaming eyes? Look upon me, love.

Ah, madam! The day, the day is ſet!—Next Monday!—The Chevalier will leave Bologna!

God forbid—Chevalier, you will not ſo ſoon leave us? My dear, we will prevail upon the Chevalier—

I aroſe, and walked into a croſs alley from them. I was greatly affected!—O Dr Bartlett! Theſe good women!—Why have I a heart ſo ſuſceptible; yet ſuch demands upon it for fortitude?

The General, the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti, came to me. I briefly recounted to them the ſubſtance of the converſation that had paſſed between Lady Clementina and me. The Marquis joined his lady and daughter; and Clementina, in her tender way, gave her father and mother an account of it alſo.

The Marquis and his lady, leaving her to her Camilla, joined us: O Chevalier! ſaid the Marquis, how can we think of parting with you!—And ſo ſoon!—You will not ſo ſuddenly leave us?

Not if Lady Clementina commands the contrary. If ſhe do not the ſooner, the better it will be for *me*. I cannot bear her generous excellence. She is the moſt exalted of women—See! the dear lady before us leaning on her Camilla, as if ſhe wanted ſupport!

My ſiſter and you, Chevalier, ſaid the general, will no doubt correſpond. We ſhall none of us deny her that liberty. As ſhe has already expreſſed to you her wiſhes that you would marry; may we not hope, that you will try her influence over her, upon the ſame ſubject, in your future letters? The marriage of *either* will anſwer the end ſhe propoſes to herſelf, by urging yours.

Good heaven! thought I—Do they believe me abſolutely diveſted of human paſſions?—I have been

at continual war, as you know, Dr Bartlett, with the moſt ungovernable of mine; but without wiſhing to overcome the tender ſuſceptibilities, which, properly directed, are the glory of human nature.

This is too much to be aſked, ſaid the young Marchioneſs. How can this be expected?

You know not, madam, ſaid the Biſhop, ſeconding his brother's wiſhes, what the Chevalier Grandiſon can do, to make a whole family happy, tho' againſt himſelf.

Lady Clementina, ſaid the equally unfeeling, tho' good Father Mareſcotti, thinks ſhe is under the divine direction, in the reſolution ſhe has taken. This world, and all its glories, are but of ſecond conſideration with her. Were it to coſt her her life, I am confident, ſhe would not alter it. As *therefore* the Chevalier can have no hopes—

I cannot aſk this, ſaid the Marquis. You ſee how hard a taſk *(referring to me)*—O that the great obſtacle *could* be removed! My dear Grandiſon, taking my hand, cannot, cannot—But I dare not aſk—If it could, my own ſons would not be more dear to me than you.

My lord, you honour me. You engage my utmoſt gratitude. It is with difficulty that I am able to adhere to my engagement, not to preſs her to be mine, when I have the honour to be with her. I have wiſhed her to reſign her will to that of her father and mother, as you have ſeen, *knowing* the conſequence. I am perſuaded, that if *either* were to marry, the other would be more eaſy in mind! and I had much rather follow *her* example, than ſet her one——You will ſee what my return to my native country will do for us *both*. But ſhe muſt not be precipitated. If ſhe is, her wiſhes to take the veil may be reſumed. Punctilio will join with her piety; and if not complied with, ſhe may then again be unhappy.

They

They agreed to follow my advice; to have patience; and leave the iſſue to time.

I left them, and went to Jeronymo. I communicated to him what had paſſed, and the early day I had named for ſetting out on my return to England. This I did with as much tenderneſs as poſſible. Yet his concern was ſo great upon it, that it added much to mine; and I was forced, with ſome precipitation, to quit his chamber, and the houſe; and to retire to my lodgings in order to compoſe myſelf.

And thus, my dear Dr Bartlett, is the day of my ſetting out fixed. I hope I ſhall not be induced to alter it. Mrs Beaumont, I know will excuſe me going back to Florence. Olivia muſt. I hope ſhe will. I ſhall write to both.

I ſhall take my route through Modena, Parma, Placentia. Lady Sforza has deſired an interview with me. I hope ſhe will meet me at Pavia, or Turin. If not, I will attend her at Milan. I promiſed to pay her a viſit before I quitted Italy: But as her requeſt to ſee me was made while it was thought there might have been a relation between us, I ſuppoſe the interview now can mean nothing but civility. I hope, if I ſee her, her cruel daughter will not be preſent.

LETTER XXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Parma, Monday Night, { *Aug.* 21. / *Sept.* 1.

HERE I am, my dear Dr Bartlett. Juſt arrived. The Count of Belvedere allows me to be alone. I am not fit for company.

The whole family, Jeronymo and Clementina

excepted, dined with me on Saturday. Clementina was not well enough to leave her chamber. She would endeavour, ſhe ſaid, on Sunday night, when I was to take my leave of them all, to behave with as much preſence of mind as ſhe did on a former occaſion. All the intervenient time, ſhe ſaid, was neceſſary to fortify her heart. But, alas! the circumſtances between us, then and now, were not the ſame. We had, for ſome time paſt, been allowedly too dear to each other, to appear, either of us, ſo politely diſtant as we did then.

She never once aſked me to ſuſpend the day of my departure. Every one elſe repeatedly did. We *both* thought it beſt, as the ſeparation was neceſſary, that it ſhould *not* be ſuſpended.

I had many things to do; many letters to write; much to ſay to Mr Lowther, and he to me. I declined therefore their invitation to attend them home in the evening, as well as to dine with them next day. The ſolemn viſit was to be made yeſterday in the evening; and every viſit near the time would have been as ſo many farewels. My own heart, at leaſt, told me ſo, and forbad me more than one parting ſcene. The time *ſo* near, they themſelves wiſhed it paſſed.

The Count had come from Urbino on purpoſe, with the two young lords, to take leave of me: What bleſſings did that nobleman, and the Marquis and Marchioneſs, invoke upon me! The general had more than once tears in his eyes: He beſought me to forgive him for every thing, in his behaviour, that had been diſagreeable to me. His lady permitted me to take leave of her in the moſt affectionate manner; and ſaid, that ſhe hoped to prevail on her lord to viſit me himſelf, and to allow her to bear him company, in my own country. The biſhop ſupplicated Heaven to reward me, for what he called my goodneſs to their family. Father Mareſcotti joined in his ſupplications, with

with a bent knee. The Marquis and Marchioneſs both wept, and called me by very endearing names, vowing everlaſting love and gratitude to me. Jeronymo! my dear Jeronymo; one of the moſt amiable of men! how precious to my ſoul will ever be the remembrance of his friendly love! *His* only conſolation was, and it is *mine*, that in a few months we ſhall meet in England. They wanted to load me with preſents. They pained me with their importunities, that I would accept of ſome very valuable ones. They ſaw my pain; and, in pity to me, declined their generous ſolicitations.

Clementina was not preſent at this parting ſcene. She had ſhut herſelf up for the greateſt part of the day. Her mother, and her ſiſter-in-law, had been her only viſiters: And ſhe having declared that ſhe was afraid of ſeeing me, it was propoſed to me, whether it were not beſt for me to depart without ſeeing her. I can well ſpare to myſelf, ſaid I, the emotions which, already ſo great, will, on taking leave of her, be too powerful for my heart, if you think, that, when I am gone, ſhe will not wiſh (as once ſhe was ſo earneſt, even to diſcompoſure, for a farewel viſit) that ſhe had allowed herſelf to ſee me.

They all were then of opinion that ſhe ſhould be prevailed upon. Camilla at that inſtant came down with her lady's deſire, that I would attend her. In what way, Camilla, is my Clementina? aſked the Marchioneſs; every one attending the anſwer. In great grief, madam: Almoſt in agonies. She was ſending me down with her warmeſt wiſhes to the Chevalier, and with her excuſes; but called me back, ſaying, ſhe would ſubdue herſelf; ſhe would ſee him: And bid me haſten, for fear he ſhould be gone.

The two Marchioneſſes went up directly. I was in tremors. Surely, thought I, I am the weakeſt of

of men!—The Biſhop and General took notice of my emotions, and pitied me. They all joined in the wiſh ſo often repeated, that I could yet be theirs.

I followed Camilla. Lady Clementina, when I entered, ſat between the mother and ſiſter; an arm round each of their necks: Her face was reclined, as if ſhe were ready to faint, on the boſom of her mother, who held her ſalts to her. I was half-way in the room, before either mother or daughter ſaw me. The Chevalier Grandiſon, my beſt ſiſter! ſaid the young Marchioneſs: Look up, my love.

She raiſed her head: Then ſtood up, courteſied; and guſhing into tears, turned her face from me.

I approached her: Her mother gave me the hand of her Clementina—Comfort her, comfort my Clementina, good Chevalier—You only can—Sit down, my love. Take *my* ſeat, Sir.

The young lady trembled. She ſat down. Her mother ſeated herſelf; tears in her eyes. I ſat down by Clementina. The dear lady ſobbed; and the more, as ſhe endeavoured to ſuppreſs her emotion.

I addreſſed myſelf to her ſiſter-in-law, who had kept her ſeat—Your ladyſhip, ſaid I, gives me a very high pleaſure, in the hope of ſeeing you and your lord, a few months hence, in company with my Jeronymo. What a bleſſing is it to us all, that that dear friend is ſo well recovered! I have no doubt but change of climate, and our ſalutary ſprings, will do wonders for him. Let us, by our *patience* and *reſignation*, intitle ourſelves to *greater* bleſſings; the conſequence, as I hope, of thoſe we have *already* received.

Pleaſe God, I will ſee you in England, Chevalier, ſaid the young Marchioneſs, if my lord is in the leaſt favourable to my wiſhes: And I hope my beloved

beloved ſiſter may be of the party. You, madam, and the Marquis, I hope—looking at her mother-in-law.

I hope you will not go without *us*, my dear, replied the Marchioneſs. If our Clementina ſhall be well, we will not leave her behind us.

Ah, madam!—Ah, Sir!—ſaid Clementina, how you flatter me! But this, *this* night, if the Chevalier goes early in the morning, is the laſt time I ſhall ever ſee him.

God forbid! replied I—I hope that we may, many, many years rejoice, in each other's friendſhip. Let us look forward with what pleaſure we may. My heart, madam, wants your comfortings. I have a greater opinion of your magnanimity than I have reaſon to have of my own. I depart not but in conſequence of your will—Enable me, by your example, to ſuſtain that conſequence. In every thing you muſt be an example to me. *I* could not have done as *you* have done: Bid me ſupport my ſpirits in the hope of ſeeing you again, and ſeeing you happy. Tell me, that your endeavours ſhall not be wanting to be ſo: And I ſhall then be ſo too: Dear Lady Clementina, my happineſs is bound up with yours.

Ah, Sir, I am *not* greater than you: And I am leſs than myſelf. I was afraid when I came to the trial—But *is* your happineſs bound up with mine? O that I may be happy for *your* ſake! I will *endeavour* to make myſelf ſo. You have given me a motive. Beſt of men! How much am I obliged to you! Will you cheriſh the remembrance of me? Will you forgive all my foibles?—The trouble I have given you?—I know you depart in conſequence of my—*Perverſeneſs*—perhaps you think it, though you will not call it ſo—What ſhall I do, if you think me either perverſe or ungrateful?

I *do* not, I cannot think you either. May I be aſſured of your correſpondence, madam? Your ladyſhip,

ladyſhip, turning to her mother, will give it your countenance—

By all means, anſwered the Marchioneſs. We ſhall *all* correſpond with you. We ſhall pray for you, and bleſs you, every day that we live. You will be to me, as you have always been, a fourth ſon—My deareſt Clementina, ſay if your mind is changed, if it be *likely* to change, if you think that you ſhall not be happy, if the Chevalier—

O madam, permit me to withdraw for one moment.

She hurried to her cloſet. She ſhut the door, and poured out her ſoul in prayer; and ſoon returning—It *muſt* be ſo—with an air of aſſumed greatneſs. Let thy ſteadineſs, O Grandiſon, excuſe and keep mine in countenance—Bear witneſs, my ſiſter; forgive me, my mamma: But never did one mortal love another as I do the man before us. But you both, and you, my dear Chevalier, know the competition; and ſhall not the UNSEEN (caſting up her eyes ſurcharged with tears) be greater with me than the *ſeen?* Be you my brother, my friend, and the lover of my *ſoul:* This *perſon* is unworthy of you. The mind that animates it is broken, diſturbed—Pray for me, as I will for you—

Then dropping down on one knee, God preſerve and convert thee, beſt of Proteſtants, and worthieſt of men! Guide thy footſteps, and bleſs thee in thy future and better lot! But if the woman whom thou ſhall diſtinguiſh by thy choice, loves thee not, perſon and mind, as well as ſhe before thee, ſhe *deſerves* thee not.

I would have raiſed her, but ſhe would not be raiſed—ſeeming full of ſome other great ſentiments. I kneeled to her, claſping my arms about her: May you, madam, be ever, ever happy!—I reſign to your will—And equally admire and reverence you for it, though a ſufferer by it. Laſting, as fervent,

fervent, be our friendſhip!—And may we know each other hereafter, in a place where all is harmony and love; where no difference in opinion can ſunder, as now, perſons otherwiſe formed to promote each other's happineſs!

I raiſed her, and aroſe; and kiſſing firſt one hand, then the other, and bowing to the two Marchioneſſes, was haſtening from her.

She clapt her hands together—He is gone!—O ſtay, ſtay, Chevalier—And *will* you go?—

I was in too much emotion to wiſh to be *ſeen*—She haſtened after me to the ſtairs—O ſtay, ſtay! I have not ſaid half I had to ſay—

I returned, and, taking her hand, bowed upon it, to conceal my ſenſibility—What further commands, with a faultering voice, has Lady Clementina for her Grandiſon?

I don't know—But will you, muſt you, *will* you go?

I go; I ſtay; I have no will but yours, madam.

The two Marchioneſſes ſtood together, wrapt in ſilent attention, leaning on each other.

Clementina ſighed, ſobbed, wept; then turning from me, then towards me; but not withdrawing her hand; I thought, ſaid ſhe, I had a thouſand things to ſay—But I have loſt them all!—Go thou in peace, and be happy! And God Almighty make *me* ſo! Adieu, deareſt of men!

She condeſcendingly inclined her cheek to me: I ſaluted her; but could not utter to her what yet was upon my lips to ſpeak.

She withdrew her hand. She ſeemed to want ſupport. Her mother and ſiſter haſtened to her. I ſtopt at the door. Her eyes purſued my motions. By her uplifted hands ſhe ſeemed praying for me. I was apprehenſive of her fainting. I haſtened towards her; but reſtraining myſelf juſt as I had reached her, again hurried to the door: And on my knees, with claſped hands, audibly there beſought

ſought God to ſuſtain, ſupport, preſerve the noble Clementina: and ſeeing her ſeated in the arms of both ladies, I withdrew to Mr Lowther's apartment, and ſhut myſelf in for a few moments. When a little recovered, I could not but ſtep in to my Jeronymo. He was alone, drying his eyes as he ſat: But ſeeing me enter, he burſt out into freſh tears.

Once more, my Jeronymo—I would have comforted him, but wanted comfort myſelf.

O my Grandiſon!——embracing me, as I did him——

CLEMENTINA! The angel! CLEMENTINA! *Ah my Jeronymo*—Grief again denied me further ſpeech for a moment. I ſaw that *my* emotion increaſed *his*—*Love, love*, ſaid I, *the dear*—I would have added CLEMENTINA, but my trembling lips refuſed diſtinct utterance to the word—I tore myſelf from his embrace, and with precipitation left the tendereſt of friends.

About eleven, according to the Engliſh numbering of the hours, I ſent to know how the whole family did. Father Mareſcotti returned with my ſervant. He told me, that the lady fainted away after I was gone: But went to reſt as ſoon as recovered. They all were in grief, he ſaid. He was charged with the beſt wiſhes of every one; with thoſe of the two Marchioneſſes in particular. Signor Jeronymo was ſo ill, that one of his Italian ſurgeons propoſed to ſit up with him all night; for Mr Lowther had deſired to accompany me as far as Modena: And him I charge with my compliments to each perſon of the family; and with my remembrances to ſervants, who well deſerved kindneſs from me; and who, Father Mareſcotti told me, were all in tears on my departure. I prevailed on the father himſelf to make my acknowledgments to the good Camilla. He offered, and I thankfully accepted of, his prayers for my health

and

and happineſs, which he put up in the moſt fervent manner on his knees, and then embracing me with a tenderneſs truly paternal, we parted, bleſſing each other.

This morning early I ſet out from Bologna. The Count of Belvedere rejoiced to ſee me, and called me kind for being his gueſt, though but for one night; for I ſhall purſue my journey in the morning. He aſſures me, that he will make me a viſit in England.

You will hardly, till I arrive at Paris, have another letter, my dear Dr Bartlett, from

Your ever-affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Paris, { *Aug.* 31. / *Sept.* 11.

I SET out from Parma early on Tueſday morning, as I intended. The Count of Belvedere was ſo obliging as to accompany me to Pavia, where we parted with mutual civilities.

I paid my reſpects to Lady Sforza at Milan, as I had promiſed. She received me with great politeneſs. Our converſation chiefly turned on the differences between the other branches of her family on one part, and herſelf and Lady Laurana on the other. She owned, that when ſhe ſent to deſire a viſit from me, ſhe had ſuppoſed that the alliance between them and me was a thing concluded upon; and that ſhe intended, by my mediation, to reconcile herſelf to the family, if they would meet her half-way.

She was ſo indiſcreet as to lay general blame on her noble niece, as a perſon given up to a zeal that wanted government: She threw out hints injurious to the ſincerity of the three brothers, as well as to that of the father and mother, with regard to me: All which I diſcountenanced.

I have hardly ever converſed with a woman ſo artful as Lady Sforza. I wonder not that ſhe had the addreſs to fire the Count of Belvedere with impatience, and to ſet him on ſeeking to provoke me to an act of raſhneſs, which, after what had happened between me and the young Count Altieri ſome years ago at Verona, might have been fatal to one, if not to both, and by that means rid Italy, if not the world, of me, and at the ſame time revenged herſelf on the Count for rejecting her daughter (who, as I have told you before, has a paſſion for him) in a manner that ſhe called too contemptuous to be paſſed over.

She told me, that ſhe doubted not, *now* that I had been circumvented by (what even ſhe, an Italian, called) *Italian fineſſe*, but her niece would be prevailed upon to marry the Count, and bid me remember her words. Ah! my poor Laurana! added ſhe—But I will renounce her, if ſhe can be ſo mean as to retain love for a man who deſpiſes her.

A convent, ſhe ſaid, after ſuch a malady as Clementina had been afflicted with, would be the fitteſt place for her. She aſcribed to hers and Laurana's treatment of her (with great vehemence, on my diſallowing her aſſertion) the foundation of her cure. She wiſhed that, were Clementina to marry, it might have been me preferably to any other man, ſince the love ſhe bore me was moſt likely to complete her recovery, which was not to be expected were ſhe to marry a man to whom ſhe was indifferent—But, added ſhe, they muſt take their own way.

Lady

Lady Laurana was on a viſit at the Borromean palace: Her mother ſent for her unknown to me. I could very well have excuſed the compliment. I was civil, however: I could be no more than civil: And, after a ſtay of two hours, purſued my route.

Nothing remarkable happened in my journey. I wrote to Jeronymo and his beloved ſiſter from Lyons.

At the poſt-houſe there I found a ſervant of Lady Olivia with a letter. He was ordered to overtake, and give it into my own hands, were he to travel with it to Paris, or even to England. Lady Olivia will be obeyed. The man miſſed me, by my going to viſit Lady Sforza at Milan. I incloſe the letter, as alſo a copy of mine, to which it is an anſwer. When you read them, you will be of opinion that they ought not to paſs your own hands. Perhaps you will chuſe to read them in this place.

LETTER XXIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* OLIVIA.

Bologna, Saturday, Aug. 19-30.

NOW at laſt is the day approaching, that the writer of this will be allowed to conſider himſelf wholly as an Engliſhman. He is preparing to take, perhaps, an everlaſting leave of Italy. But could he do this, and not firſt bid adieu to two ladies at Florence, whoſe welfare will be ever dear to him—Lady Olivia, and Mrs Beaumont? It muſt be to *both* by letter.

I told you, madam, when I laſt attended you, that poſſibly I ſhould never ſee you more. If I told you ſo in anger, pardon me. Now, in a fare-

wel letter, I would not upbraid you. I will be all in fault if you pleaſe. I never incurred the diſpleaſure of Olivia, but I was more concerned for her, than for what I ſuffered from it; and yet her diſpleaſure was not a matter of indifference to me.

I wiſh not, madam, for my own happineſs, with more ſincerity than I do for yours. Would to Heaven it were in my power to promote it! I will flatter myſelf, that my true regard for your honour, daughter as you are of a houſe next to princely, and of fortune more than princely, will give mean influence which will awaken you to your glory. Allow, madam, the friendly, the brotherly expoſtulation —Let me think, let me ſpeak of Olivia in abſence, as a fond brother would of a ſiſter moſt dear to him. I *will* ſo ſpeak, ſo think of you, madam, when far diſtant from you. When I remember my Italian friends, it will always be with tender bleſſings, and the moſt affectionate gratitude. Allow me, Olivia, to number you with the deareſt of thoſe friends. Your honour, your welfare, preſent and future, is, and ever will be, the object of my vows.

God and nature have done their parts by you: Let not your own be wanting. To what purpoſe live we, if not to grow wiſer, and to ſubdue our *paſſions?* Dear lady! Illuſtrious woman! How often have *you* been ſubdued by the violence of *yours;* and to what ſubmiſſions has your generous repentance ſubjected you, even to your inferiors! Let me not be thought a boaſter—But I will preſume to ſay, that I am the rather intitled to adviſe, as I have made it my endeavour (and, I bleſs God, have not been always unſucceſsful) to curb my paſſions. They are naturally violent. What do I owe to the advice of an excellent man, whom I early ſet up as *my* monitor? Let me, in this letter, be *yours*.

Your

Your ſituation in life, your high birth, your illuſtrious line of anceſtors, are ſo many calls upon *you*, in whom the riches and the conſequences of ſo many noble progenitors center, to act worthy of their names, of their dignities, of your own, and of the dignity of your ſex. The world looks up to you (your education too ſo greatly beyond that of moſt Italian ladies) with the expectation of an example—Yet have not evil reports already gone out upon your laſt excurſion? The world will not ſee with our eyes, nor judge as we would have it, and as we ſometimes know it *ought* to judge. My viſit to Italy, when you were abſent from it, and in England, was of ſervice to your fame. The malignant world at preſent holds itſelf ſuſpended in its cenſures; and expects, from your future conduct, either a confutation or a confirmation of them. It is therefore ſtill in your power (rejoice, madam, that it is!) for ever to eſtabliſh, or for ever to depreciate your character, in the judgment both of friends and enemies.

How often have I ſeen paſſion, and even rage, deform features that are really lovely! Shall it be ſaid, that your great fortune, your abundance, has been a ſnare to you? That you would have been a happier, nay a *better* woman, had not God ſo bountifully bleſſed you?

Can your natural generoſity of temper allow you to bear ſuch an imputation, as that the want of power only can keep you within the limits (Pardon, Olivia, the lover of your fame!) which the gentleneſs of your ſex, which true honour preſcribe!

You are a young lady. Three fourths of your natural life (Heaven permitting) are yet to come. You have noble qualities, ſhining accompliſhments. You will probably, in very few years, perhaps in few months, be able to eſtabliſh yourſelf in the world. So far only as you have gone, the inconſideration

ſideration of youth will be allowed an excuſe for your conduct. Bleſt with means as you are, you *ſtill* have it in your power, let me repeat, to be an honour to your ſex, to your country, to your ſplendid houſe, and to the age to which you are given.

The monitor I mentioned (you know him by perſon, by manners) from my earlier youth, born, as he knew me to be, the heir of a conſiderable fortune, ſuggeſted to me an addreſs to Heaven, which my heart has had no repugnance to make a daily one; "That the Almighty will, in mercy, "with-hold from me wealth and affluence, and "make my proud heart a dependent one, even for "my daily bread, were riches to be a ſnare to me; "and if I found not my inclinations to do good, "as occaſions offered, enlarge with my power." —O that thou, Olivia, were poor and low, if the being ſo, and nothing elſe, would make you *know yourſelf*, and act accordingly!—And that it were given to me, by acts of fraternal love, to reſtore you, as you could bear it, to an independence large as your own wiſhes!

What an uncontroulable MAN would Lady Olivia have made, had ſhe been a man, with but the ſame paſſions, that now diminiſh the grandeur of her ſoul, and ſo large a power to gratify them!—What a *Sovereign!*—Look into the characters of abſolute princes, and ſee whoſe, of all thoſe who have ſullied royalty by the violence of their wills, you would have wiſhed to copy, or to have been compared with.

How has the unhappy Olivia, though but a ſubject, dared!—How often has that tender boſom, whoſe glory it would have been to melt at another's woe, and to rejoice in acts of kindneſs and benevolence to her fellow-creatures, been armed by herſelf (not the miſtreſs, but the ſlave of her paſſions) not with defenſive, but offenſive ſteel*! Hitherto

* *Alluding to the poinard ſhe carried in her boſom.*

therto Providence has averted any remedileſs miſchief; but Providence will not be tempted.

Believe me, *ſtill* believe me, madam, I mean not to upbraid you. *My dear* Olivia, I *will* call you, how often has my heart bled for you! How *paternally*, though but of years to be your *brother*, have I lamented for you in ſecret! I will own to you, that, but for the with-holding prudence, and with-holding honour, that I owed to both our characters, becauſe of a ſituation which would not allow me to expreſs my tenderneſs for you, I had folded you, in your contrite moments, to my boſom, and on my knees beſought you to act up to your own knowledge, and to render yourſelf worthy of your illuſtrious anceſtry. And what but your *glory* could have been, what but *that* is now my motive?

With what joy do I reflect, that I took *not* (God be praiſed for his reſtraining goodneſs!) advantage of the favour I ſtood in, with a moſt lovely and princely-ſpirited woman; an advantage that would have given me cauſe to charge myſelf with baſeneſs to her, in the hour wherein I ſhould have wanted moſt conſolation! With what apprehenſion (dreading for myſelf, becauſe of the great, the ſometimes almoſt irreſiſtible temptation) have I looked upon myſelf to be (ſhall I ſay?) the *ſole* guardian of Olivia's honour! More than once, moſt generous and *confiding* of women, have I, from your unmerited favour for me, beſought you to ſpare me my *pride*, and as often to permit me to ſpare you *yours*—Not the odious vice generally known by that name (the fault of fallen angels) but that which may be called a prop, a ſupport to an imperfect goodneſs, which, properly directed, may in time grow into virtue:—That friendly pride, let me add, which has ever warmed my heart with wiſhes for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I call

I call upon you once more, my FRIEND! How unreproaching may we call each other by that ſacred name! The friend of your fame, the friend of your ſoul, calls upon you once more, to rejoice with him, that you have it ſtill in your power to tread the path of honour. Again I glory, and let us *both*, that we have nothing to reproach each other with. I leave Italy, a country that ever will have a title to my grateful regard, without one *ſelf*-upbraiding ſigh; though not without *many* ſighs. I own it to Olivia. *Juſtice* requires it. Juſtice to a lady Olivia loves not; but who deſerves, not only hers, but the love of every woman; for ſhe is an ornament to her ſex, and to human nature. Yet, be it known to Olivia, that I am a ſufferer by that very magnanimity for which I revere *her*—A rejected man!——Will Olivia rejoice that I am!—She will. What inequalities are there in the greateſt minds! But ſubdue them in yours. For your own ſake, not for mine, ſubdue them. The conqueſt will be more glorious to you, than the acquiſition of an empire could be.

Let me conclude, with an humble, but earneſt wiſh, that you will cultivate, as once you promiſed me, the friendſhip of one of the beſt of women, Mrs Beaumont, diſpoſed as ſhe, your neighbour, is to cultivate yours. I ſhall then hear often from you, by the pen of that excellent woman. Your compliance with this humble advice will give me, madam, for your own ſake, and for the pleaſure I know Mrs Beaumont will have in it, the greateſt joy that is poſſible for you to give to a heart, that overflows with ſincere wiſhes for your happineſs: A heart that will rejoice in every opportunity that ſhall be granted to promote it: For I am, and ever will be,

The Friend of your Fame, and of your true Glory, and your devoted Servant, GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Lady OLIVIA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

(*Tranſlated by Dr* Bartlett.)

Florence, Aug. 22. N. S.

I AM to take it kindly, that you have thought fit to write to the unhappy Olivia before you leave Italy. I could not have expected even this poor favour, after the parting it was your pleaſure to call *everlaſting*. Cruel man!—Can I *ſtill* call you ſo? I *did*, before I had this letter; and was determined that you ſhould have reaſon to repent your cruelty: But this letter has almoſt reconciled me to you; ſo far reconciled me, however, as to oblige me to lay aſide the intended vengeance that was rolling towards you from ſlighted love. You have awakened me to my glory, by your diſpaſſionate, your tender reaſonings. Your letter (for I have eraſed one officious paſſage in it *) is in my boſom all day. It is on my pillow at night. The laſt thing, and the firſt thing, do I read it. The contents make my reſt balmy, my upriſing ſerene. But it was not till I had read it the ſeventh time, and after I had eraſed that obnoxious paſſage, that it began to have that happy effect upon me. I was above advice, for the firſt day. I could not reliſh your reaſonings. Reſolutions of vengeance had poſſeſſed me wholly. What a charm could there be in a *letter*, that ſhould make a ſlighted woman lay aſide her meditated vengeance? A woman too that had fallen beneath herſelf in the object of that deſpiſed love.

Allow

* *This paſſage is that where he hints at Lady Clementina's noble rejection of him*, P. 176. L. 8 *beginning*, "I leave Italy," *to the end of the paragraph.*

Allow me, Grandiſon, to ſay ſo. In the account of worldly reckoning it *was* ſo. And when I thought I hated you, it was ſo in my *own* account. Yet, could you have returned my love, I would have gloried in my choice; and attributed to envy all the inſolent cenſures of maligners.

But even at the ſeventh peruſal, when my indignation began to give way, *would* it have given way, had you not, in the ſame letter hinted, that the proud Bologna had given up all thoughts of a huſband in the man to whom my heart had been ſo long attached?—Allow me to call her by the name of her city. I love not her, nor her family. I hate them by their own proud names. It is an hereditary hatred, augmented by rivalry, a rivalry that had like to have been a ſucceſsful one: And is *ſhe* not proud, who, whatever be her motive, can refuſe the man, who has rejected a nobler woman? Yet I think I ought to forgive her; for has ſhe not avenged *me?* If *you* are grieved that ſhe has refuſed you, I am rejoiced. Be the pangs ſhe has ſo often given me, if poſſible, forgotten!

What a miſerable wretch, however, from my own reflections, did this intelligence make me! Intelligence that I received before your letter *bleſſed* my hands. Let me ſo expreſs myſelf; the contents, I hope, will be the means of bleſſing, by purifying my heart!——And why a miſerable wretch——O this man, of ſentiments the moſt delicate, of life and manners the moſt unblameable; yet of air and behaviour ſo truly gallant, had it not been for thy forwardneſs, Olivia; had it not been for propoſals, ſhame to thyſelf! ſhame to thy ſex! *too plainly* intimated to him; propoſals that owed their exiſtence to inconſiderate love; a love mingled, I will now confeſs, with paſſions of the darkeſt hue—envy, malice—and thoſe aggravated by deſpair—would, on this diſappointment from the Bologna, have offered his hand to the Florentine!—

Florentine!—But now do I own, that it cannot, that it ought not to be. For what, Olivia, is there in the glitter of thy fortune, thy *greateſt* dependence, to attract a man, whom worldly grandeur cannot influence? Who has a fortune of his own ſo ample, that hundreds are the better for it?—A man, whoſe œconomy is regulated by prudence? Who cannot be in ſuch difficulties as would give ſome little merit to the perſon who was ſo happy as to extricate him from them?—A man, in ſhort, who takes pleaſure in conferring obligations, yet never lays himſelf under the neceſſity of receiving returns? Prince of a man! What prince, king, emperor, is ſo truly great as *this* man?—And is he not likewiſe ſurrounded by his nobles?—What a number of people of high interior worth, make up the circle of his acquaintance!

And is there not, cannot there yet be hope; the proud Bologna now (as ſhe is) out of the queſtion?—The Florentine wants not pride; but betrayed by the violence of her temper, ſhe has not had the caution to confine herſelf within the bounds of female (ſhall I ſay?) *hypocriſy*. What ſhe could not hide from herſelf, ſhe revealed to the man ſhe loved: But never, however, was there any other man whom ſhe loved. Upon whom but one man, the haughty object of her paſſion, did ſhe ever condeſcend to look down? Who but he was ever encouraged to look up to her?—And did not his gentle, his humane, his unreproaching heart, ſeem to pity rather than deſpiſe her, till ſhe was too far engaged? At the time that ſhe *firſt* caſt her eyes upon him, his fortune was not high: His father, a man of expence, was living, and likely to live: His ſiſters, whom he loved as himſelf, were hopeleſs of obtaining from their father fortunes equal to their rank and education. Olivia knew all this from unerring intelligence. His friends, his Bartlett, his Beauchamp, and others, were not in circumſtances

cumſtances that ſet them above owing obligations to him, ſlender as were his own appointments—*Then* it was that thou, Olivia, valuedſt thyſelf for being bleſt with means to make the power of the man thou lovedſt as large as his heart. Thou wouldſt have veſted it *all* in him. Thou wouldſt have conditioned with him, that this he ſhould do for one ſiſter; this for the other; this for one friend; this for another; and ſtill another, to the extent of his wiſhes: And with *him*, and the *remainder*, thou wouldſt have been happy.

Surely there was ſome merit in Olivia's love.

But, alas! ſhe was not prudent: Her temper, ſuppoſed to be naturally haughty and violent, hurried her into meaſures too impetuous. The ſoul of the man ſhe loved, too great to be attracted by riches, by worldly glory, and capable of being happy in a mere competence, was (how can I ſay it? I bluſh while I write it!) diſguſted by a violence that had not been uſed to be reſtrained by the accuſtomed reſerve. It was all open day, no dark machinating night, in the heart of the undiſſembling Olivia. She perſecuted the object of her paſſion with her love, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe could lay him under obligation to it. By hoping to prove herſelf more, ſhe made herſelf appear leſs than woman. She deſpiſed that affectation, that hypocriſy, in her ſex, which unpenetrating eyes attribute to modeſty and ſhame—Shame of what?—of a natural paſſion!

But you, Grandiſon, were too *delicate*, to be taken with her *ſincerity*. If you had penetration to diſtinguiſh between reſerve and openneſs of heart, you had not greatneſs of mind enough to break through the low reſtraints of cuſtom; and to reward the latter in preference to the former: Yet who, better than you, knows that women in love are actuated by *one* view, and differ only in outward appearance? Will bars, bolts, walls, ri-

vers, ſeas, any more with-hold the ſupercilious, than the leſs reſerved? That paſſion which made the Florentine compaſs earth and ſeas, in hopes of obtaining its end, made, perhaps, the prouder Bologna (and *from* pride) a more pitiable object—Yet, who ever imputed immodeſty to Olivia? Who ever dared to harbour a thought injurious to her virtue? You only (cuſtom her judge) *have* the power, but not, I hope, the will to upbraid her. You *can*. The creature, who, conſcious of having alarmed you by the violence of her temper, would have lived with you on terms of *probation*, and left it to your honour, on full conſideration and experience of that temper, to reward her with the celebration, or puniſh her with rejection (her whole fortune devoted to you), had ſubjected herſelf to your challenges. But nobody elſe could harbour a thought inglorious to her.

And muſt ſhe yield to the conſciouſneſs of her own unworthineſs, from a propoſal made by herſelf, which tyrant cuſtom only can condemn?

O yes, ſhe muſt. There is among your country-women one who ſeems born for *you*, and you for *her*. If *ſhe* can abate of a dignity, that a firſt and only love alone can gratify, and accept of a ſecond-placed love, a widower-bachelor, as I may call you, *ſhe*, I know, muſt, will, be the happy woman. To *her* the ſlighted Florentine can reſign, which, with patience, ſhe never could to the proud Bologna; and the ſooner, becauſe of the immortal hatred ſhe bears to that woman of Bologna. You, Grandiſon, have been accuſtomed to be diſtinguiſhed by women who in degree and fortune might claim rank with princeſſes. Degree and fortune captivate you not—This humbler fair one is more ſuitable to your own degree: And in the beauties of perſon and mind (at leaſt in thoſe beauties of the latter, which *you* moſt admire) ſhe is

is ſuperior either to your Bologneſe or Florentine. Let my pen praiſe her, though malice to Clementina, and deſpair of obtaining my own wiſhes, mingle with my ink—She is mild, though ſparkling: She is humble, yet has dignity: She is reſerved, yet is frank and open-hearted: Nobody can impute to her either diſſimulation or licence of behaviour. We read her heart in her countenance; and have no thought of looking further for it: Wiſdom has its ſeat on her lips; modeſty on her brow: Her eyes avow the ſecrets of her ſoul; and demonſtrate that ſhe has no one that ſhe need to be aſhamed of: She can bluſh for others; for the unhappy Olivia ſhe *did* more than once: But for herſelf ſhe need not bluſh. I loved, yet feared her, the moment I ſaw her. I dared not to try myſelf by her judgment. It was eaſy for me to ſee, that ſhe loved you; yet ſuch were your engagements, your *ſuppoſed* engagements, that I pitied her: And can we be alarmed by, or angry at, her whom we pity?—Unworthy Grandiſon! Unworthy I *will* call you; becauſe you cannot merit the love of ſuch a ſpotleſs heart. You who could leave her, and, under colour of honour, when there was no pre-engagement, and when the proud family had rejected you, prefer to ſuch a fine young creature a romantic enthuſiaſt—O may the ſweet maiden, who wants not due conſciouſneſs of interior worth, aſſert herſelf; and, by refuſing your *ſecond-placed* addreſſes, vindicate the dignity of beauty and innocence unequalled!

If you, Grandiſon, cannot forgive Olivia for loving you too well, for rendering herſelf too cheap to you; if you cannot repair in her own eyes, the honour of one, who, in that caſe, muſt be ſunk in yours beyond the power of reſtoration; if you cannot forgive attempts of the hand, in which the heart had no ſhare, but reſiſted; in a word,

word, if you cannot forgive the fervor of a love, that, at times, combating my pride, had nearly overturned *my* reaſon alſo—Then, let this virgin goodneſs be yours, and Olivia will endeavour to forgive *you*—Yet—O that yet—Ah, Grandiſon!—But how can a woman bear that refuſal, which, however ſuperior ſhe may be in rank, in fortune, gives her an inferiority to the man of her wiſhes, in the very article in which it ſhould be a woman's glory to retain dignity, even were the man ſuperior to her in birth, and in all other outward advantages? I diſdain thee, Grandiſon, in this light. I will tear thy proud image from my heart, or die.

One requeſt only let me make, and permit your pride to comply with it. Return not to me, but accept (accept as a token of love) the cabinets which perhaps will be in England before you. They will be thought by you of too great value; but they are not too great for the grandeur of my fortune, and the magnificence of my ſpirit. The medals alone make a collection that would do credit to the cabinet of a ſovereign prince. Theſe are in your taſte. They are *nothing* to Olivia, but for your ſake. Accept of theſe cabinets, as ſome atonement for the trouble I have given you; for the attempts I have made upon your liberty, and more than once (but Oh! with how feeble a hand!) upon your life! How eaſy had it been to take the latter, your ſoul ſo fearleſs, braving menaces and danger, had I been reſolved to take it! How many miniſters of vengeance, in my country, had I been determined to execute it, would my fortune have procured me! How eaſy would it have been for me to conceal my guilt from all but myſelf, had the ſlow-working bowl, or even the ſharp-pointed poniard, given thee up to my great revenge!—It is, however, happy for us *both*, that the proud bigot rejected you—Your death, and my

diſtraction, had, probably, been the conſequence of her acceptance of you—Yet, how I rave!—The moment I had ſeen you, my vengeance would have been arreſted, as more than once it was. O Grandiſon! How dear are you (*were* you, now I will endeavour to ſay) to the ſoul of Clivia! Dearer than fame, than glory, and whatever the world deems valuable.

All that I aſk of you, now that the Bologna, in diſappointing *you*, has diſappointed *herſelf*, (great revenge!) is within your own power to grant, without detriment to yourſelf, and I hope without regret. It conſiſts of two or three articles: The firſt is, to reſolve within yourſelf, that you will not *now*, ſhould that heat of the zealot's imagination, which has ſeemed to carry her above herſelf, ſubſide (as I have no doubt but it *will*); and ſhould ſhe even follow you to your native place, as a ſtill nobler woman ignobly did; that you will not now receive her offered hand!—O Grandiſon!—If you do—

Next, that you will (thus fairly, though *fooliſhly*, diſmiſſed, and the whole family rejoicing in your diſmiſſion, well as they pretend to love you) put it out of your own power, ſince the Florentine can have no hope, to give the Bologneſe any. My ſoul thirſts to ſee her in a nunnery: I could myſelf aſſume the veil in the ſame convent, I *think* I could, for the pleaſure of exulting over her for the pangs ſhe has occaſioned me. But for *her*, Olivia would have been miſtreſs of her own wiſhes.

Preach not to me, Grandiſon, againſt that ſpirit of revenge, which ever did, and ever muſt, actuate my heart. Slighted love will warrant it, or nothing can! Have I not loſt the man I loved by it? Can I regain him, if I conquer that not ignoble vehemence of a great mind?—No! Forbear then the unavailing precept. I am not of Bologna. I am no zealot! While the warm blood flows in my veins,

veins, I pretend not to be above human nature. When I can diveſt myſelf of that, *then*, perhaps, I may follow your advice: I may ſeek to cultivate the friendſhip of Mrs Beaumont: But *till* then, ſhe would not accept of mine.

O Grandiſon! born to diſtinction! princely in your munificence! amiable in your perſon! great in your mind, in your ſentiment! you have conquered your ambition—You may therefore unite yourſelf to the politeſt country maid, and the lovelieſt that ever adorned your various climate: Yet, O that in the ſame hour the Bologneſe might aſſume the veil, and the lovely Engliſh maid refuſe your offered hand!

My third requeſt is (as before requeſted), that you will not refuſe the cabinets which will be ſoon embarked for you. Be not *afraid* of me, Grandiſon; I form no pretentions upon you from this preſent; valuable as you, perhaps, may think it. Your ſimple acceptance is all the return I hope for. Write only theſe words with your own hand—"Olivia, I accept your preſent, and thank you for it." Receive it only as a token of my paſt love for a man whoſe virtues I admire, and, by degrees, ſhall hope to imitate. That, Sir, when a certain event was *moſt* my wiſh, was not the leaſt motive for that wiſh: But now, what will be the deſtiny of the bewildered creature, who is left at large to her own will, who can tell? A will, that only one man in the world could have ſubjugated. His controul would have been freedom.

I would not have you imagine, that a correſpondence by letter is hoped for as a *return* for the preſent of which I entreat your acceptance: But when I can aſſure you, that your advice will probably be of great ſervice to me, in the conduct of my future life, as I have no doubt it will, from the calm effects that the letter, which has now a place in my boſom, has already produced there, I am

ready to flatter myſelf, that a wiſh ſo ardent, and ſo juſtifiable, will be granted to the repeated requeſt of

OLIVIA.

Continuation of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON's *Letter, No.* XXIII. *Begun* P. 169.

OLIVIA, you ſee, my dear Dr Bartlett, concludes her letter with a deſire of correſponding with me. As ſhe has put it, I cannot refuſe her requeſt. How happy ſhould I think myſelf, if I could be a means effectually to ſerve her in the conduct of her future life!

I have written to her, that I ſhall think an intercourſe by letter an honour done me, if ſhe will allow me to treat her with the freedom and the ſingleneſs of heart of an affectionate brother.

As to her particular recommendation of a *third perſon*, I tell her, that muſt be the ſubject of the future correſpondence to which ſhe is pleaſed to invite me.

Olivia *may be* in earneſt, in her warm commendations of a lady, of whoſe excellencies nobody can write or ſpeak with indifference: But I have no doubt, that ſhe is very earneſt to know my ſentiments on the ſubject. But what muſt be the mind of the *bachelor widower*, as ſhe calls me, if already I can enter into the ſubject with *any*-body, with Lady Olivia eſpecially? The moſt *ſenſible*, I will not ſay *ſubtle* creature on earth, is certainly a woman in love. What can eſcape her penetration? What can bound her curioſity!

I tell her, that I can neither decline nor accept of her preſent, till I ſee the contents of the cabinet ſhe is pleaſed to mention. It will give me pain, I ſay, to refuſe any favour from Lady Olivia, by which ſhe intends to ſhew her eſteem of me: But

favour

favours of ſo a high price will, and ought to give ſcruples to one who would not be thought ungenerous.

I had always admired, I tell her, her collection of medals: But they are a family collection, of two or three generations: And I ſhould not allow myſelf to accept of ſuch a treaſure, unleſs I could have an opportunity given me to ſhew, if not my merit, my gratitude; and *that* I ſaw no poſſibility of being bleſſed with, in any manner that could make the acceptance tolerably eaſy to myſelf. I cannot, my dear Dr Bartlett, receive from this munificent lady a preſent of ſuch high intrinſic worth. Had ſhe offered me any thing that would have had its value *from* the giver, or to the receiver, for its own ſake, and not equally to any body elſe; for inſtance, had ſhe deſired me to accept of her picture, ſince the original could not be mine; I would not have refuſed it, though it had been encircled with jewels of price. But circumſtanced as this unhappy lady and I are, could I have aſked her for a favour of that nature!

I think I have broken through one delicacy in conſenting to correſpond with this lady. She ſhould not have aſked it. I never knew a pain of ſo particular a nature as this lady (a not ungenerous, though a raſh one) has given me. My very heart recoils, Dr Bartlett, at the thought of a denial of marriage to a woman expecting the offer, whom delicacy has not quite forſaken.

But a word or two more on this ſubject of preſents. When the whole family at Bologna were ſo earneſtly ſolicitous to ſhew their gratitude to me by ſome permanent token, I had once the thought of aſking for their Clementina's picture in miniature: But as I was never to think of her as mine, and as, probably, my picture, if but for politeneſs-ſake, would have been aſked for in exchange, I was afraid of cheriſhing, by that means,

in

in her mind, the tender ideas of our paſt friendſhip, and thereby of making the work of her parents difficult. And do they not the more *excuſably* hope to ſucceed in their views, as they think their ſucceſs will be a means to ſecure health of mind to their child? But if they viſit me in England, I will then requeſt the pictures of the whole family in one large piece, for the principal ornament of Grandiſon-hall.

By what Olivia ſays, of deſigns on my liberty, I believe ſhe means to include the attempt made upon me at Florence; which I hinted at in my laſt, and ſuppoſed to come from that quarter. What ſhe would have done with me, had the attempt ſucceeded, I cannot imagine. I ſhould not have wiſhed to have been the ſubject of ſo romantic an adventure—A priſoner to a lady in her caſtle! She is certainly one of the moſt enterpriſing women in Italy; and her temper is too well ſeconded by her power. She would not, however, in that caſe, have had recourſe to *fatal* acts of violence. Once, you know, ſhe had thoughts of exciting againſt me the Holy Tribunal: But I was upon ſuch a foot, as a traveller, and as an Engliſh Proteſtant, though avowed, not behaving indiſcreetly, that I had friends enow, even in the Sacred College, to have rendered ineffectual any ſteps of that ſort. And after all, her machinations were but tranſitory ones, and, the moment ſhe ſaw me, given over.

My firſt enquiry, after my arrival here, was after my poor couſin Grandiſon. My *poor* couſin, indeed! What a ſpiritleſs figure does he make! I remember you once ſaid, That it was more difficult for a man to behave well in proſperity, than in adverſity: But the man who will prove the obſervation to be true, muſt not be one, who, by his own extravagance and vice, has reduced himſelf, from an affluence to which he was born, to penury, at leaſt to a ſtate of obligation and dependance. Good God!

God! that a man ſhould be ſo infatuated, as to put on the caſt of a dye the eſtate of which he is in *unqueſtioned* poſſeſſion from his anceſtors! Yet who will ſay, that he who hopes to win what belongs to another, does not deſerve to loſe his own?

I ſoothed my couſin in the beſt manner I could, conſiſtently with juſtice: Yet I told him, that his repentance muſt ariſe from his *judgment*, as well as from his *ſufferings*; and that he would have leſs reaſon for regretting the unhappy ſituation to which he had reduced himſelf, if the latter brought him to a right ſenſe of his errors. I was ſolicitous, Dr Bartlett, for the ſake of his own peace of mind, that he ſhould fall into a proper train of thinking: But I told him that preachment was no more my intention than recrimination.

I have two hands to one tongue, my couſin, ſaid I; and the latter I uſe not but to tell you, that both the former are cordially at your ſervice. You have conſidered this matter well, no doubt, added I: Can you propoſe to me any means of retrieving your affairs?

There is, ſaid he, one way. It would do everything for me: But I am afraid of mentioning it to you.

If it be a juſt way, fear not. If it be any thing I can do for you out of my own ſingle purſe, without aſking any ſecond or third perſon to contribute to it, command me—He heſitated.

If it be any thing, my couſin, ſaid I, that you think I ought not, in juſtice, in honour, to comply with, do *not*, for your own ſake, mention it. Let me ſee that your calamity has had a proper effect upon you. Let not the *juſt man* be ſunk in the man in adverſity; and then open your mind freely to me.

He could not, he ſaid, truſt the mention of the expedient to me, till he had given it a further conſideration.

Well,

Well, Sir, be pleaſed to remember, that I will never *aſk* you to mention it; becauſe I cannot doubt but you *will*, if, on conſideration, you think it a *proper* expedient.

When ſome friends, who came to viſit me on my arrival, were gone, my couſin reſumed the former ſubject: But he offered not to mention his expedient. I hope it was not that he had a view to my Emily. I am very jealous for my Emily. If I thought poor Everard had but an imagination of retrieving his affairs by her fortune, nothing but his preſent calamity ſhould hinder me from renouncing for ever my couſin.

I enquired particularly into the ſituation he was in; and if there was a likelihood of doing any thing with the gameſters. But he could not give me room for ſuch an expectation. I find he has loſt all his eſtate to them, Dunton-farm excepted; which, having been much out of repair, is now fitting up for a new tenant; and will not, for three or four years to come, bring him in a clear fifty pounds a-year.

I have known more men than one, who could not live upon fifteen hundred a-year, bring themſelves to be contented with fifty. But Mr Grandiſon is ſo fallen in ſpirit, that he never will be able to ſurvive ſuch a change in fortune, if I do not befriend him. Poor man! he is but the ſhadow of what he he was. The *firſt* formerly in the faſhion: In body and face ſo erect; his ſteps ſo firm, gait ſo aſſured, air ſo genteel, eye ſo lively—But now, in ſo few months, gaunt ſides; his half-worn, tarniſhed laced coat big enough to lap over him; hollow cheeks, puling voice, ſighing heart, creeping feet—O my dear Dr Bartlett, how much does it behove men ſo little able to *bear* diſtreſs, to avoid falling into it by their own extravagance! But for a man to fall into indigence through *avarice* (for what is a ſpirit of gaming but a ſpirit of avarice, and that

of the worſt ſort? How can ſuch a one ſupport his own reflections?

I had ſuppoſed, that he had no reaſon, in this ſhattered ſtate of his affairs, to apprehend any thing from the proſecution ſet on foot by the woman who claimed him on promiſe of marriage; but I was miſtaken; ſhe has, or pretends to have, he told me, witneſſes of the promiſe. Poor ſhameful man! What witneſſes *needed* ſhe, if he *knows* he made it, and received the profligate conſideration?

I am not happy, my dear friend, in my mind. I hope to be tolerably ſo, if my next letters from Bologna are favourable, as to the ſtate of health of the beloved ſiſter and brother there.

It would have been no diſagreeable amuſement to me, at this time, to have proceeded directly to Ireland; the rather, as I hope a viſit to my eſtate there is become almoſt neceſſary, by the forwardneſs the works are in which I ſet on foot when I was on that more than agreeable ſpot. But the unhappy ſituation of Mr Grandiſon's affairs, and my hopes of bringing thoſe of Lady Mansfield to an iſſue, together with the impatience I have to ſee my Engliſh friends, determine me to the contrary. To-morrow will be the laſt day of my ſtay in this city; and the day after, my couſin and I ſhall ſet out for Calais—Very quickly therefore, after the receipt of this letter, which ſhuts up the account of my foreign excurſions, will you, by your paternal goodneſs, if in London, help to calm the diſturbed heart of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

London, Tueſday, Sept. 5.

CONgratulate us, my deareſt Miſs Byron, on the arrival of my brother. He came laſt night. It was late. And he ſent to us this morning; and to others of his friends. My lord and I hurried away to breakfaſt with him. Ah, my dear! we ſee too plainly that he has been very much diſturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner than he was: But he is the ſame kind brother, friend, and good man.

I expected a little hint or two from him on my paſt vivacities; but not a word of that nature. He felicitated my good man and me; and when he ſpoke of Lord and Lady L. and his joy in their happineſs, he put two ſiſters and their good men together, as two of the happieſt pairs in England. Politic enough; for as we ſat at breakfaſt, two or three *toyſome* things were ſaid by my lord (no ape was ever ſo fond!), and I could hardly forbear him:- But the reputation my brother *gave* me was a reſtraint upon me. I ſee one may be flattered by undeſerved compliments, into good behaviour, when we have a regard to the opinion of the complimenter.

Aunt Nell was all joy and gladneſs: She was in raptures laſt night, it ſeems, at her nephew's firſt arrival. He rejoiced to ſee her; and was ſo thankful to her for letting him find her in town, and at his houſe, that ſhe reſolves ſhe will not leave him till he is married. The good old ſoul imagines ſhe is of importance to him, in the direction of the family matters, now I have left him—*I*, Harriet! there's ſelf-importance!—But, good creatures, theſe old virgins! they do *ſo* love to be thought uſeful—

Well,

Well, and is not that a good ſign, on Aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if ſhe would have been an uſeful creature in the days of nightrail and notableneſs, had ſhe been a wife in good time? I always think, when I ſee thoſe badgerly virgins fond of a parrot, a ſquirrel, a monkey, or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes out huſband and children in the animals—Poor things!—But as to her care, I dare ſay, that will only ſerve to make buſtle and confuſion, where elſe would be order and regularity; for my brother has the beſt of ſervants.

I wiſhed her in Yorkſhire fifty times, as we ſat at breakfaſt; for when I wanted to aſk my brother twenty thouſand queſtions, and to ſet him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams of the night before his arrival, and laſt night—Seas croſſed, rivers forded—Dangers eſcaped by the help of angels and ſaints, were the reveries of the former night; and of the laſt, the muſic of the ſpheres, heaven, and joy, and feſtivity—The plump creature loves good chear, Harriet. In ſhort, hardly a word could we ſay, but what put her upon recollecting a part of one of her dreams: Yet ſome excuſe lies good, for an old ſoul, whoſe whole life has been but one dream, a little fal laliſhly varied—And, would you think it? (yes, I believe you would), *My* odd creature was once or twice put upon endeavouring to recollect two or three dreams of his own, of the week paſt; and would have gone on, if I had not ſilenced him by a frown, as he looked upon me for his cue, as a tender huſband ought.

Beauchamp came in, and I thought would have relieved us: But he put my aunt in mind of an almoſt forgotten part of her dream; for *juſt* ſuch a joyful meeting, *juſt* ſuch expreſſions of gladneſs, did ſhe dream of, as ſhe now beheld, and heard, between my brother and him felicitating each other. Duce take theſe dreaming ſouls, to remember their reveries, when realities infinitely more affecting are

before them! But reflection and prognoſtic are ever inſpiriting parts of the pretenſion of people who have lived long; dead to the preſent; the paſt and the future filling their minds: And why ſhould not they be indulged in the thought that they know ſomething more than than thoſe who are leſs abſtracted; and who are contented with looking no further than the preſent?

Sir Charles inquired after Sir Harry's health. Mr Beauchamp, with a concern that did him credit, lamented his declining way; and he ſpoke ſo reſpectfully of Lady Beauchamp, and of her tenderneſs to his father, as made my brother's eyes gliſten with pleaſure.

Lord and Lady L. Dr Bartlett, and Emily, were at Colnebrook: But as they had left orders to be ſent for the moment my brother arrived (for you need not doubt but this laſt letter prepared us to expect him ſoon), they came time enough to dine with us. There was a renewal of joy among us.

Emily, the dear Emily, fainted away, embracing the knees of her guardian, as ſhe, unawares to him, threw herſelf at his feet, with joy that laboured for expreſſion, but could not obtain it. He was affected. So was Beauchamp. So were we all. She was carried out, juſt as ſhe was recovering to a ſhame and confuſion of face, for which only her modeſty could reproach her.

There are ſuſceptibilities which will ſhew themſelves in outward acts; and there are others which cannot burſt out into ſpeech. Lady L.'s joy was of the former, mine of the latter ſort. But ſhe is uſed to tenderneſs of heart. My emotions are ready to burſt my heart, but never hardly can riſe to my lips—My eyes, however, are great talkers.

The pleaſure that Sir Charles, Lord L. and Dr Bartlett, mutually expreſſed to ſee each other, was great, tender, and manly. My buſtling nimble lord enjoyed over again his joy, at that of every other

ther perſon; and he was ready, good naturedly, to ſing and dance—That's *his* way, poor man, to ſhew his joy; but he is honeſt, for all that. Don't deſpiſe him, Harriet! He was brought up as an only ſon, and to know that he was a lord, or elſe he would have made a better figure in *your eyes*. The man wants not ſenſe, I aſſure you. You may think me partial; but I believe the moſt fooliſh thing he ever did in his life was at church, and that at St George's, Hanover-ſquare. Poor ſoul! He *might* have had a wife better ſuited to his taſte, and then his very foibles would have made him ſhine. But, Harriet, it is not always given to us to know what is beſt for ourſelves. Black women, I have heard remarked, like fair men; fair men, black women; and tempers ſuit beſt with contraries. Were we all to like the ſame perſon or thing equally, we ſhould be for ever engaged in broils: As it *is*, human nature (*vile rogue!* as I have heard it called) is quarrelſome enough: So, my lord, being a ſoft man, *fell in love*, if it pleaſe you, with a ſaucy woman. He *ought* to be meek and humble, you know. He would not let me be quiet till I was his. We are often to be puniſhed by our own choice. But I am very good to him *now*. I don't know, Harriet, whether it is beſt for me to break him of his trifling, or not: Unleſs one were ſure, that he could creditably ſupport the alteration. Now can I laugh at him; and if the baby is froppiſh, can coax him into good-humour. A ſugar plumb, and courteſy, will do at any time; and by ſetting him into a broad grin, I can laugh away his anger. But ſhould I endeavour to make him wiſe, as the man has not been uſed to it, and as his education has not given him a turn to ſignificance, don't you think he would be aukward; and, what is worſe, aſſuming? Well, I'll conſider of this, before I attempt to new-caſt him. Mean time, I repeat—Don't you, my dear, for *my* ſake, think meanly of Lord G.—Ha, ha, ha,

hah!—What do I laugh at, do you aſk me, Harriet?——Something ſo highly ridiculous—I have—I have—ſent him away from me, *ſo* much aſhamed of himſelf——He bears any-thing from me *now*, that he knows I am only in play with him, and have ſo *very* right a heart—I muſt lay down my pen—Poor ſoul! Hah, hah, hah, hah! I do love him for his ſimplicity!

WELL, I won't tell you what I laughed at juſt now, for fear you ſhould laugh at us both. My brother's arrival has tuned every ſtring of my heart to joy. The holding up of a ſtraw will throw me into a *titteration*—I can hardly forbear laughing again, to think of the ſhame the poor ſoul ſhewed, when he ſlunk away from me. After all, he ill brooks to be laughed at. Does not that look as if he were conſcious?—But what, Harriet (will you aſk), mean I, by thus trifling with you, and at *this* time particularly?—Why, I would be glad to make you ſmile, either *with* me, or *at* me: I am indifferent which, ſo that you do but ſmile—You do!—I proteſt you do!—Well! now that I have obtained my wiſhes, I will be ſerious.

We congratulated my brother on the happy turn in the healths of his Italian friends, without naming names, or ſaying a word of the ſiſter we had like to have had. He looked earneſtly at each of us; bowed to our congratulations; but was ſilent. Dr Bartlett had told us, that he never, in his letters to my brother, mentioned your being not well; becauſe he knew it would diſturb him. He had many things to order and do; ſo that, except at breakfaſt, when Aunt Nell invaded us with her dreams, and at dinner, when the ſervants attendance made our diſcourſe general, we had hardly any opportunity of talking to him. But in the ſpace between tea-time and ſupper, he came and told us, that he was devoted to us for the remainder

der of the day. Perſons preſent were, Lord and Lady L. myſelf, and my good man, Dr Bartlett, Mr Beauchamp, and Emily, good girl, quite recovered, and blyth as a bird, attentive to every word that paſſed the lips of her guardian——O, but aunt Nell was alſo preſent!——Poor ſoul! I had like to have forgot her!

In the firſt place, you muſt take it for granted, that we all owned we had ſeen moſt of what he had written to Dr Bartlett.

What troubles, what anguiſh of mind, what a ſtrange variety of conflicts, has your heart had to contend with, my dear Sir Charles, began Mr Beauchamp; and, at laſt, What a ſtrange diſappointment from one of the nobleſt of women!

Very true, my Beauchamp. He then ſaid great and glorious things of Lady Clementina. We all joined in admiring her. He ſeemed to have great pleaſure in hearing us praiſe her—Very *true*, Harriet!—But you have generoſity enough to be pleaſed with him for that.

Aunt Eleanor (I won't call her aunt Nell any more if I can help it) aſked him, if he thought it were poſſible for the lady to hold her reſolution! Now you have actually left Italy, nephew, and are at ſuch a diſtance, don't you think her love will return?

Good ſoul! She has *ſubſtantial* notions ſtill left, I find, of *ideal* love! Thoſe notions, I fancy, laſt a long time, with thoſe who have not had the opportunity of gratifying the *ſilly* paſſion!—Be angry, if you will, Harriet, I don't care.

Well, but, thus gravely, as became the queſtion, anſwered my brother——The favour which this incomparable lady honoured me with, was never diſowned: On the contrary, it was always avowed, and to the very laſt. She had therefore no uncertainty to contend with: She had no balancings in her mind. Her contention, as ſhe ſuppoſed, was

altogether in favour of her duty to heaven. She is exemplarily pious. While ſhe remains a zealous Roman Catholic, ſhe muſt perſevere; and I dare ſay ſhe will.

I don't know what to make of theſe *Papiſts*, ſaid our old Proteſtant Aunt Nell——(Aunt Nell, did I ſay? Cry mercy!)—Thank God you are come home ſafe and ſound, and without a *papiſtical* wife! —It is very hard, if England cannot find a wife for you, nephew.

We all ſmiled at aunt Nell—The duce is in me, I believe!—Aunt Nell again!—But let it go.

When, Lady G. (aſked Lady L.) ſaw you or heard you from the Dowager Counteſs of D.?

Is there any other Counteſs of D. Lady L.? ſaid Sir Charles: A fine glow taking poſſeſſion of his cheeks.

Your ſervant, brother, thought I; I am not ſorry for your charming apprehenſiveneſs.

No, Sir, replied Lady L.

Would you, brother, ſaid *Boldface* (you know who that is, Harriet), that there ſhould be another Counteſs of D.?

I wiſh my Lord D. happy, Charlotte. I hear him as well ſpoken of as any of our young nobility.

You don't know what I mean, I warrant, Sir Charles! reſumed, with an intentional archneſs, your ſaucy friend.

I believe I do, Lady G. I wiſh Miſs Byron to be one of the happieſt women in the world, becauſe ſhe is one of the beſt—My dear, to Emily, I hope you have had nothing to diſturb or vex you, from your mother's huſband—

Nor from my mother, Sir—All is good, and as it ſhould be. You have overcome—

That's well, my dear—Would not the Bath waters be good for Sir Harry? my dear Beauchamp.

A ſecond remove, thought I! But I'll catch you, brother,

brother, I'll warrant (as ruſtics ſometimes, in their play, do a ball) on the rebound.

Now, Harriet, you will be piqued, I ſuppoſe. Your delicacy will be offended, becauſe I urged the queſtion. I ſee the bluſh of diſdain ariſing in your lovely cheek, and conſcious eye, reſtoring the roſes to the one, and its natural brilliancy to the other. Indeed we all began to be afraid of a little affectation in my brother. But we needed not. He would not ſuffer us to put him into the ſubject again. After a few other general queſtions and anſwers, of *who* and *who*; and *how* and *how*; and *what*, and *when*, and ſo forth; he turned to Dr Bartlett.

My dear friend, ſaid he, you gave me pain a little while ago, when I aſked you after the health of Miſs Byron, and her friends: You evaded my queſtion, I thought, and your looks alarmed me. I am afraid poor Mrs Shirley—Miſs Byron ſpoke of her always as in an infirm ſtate: How, Charlotte, would our dear Miſs Byron grieve, were ſhe to loſe ſo good a relation!

I intended not, anſwered the Doctor, that you ſhould *ſee* I was concerned: But I think it impoſſible that a father can love a daughter better than I love Miſs Byron.

You would alarm me indeed, my dear friend, if Lady G. had not, by her uſual *livelineſs* juſt now, put me out of all apprehenſions for the health of Miſs Byron. I hope Miſs Byron is well.

Indeed ſhe is not, ſaid I, with a gravity becoming the occaſion.

God forbid! ſaid he; with an emotion that pleaſed every body—

Not for *your* ſake, Harriet—Be not affectedly nice now; but for your own—

His face was in a glow—What, Lady L. what, Charlotte, ſaid he, ails Miſs Byron?

She is not well, brother, replied I; but the moſt charming

charming ſick woman that ever lived. She is chearful, that ſhe may give no uneaſineſs to her friends. She joins in all their converſations, diverſions, amuſements. She would fain be well; and likes not to be thought ill. Were it not for her faded cheeks, her pale lips, and her changed complexion, we ſhould not know from herſelf that ſhe ailed any-thing. Some people reach perfection ſooner than others; and are as ſwift in their decay —Poor Miſs Byron ſeems not to be built for duration.

But ſhould I write theſe things to you my dear? Yet I know that Lady Clementina and you are ſiſters in magnanimity.

My brother was quite angry with me—Dear Dr Bartlett, ſaid he, explain this ſpeech of Charlotte. She loves to amuſe—Miſs Byron is bleſſed with a good conſtitution: She is hardly yet in the perfection of her bloom. Set my heart at reſt. I love not either of my ſiſters more than I do Miſs Byron. Dear Charlotte, I am really angry with you.

My good-natured lord reddened up to his naked ears, at hearing my brother ſay he was angry with me. Sir Charles, ſaid he, I am ſorry you are ſo ſoon angry with your ſiſter. It is *too* true, Miſs Byron is ill: She is, I fear, in a declining way—

Pardon me, my dear Lord G.—Yet I am ready to be angry with any-body that ſhall tell me, Miſs Byron is in a declining way—Dr Bartlett—Pray—

Indeed, Sir, Miſs Byron is not well—Lady G. has mingled her fears with her love, in the deſcription. Miſs Byron cannot but be lovely: Her complexion is ſtill fine. She is chearful, ſerene, reſigned—

Reſigned, Dr Bartlett!——Miſs Byron is a ſaint. She cannot but be reſigned, in the ſolemn ſenſe of the word—Reſignation implies hopeleſsneſs. If ſhe is ſo ill, would not you, my dear Dr Bartlett, have informed

informed me of it—Or was it from tenderneſs—*You* muſt be kind in all you do.

I did not apprehend, ſaid Lady L. that Miſs Byron was ſo very much indiſpoſed. Did you, my lord? (to Lord L.) Upon my word, doctor, ſiſter, it was unkind, if ſo, that you made me not acquainted—

And then her good-natured eye dropt a tear for her Harriet.

I was ſorry this went ſo far. My brother was very uneaſy. So was Mr Beauchamp for him, and for you, my dear.

That ſhe is, and endeavours to be, ſo chearful, ſaid Beauchamp, ſhews, that nothing lies upon her mind—My father's illneſs can only more affect me, than Miſs Byron's.

Emily wept for her Miſs Byron. She has always been afraid that her illneſs would be attended with ill conſequences.

My dear love, my Harriet, you muſt be well. See how *every-body* loves you. I told my brother, that I expected a letter from Northamptonſhire, by the next poſt; and I would inform him truly of the ſtate of your health, from the contents of it.

I would not for the world have you think, my Harriet, that I meant to excite my brother's attention to you, by what I ſaid. Your honour is the honour of the ſex. For are you not one of the moſt delicate-minded, as well as frankeſt, of it? It is no news to ſay, that my brother dearly loves you. I did not want to know his ſolicitude for your health. Where he *once* loves, he *always* loves. Did you not obſerve, that I ſuppoſed it a *natural* decline? God grant that it may *not* be ſo. And thus am I imprudently diſcouraging you, in mentioning my apprehenſions of your ill health, in order to ſhew my regard for your punctilio: But you *ſhall*, you *will*, be well; and the wife of—the beſt of men—God grant it may be ſo!—But, however

that

that is to be, we have all laid our heads together, and are determined, for your delicacy ſake, to let this matter take its courſe, ſince, after an opening ſo undeſignedly warm, you might otherwiſe imagine our ſolicitude in the affair capable of being thought too urgent. I tell you, my dear, that worthy as Sir Charles Grandiſon is of a princeſs, he ſhall not call you by his name, but with all his ſoul.

As my brother laid it out to us this evening, I find we ſhall loſe him for ſome days. The gameſters whom Mr Grandiſon permitted to ruin him, are at Wincheſter; dividing, I ſuppoſe, and rejoicing over, their ſpoils of the laſt ſeaſon. Whether my brother intends to ſee them or not, I cannot tell. He expects not to do any thing with them. They, no doubt, will ſhew the fooliſh fellow, that *they* can keep what *he* could not: And Sir Charles aims only at practicable and legal, not at romantic redreſſes.

Sir Charles intends to pay his reſpects to Lord and Lady W. at Windſor; and to the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, who are at their Berkſhire ſeat. My honeſt lord has obtained my leave, at the firſt aſking, to attend him thither.—My brother will wait on Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp, in his way to Lady Mansfield's.—Beauchamp will accompany him thither. Poor Grandiſon, as humble as a mouſe, though my brother does all he can to raiſe him, deſires to be in his *train*, as he calls it, all the way; and never to be from under his wing. My brother intends to make a ſhort viſit to Grandiſon-hall, when he is ſo near as at Lady Mansfield's: Dr Bartlett will accompany him thither, as all the way; and hopes he will approve of every thing he has done there, and in that neighbourhood, in his abſence. The good man has promiſed to write to me. Emily is ſometimes to be with me, ſometimes with aunt Eleanor, at the antient's requeſt; though Lord and Lady L. mutter

L. mutter at it. My brother's truſty Saunders is to be left behind, in order to diſpatch to his maſter, by man and horſe, any letters that may come from abroad; and I have promiſed to ſend him an account of the healths, and ſo forth, of our Northamptonſhire friends. I think it would be a right thing in him to take a turn to Selby-houſe. I hope you think ſo too. Don't fib, Harriet.

Adieu, my dear. For God's ſake be well, prays your ſiſter, your friend, and the friend of all your friends, ever affectionate and obliged,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday, Sept. 7.

I WILL write to your letter as it lies before me.

I *do* moſt heartily congratulate you, my dear Lady G. on the arrival of your brother. I do not wonder that his fatigues, and his diſappointment, have made an alteration in his perſon and countenance. Sir Charles Grandiſon would not be the man he is, if he had not ſenſibility.

You could not know your brother, my dear, if you expected from him recriminations on your paſt odd behaviour to Lord G. I hope he does not yet know a tenth part of it: But if he did, as he hoped you ſaw your error, and would be good for the future, he was right ſurely to forget what you ought not, but with contrition, to remember. You are very naughty in the letter before me; and I love you too well to ſpare you.

What

What can you mean, my dear, by exulting ſo much over your aunt, for living to an advanced age a ſingle woman? However ineffectual, let me add to my former expoſtulatory chidings on this ſubject: Would you have one think you are overjoyed, that you have ſo ſoon put it out of any one's power to reproach you on the like account? If ſo, you ought to be more thankful than you ſeem to be to Lord G. who has extended his generoſity to you, and kept you from the odium. Upon my word, my dear Lady G. I think it looks like a want of decency in women, to caſt reflections on others of their ſex, poſſibly for their prudence and virtue. Do you conſider, how you exalt, by your ludicrous freedoms, the men whom ſometimes you affect to deſpiſe. No wonder if *they* ridicule old maids. It is their intereſt to do ſo. *Lords of the creation*, ſometimes you deridingly call the inſu', ters; lords of the creation indeed you make them! —And pray, do you think, that the ſame weakneſs which made your aunt Grandiſon tell her dreams, in the joy of her heart, as an old maid, might not have made her guilty of the ſame foible, had ſhe been an old wife? Joy is the parent of many a ſilly thing. Don't you own, that the arrival of your brother, which made your aunt break out into dream-telling, made you break into laughter (even in a letter), of which you were aſhamed to tell the cauſe?—*Wives*, my dear, ſhould not fall into the miſtakes, for which they would make *maids* the ſubject of their ridicule. You *know* better; and therefore ſhould be above joining the fooliſh multitude, in a general cry to hunt down an *unfortunate* claſs of people (as you reckon them) of your own ſex. Your aunt Grandiſon's dreams, let me add, were more innocent, than your waking mirth—You *muſt* excuſe me—I could ſay a great deal more upon the ſubject; but if I have not ſaid enough to make you ſorry for your fault, a great deal

deal more would be ineffectual—So much therefore for this ſubject.

Poor dear Emily!—I wonder not at the effect the arrival, and firſt ſight of her guardian, had upon her tender heart.

But how wickedly do you treat your lord!—Fie upon you, Charlotte!—And fie upon you again, for writing what I cannot, for your credit-ſake, read out to my friends. I wiſh, my dear, I could bring you to think, that there cannot be wit without juſtice, nor humour without decorum: My lord has ſome few foibles: But ſhall a wife be the firſt to diſcover them, and expoſe him for them? Cannot you cure him of them, without treating him with a ridicule which borders upon contempt?——O my dear, you ſhew us much greater foibles in yourſelf than my lord ever yet had, when you make ſo bad an uſe of talents that were given you for better purpoſes. One word only more on this ſubject—You cannot make me ſmile, my dear, when you are thus unſeaſonable in your mirth. Henceforth, then, remember, that your *excurſiveneſs* (allow me the word, I had a rather in my head) upon old maids, and your lord, can only pleaſe *yourſelf*; and *I* will not accept of your compliment. Why? Becauſe I will not be a partaker in your fault; as I ſhould be, if I could countenance your levity.

Levity, Harriet!

Yes, *levity*, Charlotte—I will not ſpare you. Whom do *you* ſpare?

But do you really think me ſo ill as you repreſented me to be to your brother? I do not think I am. If I did, I am ſure I ſhould endeavour to put my thoughts into an abſolutely new train: Nor would I quit the hold which at proper times I do let go, to re-enter the world, as an individual who imagines herſelf of ſome little uſe in it; and who is therefore obliged to perform, with chear-

fulneſs, her allotted offices, however *generally* inſignificant I may comparatively be.

You ſay you had no thoughts of exciting your brother's *attention*, by your ſtrong colouring, when you deſcribed the effects of my indiſpoſition to him. *Attention!—Compaſſion* you might as well have ſaid—I hope *not*. And I am obliged to Mr Beauchamp for his inference, from my chearfulneſs, that nothing lay upon my mind. Now, though that inference ſeemed to imply, that he thought, if he had not made the obſervation, ſomething *might* have been ſuppoſed to lie upon my mind, I am much better ſatisfied that *he* made it than if Sir Charles had.

Upon the whole, I cannot but be pleaſed at two things in your letter: The one, that Sir Charles expreſſed ſo great a concern for my health: The other, that you have all promiſed, and that voluntarily, and from a ſenſe of the fitneſs of the meaſure, that every thing ſhall be left to its natural courſe—For my ſake, and for goodneſs-ſake, pray let it be ſo. I think the opening, as you call it, was much, *very* much, too *warm*. Bleſs me, my dear, how I trembled as I read that part!—I am not, methinks, quite ſatisfied with it, though I am with your intention.

Conſider, my dear, half a heart—A preferred lady!—For quality, fortune, and every merit, ſo greatly preferable—O my Charlotte! I cannot, were the *beſt* to happen than *can*, take ſuch *exceeding* great joy, as I once could have done, in the proſpect of that *beſt*—I have pride—But let us hear what the next letters from Italy ſay; and it will be then time enough (if the truly admirable lady ſhall adhere to her reſolution) to come with my ſcruples and drawbacks. Your aunt Grandiſon is of opinion that ſhe will *not* adhere. Who can tell what to ſay? Imagination, unnaturally heightened, may change into one altitude from another.

I myſelf

I myſelf ſincerely think (and have ſo often ſaid it, that an uncharitable mind would perhaps charge me with affectation), that Lady Clementina, and no other woman, can deſerve Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Adieu, my dear. Pray tell your brother that I never thought myſelf ſo ill as your friendly love made you apprehend me to be: And that I congratulate you with all my heart, and him alſo (it would be an affectation to forbear it, which would imply too much) on his ſafe arrival in England. But be ſure, remember, that I look upon you and your lord, upon my Lord and Lady L. and upon my ſweet Emily, if ſhe ſees what I write, as guardians of the honour (of the *punctilio*, if you pleaſe, ſince no *diſ*-honour can be apprehended from Sir Charles Grandiſon) of

Your and Their

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr BARTLETT, *To Lady* G.

Monday, Sept. 11.

IN obedience to your ladyſhip's commands, I write, but it muſt be briefly, an account of our motions.

Sir Charles would not go out of town till he had made a viſit to Mr and Mrs Reeves, and enquired after Miſs Byron's health, of which he received an account leſs alarming, than we, from our love and our fears, had given him.

We arrived at Windſor on Wedneſday evening.

My Lord and Lady W. expected him not till the next day.

I cannot find words to expreſs the joy with which they received him. My lord acknowledged before us all, that he owed it to God, and to him, that he was the happieſt man in the world. My lady called herſelf, with tears of joy, a happy woman: And Sir Charles told me, that when he was led by her to her cloſet, to talk about the affairs of her family, ſhe exceedingly abaſhed him, by expreſſing her gratitude to him for his goodneſs to them all, on her knees; while he was almoſt ready, on *his*, he ſaid, to acknowledge the aunt, that had done ſo much honour to his recommendation, and made his uncle ſo happy.

Sir Charles, in order to have leave to depart next morning, as ſoon as he had breakfaſted, promiſed to paſs ſeveral days with them, when he could think himſelf a *ſettled Engliſhman*.

You, madam, and Lady L. equally love and admire Lady W.: I will not therefore enlarge to you on her excellencies. Every body loves her. Her ſervants, as they attend, look at their lady with the ſame delight, mingled with reverence, as thoſe of my patron look upon him.

Poor Mr Grandiſon could not help taking notice to me, with tears, on the joint acknowledgments of my lord and lady made to my patron, that goodneſs and beneficence brought with them their own rewards. Saw you not, my good Dr Bartlett, ſaid he, how my couſin's eyes ſhone with modeſt joy, as my lord and lady ran over with their gratitude? I thought of him, as an angel among men—What a wretch have I been! How can I ſit at table with him! Yet how he overwhelms me with his goodneſs!

Sir Charles having heard that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen was at his houſe on the foreſt, he rode to make him a viſit, though ſome few miles out of his way. I attended him.

Sir

Sir Hargrave is one of the moſt miſerable of men. He is not yet fully recovered of the bruiſes and rough treatment he met with near Paris: And he is ſo extremely ſunk in his ſpirits, that my patron could not but be concerned for him. He received him with grateful acknowledgments, and was thankful for his viſit: But he told him, that he was ſo miſerable in himſelf, that he could hardly thank him for ſaving a life ſo wretched.

Mr Merceda, it ſeems, died about a fortnight ago.

The poor man was thought to be pretty well recovered, and rode out ſeveral times: But was taken, on his return from one of his rides, with a vomiting of blood, (the conſequence, as imagined, of ſome inward bruiſes,) and died miſerably. His death, and the manner of it, have greatly affected Sir Hargrave.——And poor Bagenhall, Sir Charles, ſaid he, is as miſerable a dog as I am!

Sir Hargrave underſtanding, as he ſaid, that I was a *parſon*, begged me to give him *one prayer*—

He was ſo importunate, and for Sir Charles to join in it, that we both kneeled with him.

Sir Hargrave wept. He called himſelf a hardened dog.

Strange man!—But I think I was ſtill *more* affected (Sir Hargrave *ſhocked* me!) by your noble brother's humanity, than by Sir Hargrave's wretchedneſs; tears of compaſſion for the poor man ſtealing down his manly cheek—God comfort you, Sir Hargrave, ſaid he, wringing his hands—Dr Bartlett is a good man. You ſhall have the prayers of us both.

He left him. He *could* ſtay no longer; followed by the unhappy man's bleſſings, interrupted by violent ſobbings.

We were both ſo affected, that we broke not ſilence, as we rode, till we joined our company at my lord's.

I recounted what paſſed at this interview to Mr Grandiſon. Your ladyſhip will not want me to be very particular in relating what were his applications to, and reflections on himſelf, when I tell you, that he could not have been more concerned had he been preſent on the occaſion.

Mr Beauchamp was with us when I gave this relation to Mr Grandiſon. He was affected at it, and with Mr Grandiſon's ſenſibility: But how happy for himſelf was it that his concern had in it no mixture of ſelf-reproach! It was a generous and humane concern, like that of his dear friend.

Sir Charles's next viſit was to the good Earl of G. And here we left my Lord G.; the beſt-natured, and one of the moſt virtuous and prudent young noblemen in the kingdom. Your ladyſhip will not accuſe me of flattery when you read this; but you will, perhaps, of another view—Yet, as long as I know that you love to have juſtice done to my lord, and in your heart are ſenſible of the truth of what I ſay, and I am ſure rejoice in it, I give chearful way to the juſtice; and the rather, as you look upon my lord as ſo much *yourſelf*, that if you receive his praiſes with ſome little reluctance, it is with ſuch a modeſt reluctance as you would receive your own, glad, at the ſame time, that you were ſo juſtly complimented.

My lord will acquaint your ladyſhip with all that paſſed at the good Earl's; and how much overjoyed he and Lady Gertrude were at the favour they thought your brother did them in dining with them. His lordſhip will tell you alſo how much they wiſh for you; for they propoſe to winter there, and not in Hertfordſhire, as once they thought to do.

Here Sir Charles enquired after their neighbour Mr Bagenhall.

He

He is become a very melancholy man. His wife is as obliging as he will let her be; but he hates her; and the leſs wonder, for he hates himſelf.

Poor woman! ſhe could not expect a better fate. To yield up her chaſtity; to be forced upon him afterwards, by way of doing her poor juſtice; what affiance can he have in her virtue were ſhe to meet with a trial?

But that is not all; for though nobody queſtions her fidelity, yet what weight with him can her arguments have, were ſhe to endeavour to enforce upon his mind thoſe doctrines which, were they to have proceeded from a pure heart, might now and then have let in a ray of light on his benighted ſoul: A gloomy mind muſt occaſionally receive great conſolation from the interpoſal and ſoothing of a companionable love, when we know it comes from an untainted heart!

Poor Mr Grandiſon found in *this* caſe alſo great room for ſelf-application and regret, without my being ſo officious as to remind him of the ſimilitude, though the woman who is endeavoured to be impoſed on him for a wife, is a more guilty creature than ever Mrs Bagenhall was.

And here, madam, allow me to obſerve, that there is ſuch a ſameneſs in the lives, the actions, the purſuits of libertines, and ſuch a likeneſs in the accidents, puniſhment, and occaſions for remorſe which attend them, that I wonder they will not be warned by the beacons that are lighted up by every brother libertine whom they know; and that they will ſo generally be driven on the ſame rock, overſpread and ſurrounded as it is in their very ſight, by a thouſand wrecks!—Did ſuch know your brother, and learn from his example and hiſtory what a *variety* there is in goodneſs, as he paſſes on from object to object, exerciſing, not officiouſly,

ficiouſly, but as opportunity offers, his noble talents to the benefit of his fellow creatures, ſurely they would, like honeſt Mr Sylveſter the attorney, endeavour to give themſelves ſolid joy, by following what that gentleman juſtly called ſo *ſelf-rewarding* an example.

Forgive me, madam, if ſometimes I am ready to preach: It is my province. Who but your brother can make every province his, and accomodate himſelf to every ſubject?

We reached Sir Harry Beauchamp's that night, and there took up our lodgings.

Sir Harry ſeems to be in a ſwift decay; and he is very ſenſible of it. He rejoiced to ſee your brother. I was afraid, Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid he, that our next meeting would have been in another world. May it be in the *ſame* world, and I ſhall be happy!

This was a wiſh, a thought, not to be diſcouraged in a dying man. Sir Charles was affected with it. You know, madam, that your brother has a heart the moſt tender, and at the ſame time the moſt intrepid of human hearts. I have learned much from him. He preaches by *action*. Till I knew him, young man as he then was, and ſtill is, my preaching was by *words*: I was contented that my actions diſgraced not my words.

Lady Beauchamp, as my patron afterwards told me, confeſſed in tears, that ſhe ſhould owe to him all the tranquillity of mind which ſhe can hope for if ſhe ſurvive Sir Harry. O Sir, ſaid ſhe, till I knew you I was a narrow ſelfiſh creature. I was jealous of a father's love to a worthy ſon, whoſe worthineſs I knew not as a ſon and as a friend: That was the happieſt day of our Beauchamp's life which introduced him to an intimacy with you.

Here,

Here, on Friday morning, we left Mr Beauchamp, ſorrowing for his father's illneſs, and endeavouring by every tender act of duty, to comfort his mother-in-law on a deprivation, with which, I am afraid, ſhe will ſoon be tried.

Mr Beauchamp loves you, Sir Charles, ſaid Sir Harry, at parting in the morning after breakfaſt, and ſo he *ought*. Where-ever you are, he wants to be, but ſpare him to his mother and me for a few days: He is her comforter and mine. Fain, very fain would I have longer rejoiced, if God had ſeen fit, in the love of both. But I reſign to the divine will. Pray for me: You alſo, Dr Bartlett, pray for me. My ſon tells me what a good man you are—And may we meet in Heaven! I am afraid, Sir Charles, that I never ſhall ſee you again in this world—But why ſhould I oppreſs your noble heart? God be your guide and protector! Take care of your precious health. You have a great deal to do before you finiſh your glorious courſe, and come to this laſt period of human vanity.

My patron was both grieved and rejoiced—Rejoiced to ſee Sir Harry in a frame of mind ſo different from that to which he had been a witneſs in Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and grieved to find him paſt all hopes of recovery.

Sir Charles purſued his journey croſs the country to Lady Mansfield's. We found no convenient place for dining, and arrived at Mansfield-houſe about five on Friday afternoon.

My Lady Mansfield, her daughter and ſons, were overjoyed to ſee my patron. Mr Grandiſon told me, that he never, from infancy till this time, ſhed ſo many tears as he has ſhed on this ſhort tour, ſometimes from joy, ſometimes from grief. I don't know, madam, whether one ſhould wiſh him re-eſtabliſhed in his fortune, if it could be done,

done, ſince calamity, rightly ſupported, is a bleſſing.

Here I left my patron, and proceeded on Saturday morning with Mr Grandiſon to the hall. If Sir Charles finds matters ripened for a treaty between the Mansfields and their adverſaries, as he has been put in hopes, he will go near to ſtay at Mansfield-houſe, and only viſit us at the hall incognito, to avoid neighbourly congratulations, till he can bring things to bear.

Mr Grandiſon juſt now told me, that Sir Charles, before he left town, gave him a 400 *l.* bank note, to enable him to pay off his debts to tradeſmen; of which, at his deſire, he had given him in a liſt; amounting to 360 *l.*

He owes, he ſays, 100 *l.* more to the widow of a wine-merchant; but being reſolved to pay it the moment money comes into his hands, he would not acquaint Sir Charles with it.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt faithful and obedient Servant,
AMBROSE BARTLETT.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Mansfield-houſe, Thurſday, Sept. 14.

YOU will be ſo good, my dear friend, as to let my neighbours, particularly the gentlemen you mention, know, that the only reaſon I forbear paying my compliments to them, now I am ſo near, is, becauſe I cannot as yet enjoy their company with that freedom and eaſe which I hope in a little while to do. Tell them, that I purpoſe after ſome particular affairs are determined (which will

will for a little while longer engroſs me), to devote the greateſt part of my time to my native place; and that then I will endeavour to make myſelf as good a neighbour, and as ſocial a friend as they can wiſh me to be.

On Sunday I had a viſit from the two Hartleys. They gave me very ſatisfactory proofs of what they were able, as well as willing to do, in ſupport of the right of the Mansfields to the eſtate of which they have been deſpoiled; and ſhewed me a paper which nobody thought was in being, of the utmoſt conſequence in the cauſe.

On Monday, by appointment, I attended Sir John Lambton. Two lawyers of the Keelings were with him. They gave in their demands. I had mine ready, but theirs were ſo extravagant, that I would not produce them: But, taking Sir John aſide, I love not, ſaid I, to affront men of a profeſſion; but I am convinced that we never ſhall come to an underſtanding, if we conſider ourſelves as lawyers and clients. I am no lawyer; but I know the ſtrength of my friend's cauſe, and will riſk half my eſtate upon the juſtice of it. The Mansfields will commiſſion *me*, if the Keelings will *you*, and we perhaps may do ſomething. If not, let the law take its courſe. I am now come to reſide in England. I will do nothing for myſelf, till I have done what *can* be done to make all my friends eaſy.

Sir John owned, that he thought the Mansfields had hardſhips done them. Mr Keeling ſenior, he ſaid, had heard of the paper in the Hartleys' hands; and, praiſing his honeſty, told me in confidence, that he had declared, that if ſuch a paper could have been produced in time, he would not have proſecuted the ſuit which he had carried. But Sir John ſaid, that the younger Keeling was a furious young man, and would oppoſe a compromiſe on the terms he ſuppoſed the Mansfields would expect

to

to be complied with. But what are your propoſals, Sir?

Theſe, Sir John: The law is expenſive; delays may be meditated; appeals may be brought if we gain our point.—What I think it may coſt us to eſtabliſh the right of the injured, which cannot be a ſmall ſum, that will I prevail upon the Mansfields to give up to the Keelings. I will truſt you if you give me your honour with our proofs; and if you and your friends are ſatisfied with them, and will conſent to eſtabliſh our right by the form only of a new trial, then may we be agreed; otherwiſe not. And I leave you and them to conſider of it. I ſhall hear from you within two or three days. Sir John promiſed I ſhould; but hoped to have ſome talk firſt with the Hartleys, with whom, as well as with me, he declared he would be upon honour.

Wedneſday Evening.

I HAD a meſſage from Sir John laſt night, requeſting me to dine with him and the elder Mr Keeling this day, and to bring with me the two Hartleys, and the proofs I had hinted at.

Thoſe gentlemen were ſo obliging as to go with me, and took the important paper with them which had been depoſited with their grandfather as a common friend, and contained a recognition of the Mansfields' right to the eſtates in queſtion, upon an amicable reference to perſons long ſince departed: An atteſted copy of which was once in the Mansfields' poſſeſſion, as by a memorandum that came to hand, but which never could be found. The younger Keeling was not intended to be there; but he forced himſelf upon us. He behaved very rudely. I had once like to have forgotten myſelf. This meeting produced nothing; but as the father is a reaſonable man, as we have obtained a rehearing of the cauſe, as he is much influenced by Sir John Lambton, who ſeems convinced, and to whoſe

whoſe honour I have ſubmitted an abſtract of our proofs, I am in hopes that we ſhall be able to accommodate.

I have Bolton's propoſals before me. The firſt child is dead, the ſecond cannot live many months. He trembles at the proofs he knows we have of his villainy. He offers, on the death of this ſecond child, to give us poſſeſſion of the eſtate, and a large ſum of money (but thought not to be half of what the ſuperannuated Calvert left), if we will give him general releaſes. The wretch is not, we believe, married to the relict of Calvert.

I am loth, methinks, to let him eſcape the juſtice which his crimes call for: But ſuch are the delays and chicaneries of the law, when practiſers are found who know how to perplex an honeſt purſuer; and as we muſt have recourſe to low and dirty people to eſtabliſh our proofs, the vile fellow ſhall take with him the propoſed ſpoils: They may not be much more than would be the lawyers' part of the eſtate, were we to puſh the litigation.

As to our poor Everard, nothing, I fear, can be done for him with the men who are revelling on *his* ſpoils. I have ſeen one of them. The unhappy man has ſigned and ſealed to his own ruin. He regretes, that a part of the eſtate which has been ſo long in the family and name ſhould go out of it. What an empty pride is that of name! The general tenor of his life was not a credit to it, though he felt not that till he felt diſtreſs. The diſgrace is actually incurred. Does not all the world know his loſs, and the winners triumph? And if the world did *not*, can he conceal from himſelf thoſe vices, the conſequences of which have reduced him to what he is? But perhaps the unhappy man puts a value upon the name, in compliment to me.

Mention not to him what I write. The poor man is ſenſible enough of his folly to engage pity: Whether from a right ſenſe or not, muſt be left to his own heart.

As to the woman's claim: What in honour can I do againſt a promiſe that he owns may be proved upon him? He did not condition with her, that ſhe was to be a ſpotleſs woman. If he thought ſhe was ſo when he ſolicited her to yield to his deſires, he is the *leſs* to be excuſed: Vile as ſhe comes out to be, he had propoſed to make her as vile, if he had found her not ſo. He promiſed her marriage: Meant he only a promiſe? *She* is puniſhed in being what ſhe *is*: *His* puniſhment cannot be condign but by his being obliged to perform his promiſe. Yet I cannot bear to think that my couſin Grandiſon ſhould be made for life the dupe of a ſucceſsful and premeditated villainy; and the leſs, as in all likelihood the profligate Lord B. would continue to himſelf, from the merit with her of having vindicated her claim, an intereſt in the bad woman's favour, were ſhe to be the wife of our poor Everard.

But certainly this claim muſt be proſecuted with a view only to extort money from my couſin; and they know him to be of a family jealous of its honour. I think ſhe muſt be treated with for releaſes. I could not bear to appear in ſuch a cauſe as this in open court, in ſupport of my couſin, againſt a promiſe made by him. He is of age, and thought to be no novice in the ways of the town. I am miſtaken in Mr Grandiſon's ſpirit, if it do not lead him to think himſelf very ſeverely puniſhed (were he to have no *other* puniſhment), by the conſequence of thoſe vices which will bring an expence upon *me*.

But if I ſhould be able to extricate the unhappy man from this difficulty, what can next be done for him? The poor remains of his fortune will not

ſupport

ſupport one who has always lived *more* than genteelly. Will he be able, think you, to endure the thoughts of living in a conſtant ſtate of dependence, however eaſy and genteel I ſhould endeavour to make it to him? There may be many ways (in the public offices for example) of providing for a broken tradeſman: But for a man who calls himſelf, and is a gentleman; who will expect, as ſuch, to rank with his employer; who knows nothing of figures, or buſineſs of any kind; who has been brought up in idleneſs, and hardly knows the meaning of the word *diligence*, and never could bear confinement; what can be done for ſuch a one in the public offices, or by any other employment that requires punctual attendance?

But to quit this ſubject for a more agreeable one.

I have for ſome time had it in my thoughts to aſk you, my dear friend, Whether your nephew is provided for to *your* liking and his *own?* If not, and he would put it in *my* power to ſerve *him*, by ſerving *myſelf*, I ſhould be obliged to *you* for permitting him ſo to do, and to *him* for his conſent. I would not affront him by the offer of a ſalary: My preſents to him ſhall be ſuch as befit the ſervices done:—Sometimes as my amanuenſis, ſometimes as a tranſcriber and methodizer of papers and letters, ſometimes in adjuſting ſervants accounts, and fitting them for my inſpection. You need not fear my regard to *myſelf* in my acknowledgments to be made to *him*, (that, I know, will be all your fear); for I have always conſidered profuſion and parſimony as two extremes equally to be avoided. You, my dear Dr Bartlett have often enforced this leſſon on my mind. Can it then ever be forgotten by

Your affectionate friend and ſervant,

CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER XXX.

Signor JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15. *N. S.*

YOUR kind letters from Lyons, my deareſt friend, rejoiced us extremely. Clementina languiſhed to hear from you. How was it poſſible for you to write with ſo much warmth of affection to her, yet with ſo much delicacy, that a rival could not have taken exceptions at it?

She writes to you. It is not for me, it is not for any of us, I think, to ſay one word to the principal ſubject of her letter. She ſhewed it to me, and to her mother only.

Dear creature! *Could* ſhe but be prevailed upon! —But how can *you* be aſked to ſupport the family-wiſhes? Yet if you think them juſt, I know you will. You know not *ſelf*, when juſtice and the ſervice of your friend ſtand in oppoſition to it. All that I am afraid of is, that we ſhall be too precipitate for the dear creature's head.

Would to God you could have been my brother! That was the firſt deſire of my heart!—But you will ſee by her letter (the leaſt ſlighty that ſhe has written of a long time) that ſhe has no thoughts of that: And ſhe declares to us, that ſhe wiſhes you happily married to an Engliſh woman. Would to Heaven we might plead *your* example to *her!*

I will certainly attend you in your England.—If one thing that we all wiſh could happen, you would have the whole family as far as I know. We think, we talk of nobody but you. We look out for Engliſhmen to do them honour for your ſake.

Mrs Beaumont is with us. Surely ſhe is your near relation. She adviſes caution, but thinks that our preſent meaſures are not wrong ones, as we never

never can give into my ſiſter's wiſhes to quit the world. Dear Grandiſon! love not Mrs Beaumont the leſs for her opinion in our favour.

Mr Lowther writes to you: I ſay nothing, therefore, of that worthy man.

I am wiſhed to write more enforcing to you on a certain important ſubject: But I ſay, I cannot, dare not, will not.

Dear Grandiſon, love ſtill your Jeronymo! Your friendſhip makes life worthy of my wiſh. It has been a conſolation to me when every other failed, and all around me was darkneſs and the ſhadow of death. You will often be troubled with letters from me. My beloved, my deareſt friend, my Grandiſon, adieu!

JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXI.

Lady CLEMENTINA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15. *N. S.*

HOW welcome to me was your letter from Lyons! My good Chevalier Grandiſon, my heart thanks you for it: Yet it was poſſible that heart could have been ſtill more thankful, had I not obſerved in your letter an air of penſiveneſs, though it is endeavoured to be concealed. What pain would it give me to know that you ſuffer on my account!—But no more in this ſtrain: A complaining one muſt take place.

O Chevalier, I am perſecuted! And by whom? By my deareſt, my neareſt friends. I was afraid it would be ſo. Why would you deny me your influence, when I importuned you for it? Why would you not ſtay among us till you ſaw me profeſſed? Then had I been happy—In *time* I ſhould

have been happy!—Now am I beſet with entreaties, with ſupplications, from thoſe who ought to command;—yet unlawfully if they did: I preſume to think ſo: Since parents, tho' they ought to be conſulted in the change of condition as to the *perſon*, yet ſurely ſhould not oblige the child to marry, who chuſes to be ſingle all her life. A more cogent reaſon may be pleaded, and I do plead it to my relations, as Catholics, ſince I wiſh for nothing ſo much as to aſſume the veil—But you are a Proteſtant: You favour not a divine dedication, and would not plead for me. On the contrary, you have ſtrengthened their hands!—O Chevalier! how could you do ſo, and ever love me! Did you not know there was but one way to eſcape the grievous conſequences of the importunities of thoſe who juſtly lay claim to my obedience?—And they *do* claim it.

And in what forcible manner claim it?—Shall I tell you! Thus, then: My father, with tears in his eyes, beſeeches me! My mother gently reminds me of what ſhe has ſuffered for me in my illneſs; and declares, that it is in my power to make the reſt of her days happy: Nor ſhall ſhe think my own tranquillity of mind ſecured till I oblige her!—O Chevalier, what pleas are theſe from a father, whoſe eyes plead more ſtrongly than words; and from a mother, on whoſe bright days I caſt a cloud?—The biſhop pleads: How can a Catholic biſhop plead, and not for me? The General declares, that he never wooed his beloved wife for her conſent with more fervour than he does me for mine to oblige them all. Nay, Jeronymo! Bluſh, ſiſterly love! to ſay it—Jeronymo, your friend Jeronymo is ſolicitous on the ſame ſide—Even father Mareſcotti is carried away by the example of the biſhop.—Mrs Beaumont argues with me in their favour—And Camilla, who was ever full of your praiſes, teazes me continually.

They

They name not the man: They pretend to leave me free to chuſe through the world. They plead, that, zealous as they are in the Catholic faith, they were *ſo* earneſt for me to enter into the ſtate, that they were deſirous to ſee me the wife even of a Proteſtant, rather than I ſhould remain ſingle: And they remind me, that it was owing to *my* ſcruple only that this was not effected.—But why will they weaken rather than ſtrengthen my ſcruple? Could I have got over three points—The ſenſe of my own unworthineſs after my mind had been diſturbed, the *inſuperable* apprehenſion that, drawn aſide by your love, I ſhould probably have enſnared my own ſoul, and that I ſhould be perpetually lamenting the certainty of the loſs of his whom it would be my duty to love as my own; their importunity would hardly have been wanted.

Tell me, adviſe me, my good Chevalier, my fourth brother (you are not now *intereſted* in the debate), if I may not lawfully ſtand out? Tell me, as I know that I cannot anſwer their views, except I marry, and yet cannot conſent to marry, whether I may not as well ſequeſter myſelf from the world, and *inſiſt* upon ſo doing?

What *can* I do?—I am diſtreſſed—O thou, my *brother*, my friend, whom my heart ever muſt hold dear, adviſe me! To you I have told them I will appeal. They are ſo good as to promiſe to ſuſpend their ſolicitations, if I will hold ſuſpended my thoughts of the veil till I have your advice.—But give it not againſt me—If you ever valued Clementina,

Give it not againſt her!

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA.

London, Monday, Sept. 18.—29.

WHAT can I ſay, moſt excellent of women, to the contents of the letter you have honoured me with? What a taſk have you impoſed upon me! You take great, and, reſpecting your intentions, I will call it, *kind* care, to let me know that I can have no *intereſt* in the deciſion of the caſe you refer to me. I repeat my humble acquieſcence; but muſt again declare, that it would have been next to impoſſible to do ſo, had you not made a point of conſcience of your ſcruples.

But what weight is my advice likely to have with a young lady, who repeatedly, in the cloſe of her letter, deſires me not to give it *for* her parents?

I, madam, am *far* from being unprejudiced in this caſe: For, can the man who once himſelf hoped for the honour of your hand adviſe you againſt marriage?—Are not your parents generouſly indulgent, when they name not any particular perſon to you? I applaud both their wiſdom and their goodneſs on this occaſion. Poſſibly you *gueſs* the man whom they would recommend to your choice: And I am ſure, Lady Clementina would not refuſe their recommendation merely becauſe it was *theirs*. Nor indeed upon any leſs reaſon than an unconquerable averſion, or a preference to ſome other Catholic. A Proteſtant, it ſeems, it *cannot* be.

But let me aſk my ſiſter, my friend, what anſwer can I return to the lady who had ſhewn in *one* inſtance, that ſhe had not an inſuperable averſion to matrimony; yet, on conſcientious reaſons, refuſing one man, and not particularly favouring any

any, can ſcruple to oblige (*obey* is not the word they uſe) "a father, who with tears in his eyes beſeeches her; a mother, who gently reminds her of what ſhe has ſuffered for her; who declares, that it is in her power to make the reſt of her days happy; and who urges a ſtill ſtronger plea, reſpecting them both, and the whole family, to engage the attention of the beloved daughter?"—O madam, what pleas are thoſe [let me ſtill make uſe of your own pathetic words] from a "father whoſe eyes plead more ſtrongly than words! and from a mother, over whoſe bright days you had (though involuntarily) caſt a cloud! Your brother the Biſhop, a man of piety; your confeſſor, a man of equal piety; your two other brothers, your diſintereſted friend Mrs Beaumont; your faithful Camilla;" all wholly diſintereſted.—What an enumeration againſt yourſelf!—Forbidden, as I am, to give the cauſe *againſt* you, what can I ſay? Deareſt Lady Clementina, can I, on your own repreſentation, give it *for* you?

You know, madam, the ſacrifice I have made to the plea of *your* conſcience, not *my* own. I make no doubt but parents ſo indulgent as yours will yield to your reaſons, if you can plead *conſcience* againſt the performance of the *filial duty;* the more a duty, as it is ſo gently urged: Nay, hardly urged; but by tears and wiſhes, which the eyes, not the lips, expreſs; and which if you will perform, your parents will think themſelves under an obligation to their child.

Lady Clementina is one of the moſt generous of women: But conſider, madam, in this inſtance of preferring your own will to that of the moſt indulgent of parents, whether there is not an apparent ſelfiſhneſs, inconſiſtent with your general character, even were you to be as happy in a convent as you propoſe. Would you not, in that caſe, live to yourſelf, and renounce your parents and family, as

parts

parts of that world which you would vow to deſpiſe?—Dear lady! I aſked you once before, is there any thing ſinful in a ſacrament? Such all good Catholics deem matrimony. And ſhall I aſk you, whether, as ſelf-denial is held to be meritorious in your church, there is not a merit in denying yourſelf in the caſe before us, when you can by performing the filial duty oblige your whole family?

Permit me to ſay, that though a proteſtant, I am not an enemy to ſuch foundations in general. I could wiſh, under proper regulations, that we had nunneries among us. I would not, indeed, have the obligation upon nuns be perpetual: Let them have liberty at the end of every two or three years, to renew their vows, or otherwiſe, by the conſent of friends. Celibacy in the clergy is an indiſpenſable law of your church: Yet a cardinal has been allowed to lay down the purple and marry. You know, madam, I muſt mean Ferdinand of Medicis. Family reaſons, in that caſe, preponderated, as well at Rome, as at Florence.

Of all the women I know, Lady Clementina della Porretta ſhould be the laſt who ſhould be earneſt to take the veil. There can be but two perſons in the world, beſides herſelf, who will not be grieved at her choice. We know *their* reaſons. The will of her grandfather, now with God, is againſt her; and her living parents, and every other perſon of her family, thoſe *two* excepted, would be made unhappy, if ſhe ſequeſtered herſelf from the world and them. Clementina has charity: She wiſhes, ſhe once ſaid, to take a great revenge upon Laurana. Laurana has ſomething to repent of: Let *her* take the veil. The fondneſs ſhe has for the world, a fondneſs which could make her break through all the ties of relation and humanity, requires a check: But are any of thoſe in

in convents more pious, more exemplarily pious, than Clementina is out of them?

Much more could I urge on the ſame ſide of the queſtion; but what I *have* urged has been a taſk upon me; a taſk which I could not have performed, had I not preferred to my own, the happineſs of you and your family.

May both earthly and heavenly bleſſings attend your determination, whatever it be, prays, deareſt madam,

Your ever-faithful friend,
Affectionate brother, and
Humble ſervant,
CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Signor* JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA.

London, Saturday, Sept. 18.—29.

I HAVE written, my beloved friend, to Lady Clementina; and ſhall encloſe a copy of my letter.

I own, that till I received hers, I thought there was a poſſibility, though not a probability, that ſhe might change her mind in my favour. I *foreſaw* that you would all join, for family-reaſons, to preſs her to marry: And when, thought I, ſhe finds herſelf very earneſtly urged, it is poſſible that ſhe will forego her ſcruples, and, propoſing ſome conditions for herſelf, will honour with her hand the man whom ſhe has avowedly honoured with a place in her heart, rather than any other. The malady ſhe has been afflicted with, often leaves, for ſome time an unſteadineſs in the mind: My abſence, as I propoſed to ſettle in my native country,

country, never more, perhaps, to return to Italy; the high notions ſhe has of obligation and gratitude; her declared confidence in my honour and affection; all co-operating, ſhe may, thought I, change her mind: and if ſhe does, I cannot doubt the favour of her friends. It was not, my Jeronymo, preſumptuous to *hope*. It was *juſtice* to Clementina to attend the event, and to wait for the promiſed letter: But now, that I ſee you are all of one mind, and that the dear lady, though vehemently urged by all her friends to marry ſome other man, can appeal to me, only as to her *fourth brother*, and a man *not intereſted* in the event—I give up all my hopes.

I have written accordingly to your dear Clementina; but it could not be expected, that I ſhould give the argument all the weight that might be given it: Yet, being of opinion that ſhe was in duty obliged to yield to the entreaties of all her friends, I have been honeſt. But ſurely no man ever was involved in ſo many difficult ſituations as your Grandiſon; who yet never, by enterprize or raſhneſs, was led out of the plain path into difficulties ſo uncommon.

You wiſh, my dear friend, that I would ſet an example to your excellent ſiſter. I will unboſom my heart to you.

There is a lady, an Engliſh lady, beautiful as an angel, but whoſe beauty is her leaſt perfection, either in my eyes, or her own: Had I never known Clementina, I could have loved her, and *only* her, of all the women I ever beheld. It would not be doing her juſtice, if I could not ſay, I *do* love her; but with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina, or as her own heart can boaſt. Clementina's diſtreſſed mind affected me: I imputed her ſufferings to her eſteem for me. The farewel interview denied her, ſhe demonſtrated, I thought, ſo firm an affection for me, at the ſame time that ſhe was to me, what I may truly call,

call, a firſt love; that though the difficulties in my way ſeemed inſuperable, I thought it became me, in honour, in gratitude, to hold myſelf in ſuſpenſe, and not to offer to make my addreſſes to any other woman, till the deſtiny of the dear Clementina was determined.

It would look like vanity in me to tell my Jeronymo how many propoſals, from the partial friends of women of rank and merit ſuperior to my own, I thought myſelf obliged, in honour to the ladies themſelves, to decline: But my heart never ſuffered uneaſineſs from the uncertainty I was in of ever ſucceeding with your beloved ſiſter, but on this lady's account. I preſume not, however, to ſay, I could have ſucceeded, had I thought myſelf at liberty to make my addreſſes to her: Yet, when I ſuffered myſelf to balance, becauſe of my uncertainty with your Clementina, I had hopes, from the intereſt my two ſiſters had with her (her affections diſengaged), that, had I been at liberty to to make my addreſſes to her, I might?

Shall I, my dear Jeronymo, own the truth?—The two nobleſt-minded women in the world, when I went over to Italy, on the invitation of my lord the biſhop, held almoſt an equal intereſt in my heart; and I was thereby enabled juſtly, and with the greater command of myſelf, to declare to the Marchioneſs, and the general, at my laſt going over, that I held myſelf bound to you; but that your ſiſter, and you all, were free. But when the dear Clementina began to ſhew ſigns of recovery, and ſeemed to confirm the hopes I had of her partiality to me: and my gratitude and attachment ſeemed of importance to her complete reſtoration; then, my Jeronymo, did I content myſelf with wiſhing another huſband to the Engliſh lady, more worthy of her than my embarraſſed ſituation could have made me. And when I farther experienced the condeſcending goodneſs of your whole family, all

united in my favour, I had not a wiſh but for your Clementina.

What a diſappointment, my Jeronymo, was her rejection of me!—obliged, as I was, to admire the noble lady the more for her *motives* of rejecting me.

And now, my dear friend, what is your wiſh?—That I ſhall ſet your ſiſter an example? How can I? Is marriage in my power? There is but one woman in the world, now your dear Clementina has refuſed me, that I can think worthy of ſucceeding her in my affections, though there are thouſands of whom I am not worthy. And ought that lady to accept of a man whoſe heart had been another's, and that other living, and ſingle, and ſtill honouring him with ſo much of her regard, as may be thought ſufficient to attach a grateful heart, and occaſion a divided love? Clementina herſelf is not more truly delicate than this lady. Indeed, Jeronymo, I am ready, when I contemplate my ſituation, on a *ſuppoſition* of making my addreſſes to her, to give up myſelf, as the unworthieſt of her favour of all the men I know; and ſhe has for an admirer almoſt every man who ſees her—Even Olivia admires her! Can I do juſtice to the merits of both, and yet not *appear* to be divided by a double love?—For I will own to all the world my affection for Clementina, and, as once it was encouraged by her whole family, glory in it.

You ſee, my Jeronymo, how I am circumſtanced. The example, I fear, muſt come from Italy; not from England. Yet ſay I not this for punctilio-ſake: It is not in my *power* to ſet it, as it is in your Clementina's: It would be preſumption to ſuppoſe it is. Clementina has not an averſion to the *ſtate*: She cannot to the *man* you have in view, ſince prepoſſeſſion in favour of another is over.—This is a hard puſh upon me. I preſume not to ſay what Clementina *will*, what ſhe *can* do: But ſhe is naturally the moſt dutiful of children, and has a high

ſenſe

ſenſe of the more than common obligations ſhe owes to parents, to brothers, to whom ſhe has as unhappily as involuntarily given great diſtreſs: Difference in religion, the motive of her rejecting *me*, is not in the queſtion: Filial duty is an article of religion.

I do myſelf the honour in writing to the Marchioneſs, to the general, to Father Mareſcotti, and to Mr Lowther. May the Almighty perfect your recovery, my Jeronymo; and preſerve in health and ſpirits the dear Clementina!—and may every other laudable wiſh of the hearts of a family ſo truly excellent, be granted to them!—prays, my deareſt Jeronymo, the friend who expects to ſee you in England; the friend who loves you as he loves his own heart; and equally honours all of your name, and *will* ſo long as he is

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mrs REEVES, *To Miſs* BYRON.

Tueſday, Sept. 5.

O My dear couſin! I am now ſure you will be the happieſt of women! Sir Charles Grandiſon made us a viſit this very day.—How Mr Reeves and I rejoiced to ſee him! We had but juſt before been called upon by a line from Lady G. to rejoice with her on her brother's happy arrival. He ſaid he was under obligation to go to Windſor and Hampſhire, upon extraordinary occaſions; but he could not go, till he had paid his reſpects to us, as well for our own ſakes, as to enquire after your health. He had received, he ſaid, ſome diſagreeable intimations in relation to it. We told him you were not well: but we hoped not dangerouſly ill.

He ſaid ſo many kind, tender, yet reſpectful things of you—O my Harriet! I am ſure, and ſo is Mr Reeves, he loves you dearly. Yet we both wondered that he did not talk of paying you a viſit. But he may have great matters in hand.—But what matters can be ſo great as not to be poſtponed, if he loves you?—and that he certainly does. I ſhould not have known how to contain my joy before him, had he declared himſelf your lover.

He condeſcendingly aſked to ſee my little boy—Was not that very good of him? He would have won my heart by this condeſcenſion, had he not had a great ſhare of it before—For *your* ſake, my couſin. You know I cannot mean otherwiſe: And you know, that, except Mr Reeves and my little boy, I love my Harriet better than any body in the world. No-body in Northamptonſhire, I am ſure, will take exception at this.

I thought I would write to you of this kind viſit: Be well now, my dear: All things, I am ſure, will come about for good: God grant they may!—I dare ſay, he will viſit you in Northamptonſhire: And if he does, what can be his motive? *Not* mere friendſhip: Sir Charles Grandiſon is no trifler!

I know you will be ſorry to hear that Lady Betty Williams is in great affliction. Miſs Williams has run away with an enſign, who is not worth a ſhilling: He is, on the contrary, *over head and ears*, as the ſaying is, in debt. Such a mere girl!—But what ſhall we ſay?

Miſs Cantillon has made as fooliſh a ſtep. Lord bleſs me! I think girls, in theſe days, are bewitched. A nominal captain too! Her mother vows, they ſhall both ſtarve for her: And they have no other dependence. She cannot live without her pleaſures: Neither can he without his. A Ranelagh fop. Poor wretches! What will become of them? For every-thing is in her mother's power as to fortune. —She has been met by Miſs Alleſtree; and looked

ſo ſhy! *ſo* ſilly! *ſo* flatternly! Unhappy coquettiſh thing!

Well, but God bleſs you, my dear!—My nurſery calls upon me: The dear little ſoul is *ſo* fond of me! Adieu. Compliments to every-body I have ſo much reaſon to love: Mr Reeves's too. Once more, Adieu.

ELIZA REEVES

LETTER XXXV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Mrs* REEVES.

Selby-houſe, Friday, Sept. 8.

YOUR kind letter, my dear couſin, has, at the ſame time, delighted and pained me. I rejoice in the declared eſteem of one of the beſt of men; and I honour him for his friendly love expreſſed to you and my couſin, in the viſit he made you: But I am pained at your calling upon me (in pity to my weakneſs, ſhall I call it? a weakneſs ſo ill concealed) to rejoice, that the excellent man, when he has diſpatched all his affairs of conſequence, and has nothing *elſe* to do, may *poſſibly*, for you cannot be certain, make me a viſit in Northamptonſhire.—O my couſin! And were his abſence, and the apprehenſion of his being the huſband of another woman, think you, the *occaſion* of my indiſpoſition; that I muſt now, that the other affair ſeems determined in a manner ſo unexpected, be bid at once to be well?

Sir Charles Grandiſon, my dear couſin, may honour us with the *prognoſticated* viſit, or not, as he pleaſes: But were he to declare himſelf my lover, my heart would not be ſo joyful as you ſeem to expect, if Lady Clementina is to be unhappy. What though the refuſal of marriage was hers, was not

that refuſal the greateſt ſacrifice that ever woman made to her ſuperior duty? Does ſhe not ſtill avow her love to him? And *muſt* he not, *ought* he not, ever to love her? And here my pride puts in its claim to attention—Shall your Harriet ſit down and think herſelf happy in a ſecond-place love? Yet let me own to you, my couſin, that Sir Charles Grandiſon is dearer to me than all elſe that I hold moſt dear in this world: And if Clementina could not be *un*-happy [Happy I have no notion ſhe can be without him], and he were to declare himſelf my lover; affectation, be gone! I would ſay; I will truſt to my own heart, and to my future conduct, to make for myſelf an intereſt in his affections, that ſhould enrich my content; in other words, that ſhould make me *more* contented.

But time will ſoon determine my deſtiny: I will have patience to wait its determination. I make no doubt but he has ſufficient reaſons for all he does.

I am as much delighted as you could be, at the notice he took of your dear infant. The brave muſt be humane: And what greater inſtances of humanity can be ſhewn, than for grown perſons to look back upon the ſtate they were once themſelves in, with tenderneſs and compaſſion?

I am very ſorry for the cauſe of Lady Betty's affliction. Pity! the good lady took not—But I will not be ſevere, after I have ſaid, that children's faults are not always *originally* their own.

Poor Miſs Cantillon!—But ſhe was not under age; and *as* her puniſhment was of her own chuſing—I am ſorry, however, for both. I hope, after they have ſmarted, ſomething will be done for the poor wretches. Good parents *will* be placable; bad ones, or ſuch as have not given good example, *ought to be* ſo.

God continue to you, my dear couſins both, your preſent comforts, and increaſe your pleaſures! for all your pleaſures are innocent ones; prays

Yours, &c. HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady G.*

Selby-houſe, Wedn. Sept. 20.

My deareſt Lady G.

DO you know what is become of your brother? my grandmamma Shirley has ſeen his ghoſt; and talked with it near an hour; and then it vaniſhed. Be not ſurpriſed, my dear creature. I am ſtill in amaze at the account my grandmamma gives us of its appearance, diſcourſe, and vaniſhing! Nor was the dear parent in a reverie. It happened in the middle of the afternoon, all in broad day.

Thus ſhe tells it:

"I was ſitting, ſaid ſhe, in my own drawing-room, 'yeſterday, by myſelf; when in came James, to 'whom it firſt appeared, and told me, that a gen-'tleman deſired to be introduced to me. I was 'reading *Sherlock upon Death*, with that chearful-'neſs with which I always meditate the ſubject. 'I gave orders for his admittance; and in came, 'to appearance, one of the handſomeſt men I ever 'ſaw in my life, in a riding-dreſs. It was a cour-'teous ghoſt: It ſaluted me; or at leaſt I thought 'it did: For it anſwering to the deſcription that 'you, my Harriet, had given me of that amiable 'man, I was ſurpriſed. But, contrary to the man-'ner of ghoſts, it ſpoke firſt—Venerable lady, it 'called me; and ſaid, its name was Grandiſon, in 'a voice—ſo like what I had heard you ſpeak of 'his, that I had no doubt but it was Sir Charles 'Grandiſon himſelf; and was ready to fall down 'to welcome him.

"It took its place by me: You, madam, ſaid it, 'will forgive this intruſion: And it made ſeveral 'fine ſpeeches, with an air *ſo* modeſt, *ſo* manly—It

'had

'had almoſt all the talk to itſelf. I could only 'bow, and be pleaſed; for ſtill I thought it was 'corporally and indeed Sir Charles Grandiſon. It 'ſaid, that it had but a very little while to ſtay: 'It muſt reach, I don't know what place that 'night—What, ſaid I, will you not go to Selby-'houſe? Will you not ſee my daughter Byron? 'Will you not ſee her aunt Selby? No, it deſired 'to be excuſed. It talked of leaving a pacquet be-'hind it; and ſeemed to pull out of its pocket a 'parcel of letters ſealed up. It broke the ſeal, and 'laid the parcel on the table before me. It refu-'ſed refreſhment. It deſired, in a courtly man-'ner, an anſwer to what it had diſcourſed upon '—Made a profound reverence—and—vaniſhed."

And now, my dear Lady G. let me repeat my queſtion: What is become of your brother?

Forgive me this light, this amuſing manner. My grandmamma ſpeaks of this viſit as an appearance, ſo ſudden, and ſo ſhort, and no body ſeeing him but ſhe; that it gave a kind of amuſing levity to my pen, and I could not reſiſt the temptation I was under to ſurpriſe you, as he has done us all. How could he take ſuch a journey, ſee nobody but my grandmamma, and fly the country? Did he do it to ſpare us, or to ſpare himſelf?

The direct truth is this: My grandmamma was ſitting by herſelf, as above: James told her, as above, that a gentleman deſired to be introduced to her. He *was* introduced. He called himſelf by his own name; took her hand; ſaluted her—Your character, madam, and mine, ſaid he, are ſo well known to each other, that though I never before had the honour of approaching you, I may preſume upon your pardon for this intruſion.

He then launched out in the praiſes of your happy friend. With what delight did the dear, the indulgent parent repeat them from his mouth! I hope ſhe mingled not her own partialities with them,

them, whether I deſerve them, or not; for ſweet is praiſe, from thoſe we wiſh to love us. And then he ſaid, you ſee before you, madam, a man glorying in his affection to one of the moſt excellent of your ſex! an Italian lady; the pride of Italy! And who, from motives which cannot be withſtood, has rejected him, at the very time that, all her friends conſenting, and innumerable difficulties overcome, he expected that ſhe would yield her hand to his wiſhes—And they *were* his wiſhes. My *friendſhip* for the dear Miſs Byron [*You* and *ſhe* muſt *authorize* me to call it by a ſtill dearer name, before I dare do it] is well known: That alſo has been my pride. I know too well what belongs to female delicacy in general, and particularly to that of Miſs Byron, to addreſs myſelf firſt to her on the ſubject which occaſions you this trouble. I am not accuſtomed to make profeſſions, not even to ladies—Is it conſiſtent with your notions of delicacy, madam? Will it be with Mr and Mrs Selby's, to give your intereſt in favour of a man who is thus ſituated?—A rejected man! A man who dares to own, that the rejection was a diſappointment to him; and that he tenderly loved the fair rejector? If it will, and Miſs Byron can accept the tender of a heart that has been divided, unaccountably ſo (the circumſtances, I preſume, you know), then will *you*, then will *ſhe*, lay me under an obligation, that I can only *endeavour* to repay by the utmoſt gratitude and affection.—But if not, I ſhall admire the delicacy of the *ſecond* refuſer, as I do the piety of the *firſt*, and at leaſt *ſuſpend* all thoughts of a change of condition.

Nobleſt of men—And my grandmamma was proceeding in high ſtrains, but very ſincere ones; when, interrupting her, and pulling out of his pocket the packet I mentioned above; I preſume, madam, ſaid he, that I ſee favour and goodneſs to

me

me in your benign countenance: But I will not even be *favoured*, but upon your full knowledge of all the facts I am maſter of myſelf. I will be the guardian of the delicacy of Miſs Byron and all her friends in this important caſe, rather than the diſcourager, though I were to ſuffer by it. You will be ſo good as to read theſe letters to your daughter Byron, to her Lucy, to Mr and Mrs Selby, and to whom elſe you will think fit to call to the conſultation: They will be thoſe, I preſume, who already know ſomething of the hiſtory of the excellent Clementina. If, on the peruſal of them, I may be admitted to pay my reſpects to Miſs Byron, conſiſtently, as I hinted, with *her* notions and *yours* of that delicacy by which ſhe was always directed, and at the ſame time be received with that noble frankneſs which has diſtinguiſhed her in my eye above all women but one [excuſe me, madam, I muſt always put theſe ſiſter-ſouls upon an equal footing of excellence]; then ſhall I be a happier man than the happieſt. Your anſwer, madam, by pen and ink, will greatly oblige me; and the more, the ſooner I can be favoured with it; becauſe, being requeſted by my friends abroad to ſet an example to their beloved Clementina, as you will ſee in more than one of theſe letters; I would avoid all punctilio, and let them know, that I had offered myſelf to Miſs Byron, and have not been mortified with abſolute denial; if I may be ſo happy as to be allowed to write ſo.

Thus did this moſt generous of men prevent, by this reference to the letters, my grandmamma's heart overflowing to her lips. He ſhould directly, he ſaid, proceed on his journey to London; and was in ſuch haſte to be gone, when he had ſaid what he had to ſay, that it precipitated a little my grandmamma's ſpirits: But the joy ſhe was filled with, on the occaſion, was ſo great, that ſhe only had a concern upon her, when he was gone, as

if ſomething was left by her undone or unſaid, which ſhe thought ſhould have been ſaid and done to oblige him.

The letters he left on the table were copies of what he wrote from Lyons to the Marquis and Marchioneſs, the Biſhop, and general, and Father Mareſcotti; as alſo to Lady Clementina, and her brother, the good Jeronymo *. That to the lady cannot be enough admired, for the tenderneſs, yet for the acquieſcence with her will expreſſed in it. Surely they were born for each other, however it happens that they are not likely to come together.

A letter from Signor Jeronymo, in anſwer to his from Lyons, I will mention next. In this Sir Charles is wiſhed to uſe his ſuppoſed influence upon Lady Clementina (what a hard taſk upon him!) to diſſuade her from the thoughts of going into a nunnery, and to reſolve upon marriage †.

Next is a letter of Lady Clementina to Sir Charles, complaining tenderly of perſecution from her friends, who preſs her to marry, while ſhe contends to be allowed to take the veil, and replies to Sir Charles for his intereſt in her behalf.

The next is Sir Charles's reply to Lady Clementina.

Then follows a letter from Sir Charles to Signor Jeronymo. I have copied theſe three laſt, and incloſed them in confidence ‡.

By theſe you will ſee, my dear, that the affair between this excellent man and woman is entirely given up by both; and alſo, in his reply to Signor Jeronymo, that your Harriet is referred to as his next choice. And how can I ever enough value him, for the dignity he has given me, in putting it, as it ſhould ſeem, in my power to lay an obligation

* *Theſe Letters are omitted in this collection.*

† *See Letter* XXX. ‡ *See Letter* XXXI. XXXII. XXXIII.

gation upon him; in making for me my own ſcruples; and now, laſtly, in the method he has taken in the application to my grandmamma, inſtead of to me; and leaving all to our determination? But thus ſhould the men give dignity, even for their own ſakes, to the women whom they wiſh to be theirs. Were there more Sir Charles Grandiſons, would not even the female world (much better, as I hope it is, than the male) be amended?

My grandmamma, the moment Sir Charles was gone, ſent to us, that ſhe had ſome very agreeable news to ſurpriſe us with; and therefore deſired the whole family of us, her Byron particularly, to attend her at breakfaſt the next morning. We looked upon one another at the meſſage, and wondered. I was not well, and would have excuſed myſelf; but my aunt inſiſted upon my going. Little did I or any body elſe think of your brother having viſited my grandmamma in perſon. When ſhe acquainted us that he *had*, my weakened ſpirits wanted ſupport: I was obliged to withdraw with Lucy.

I thought I could not bear, when I recovered myſelf, that he ſhould be ſo near, and not *once* call in, and enquire after the health of the creature for whom he profeſſed ſo high an eſteem, and even affection: But when, on my return to company, my grandmamma related what paſſed between them, and the letters were read, then again were my failing ſpirits unable to ſupport me. They all gazed upon me, as the letters were reading, as well as while my grandmamma was giving the relation of what he ſaid; and of the noble, the manly air with which he delivered himſelf.—With joy and ſilent congratulation they gazed upon me; while I felt ſuch a variety of ſenſibilities in my heart, as I never felt before; ſenſibilities mixed with wonder; and I was ſometimes ready to doubt whether

whether I were not in a reverie; whether indeed I was in this world or another; whether I was Harriet Byron—I know not how to deſcribe what I felt in my now fluttering, now rejoicing, now dejected heart—

Dejected!—Yes, my dear Lady G. Dejection was a ſtrong ingredient in my ſenſibilities. I know not why. Yet may there not be a fulneſs in joy that will mingle diſſatisfaction with it? If there may, ſhall I be excuſed for my ſolemnity, if I deduce from thence an argument, that the human ſoul is not to be fully ſatisfied by worldly enjoyments; and that therefore the completion of its happineſs muſt be in another, a more perfect ſtate? You, Lady G. are a very good woman, though a lively one; and I will not excuſe *you*, if on an occaſion that bids me look forward to a very ſolemn event, you will not forgive my *ſeriouſneſs*—That *bids me look forward*, I repeat: for Sir Charles Grandiſon cannot alter his mind: The world has not wherewith to *tempt* him to alter it, after he has made *ſuch* advances; except I miſbehave.

Well, my dear, and what was the reſult of our conference?—My grandmamma, my aunt, and Lucy, were of opinion, that I ought no more to revolve the notions of a divided or ſecond-placed love: That every point of female delicacy was anſwered: That he ought not only *ſtill* to be allowed to love Lady Clementina, but that I and all her ſex ſhould revere her: That my grandmamma, being the perſon applied to, ſhould anſwer for me, for us all, in words of her own chuſing.

I was ſilent. What think *you*, my dear, ſaid my aunt? with her accuſtomed tenderneſs.

Think! ſaid my uncle, with his uſual facetiouſneſs: Do you think, if Harriet had *one* objection, ſhe would have been ſilent?—I am for ſending up for Sir Charles out of hand. Let him come the

firſt day of next week, and let them be married before the end of it.

Not *quite* ſo haſty neither, Mr Selby, ſaid my grandmamma, ſmiling: Let us ſend to Mr Deane. His love for my child, and regard for us all, deſerve the moſt grateful returns.

What a duce, and defer an anſwer to Sir Charles, who gives a generous reaſon, for the ſake of the lady abroad, and her family (and I hope he thinks a little of his *own* ſake), for wiſhing a ſpeedy anſwer?—

No, Mr Selby: Not defer writing neither. We know enough of Mr Deane's mind already. But, for my part, I don't know what terms, what conditions, what additions to my child's fortune, to propoſe—

Additions! madam—Why, ay; there muſt be ſome to be ſure—And we are able, and as willing as able, let me tell you, to make them—

I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid I—Pray, madam—No more of this—Surely it is time enough to talk of theſe ſubjects.

So it is, niece. Mr Deane is a lawyer. God help me! I never was brought up to any thing but to live on the fat of the land, as the ſaying is. Mr Deane and Sir Charles ſhall talk this matter over by themſelves. Let us, as you ſay, ſend for Mr Deane—But I will myſelf be the meſſenger of theſe joyful tidings.

My uncle then turned out, in his gay manner, a line of an old ſong; and then ſaid, I'll go to Mr Deane: I will ſet out this very day—Pull down the wall, as one of our kings ſaid; the door is too far about.—I'll bring Mr Deane with me to-morrow, or it ſhall coſt me a fall.

You know my uncle, my dear. In this manner did he expreſs his joy.

My grandmother retired to her cloſet; and this that follows is what ſhe wrote to Sir Charles.

Every

Every body is pleaſed whenever ſhe takes up the pen. No one made objection to a ſingle word in it.

Dear Sir,

RESERVE would be unpardonable on our ſide, though the woman's, to a man who is above reſerve, and whoſe offers are the reſult of deliberation, and an affection, that, being founded in the merit of our deareſt child, cannot be doubted. We all receive as an honour the offer you make us of an alliance which would do credit to families of the firſt rank. It will perhaps be one day owned to you, that it was the height of Mrs Selby's wiſhes and mine, that the man who had reſcued the dear creature from inſult and diſtreſs, might be at liberty to intitle himſelf to her grateful love.

The noble manner in which you have explained yourſelf on a ſubject which has greatly embarraſſed you, has abundantly ſatisfied Mrs Selby, Lucy, and myſelf: We can have no ſcruples of delicacy. Nor am I afraid of ſuffering from yours by my frankneſs. But as to our Harriet—You may perhaps meet with ſome (not affectation; ſhe is above it) difficulty with *her*, if you expect her *whole* heart to be yours. She, Sir, experimentally knows how to allow for a double, a divided love.—Dr Bartlett, perhaps, ſhould not have favoured her with the character of a lady whom ſhe prefers to herſelf; and Mrs Selby and I have ſometimes, as we read her melancholy ſtory, thought not unjuſtly. If ſhe can be induced to love, to honour the man of her choice, as much as ſhe loves, honours, and admires Lady Clementina, the happy man will have reaſon to be ſatisfied. You ſee, Sir, that we, who were able to give a preference to the ſame lady againſt ourſelves [Harriet Byron is ourſelf], can have no ſcruples on *your* giving it to

the ſame incomparable woman. May that lady be happy! If ſhe were *not* to be ſo, and her unhappineſs were to be owing to our happineſs; that, dear Sir, would be all that could pain the heart of us, on an occaſion ſo very agreeable to

Your ſincere Friend and Servant,
HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

But, my dear Lady G. does your brother tell you and Lady L. nothing of his intentions? Why, if he does, do not you?—But I *can* have no doubt. Is not the man Sir Charles Grandiſon? And yet, methinks, I want to know what the contents of his next letters from Italy will be.

You will have no ſcruple, my dear Lady G. to ſhew my whole letter to Lady L. and, if you pleaſe, to my Emily—But only mention the contents, in your own way, to the gentlemen. I beg you will yourſelf ſhew it to Mrs Reeves: She will rejoice in her *prognoſtications*. Uſe that word to her: She will underſtand you. Your brother muſt now, leſs than ever, ſee what I write. I depend upon your diſcretion, my dear Lady G.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lady G. *to Miſs* BYRON.

Wedneſday, Sept. 23.

EXCELLENT Mrs Shirley! Incomparable woman! How I love her! If I were ſuch an excellent ancient, I would no more wiſh to be young, than ſhe has ſo often told us ſhe does. What my brother once ſaid, and you once wrote to your Lucy, is true (in *her* caſe at leaſt), that the matronly and advanced time of life in a woman,

man, is far from being the *leaſt* eligible part of it; eſpecially, I may add, when health and a good conſcience accompany it. What a ſpirit does ſhe, at her time of life, write with!—But her heart is in her ſubject—I hope I may ſay *that*, Harriet, without offending you.

Not a word did my brother ſpeak of his intention, till he received that letter; and then he invited Lady L. and me, and our two honeſt men, to afternoon tea with him—[O but I have not reckoned with you for your ſaucy rebukes in your laſt of the 7th; I owe you a ſpite for it; and, Harriet, depend on payment—What was I writing?—I have it]—And when tea was over, he, without a bluſh, without looking down, as a girl would do in this ſituation—[But why ſo, Harriet? Is a woman, on theſe occaſions, to act a part as if ſhe ſuppoſed herſelf to be the greateſt gainer by matrimony; and therefore was aſhamed of conſenting to accept of an honourable offer? As if, in other words, ſhe was to be the ſelf-denying receiver rather than conferrer of an obligation?—— Lord, how we ramble-headed creatures break in upon ourſelves!] with a good grace he told us of his intention to marry; of his apparition to Mrs Shirley; of his ſudden vaniſhing; and all that—And then he produced Mrs Shirley's letter, but juſt received.

And do you think we were not overjoyed?—Indeed we were. We congratulated him: We congratulated each other: Lord L. looked as he did when Caroline gave him his happy day: Lord G. could not keep his ſeat: He was tipſy, poor man, with his joy: Aunt Nell pranced herſelf, ſtroked her ribbands of pink and yellow, and chuckled and mumped for joy that her nephew at laſt would not go out of Old England for a wife. She was *mightily* pleaſed too with Mrs Shirley's letter. It was

juſt ſuch a one as ſhe herſelf would have written upon the occaſion.

I poſted afterwards to Mrs Reeves, to ſhew her, as you requeſted, your letter: And when we had read it, there was, Dear madam, and dear Sir; and now this, and now that; and thank God—three times in a breath; and we were couſins, and couſins, and couſins: And, O bleſſed! And, O be joyful!—And, Hail the day!—And, God grant it to be a ſhort one!—And how will Harriet anſwer to the queſtion? Will not her frankneſs be tried? He deſpiſes affectation: So he thinks does ſhe!—Good Sirs! and, O dears!—How things are brought about!—O my Harriet, you never heard or ſaw ſuch congratulations between three goſſips, as were between our two couſins Reeves and me: And not a little did the good woman pride herſelf in her *prognoſtics*; for ſhe explained that matter to me.

Dr Bartlett is at Grandiſon-hall with our unhappy couſin. How will the good man rejoice!

Now you will aſk, what became of Emily?—

By the way, do you know that Mrs O'Hara is turned *Methodiſt?* True as you are alive. And ſhe labours hard to convert her huſband. Thank God ſhe is any thing that is ſerious! Thoſe people have really great merit with me in *her* converſion—I am ſorry that our own clergy are not as zealouſly in earneſt as they. They have really, my dear, if we may believe aunt Eleanor, given a face of religion to ſubterranean colliers, tinners, and the moſt profligate of men, who hardly ever before heard either of the word or thing. But *I* am not turning *Methodiſt*, Harriet. No, you will not ſuſpect me.

Now Emily, who is at preſent my viſiter, had aſked leave before my brother's invitation (and was gone, my Jenny attending her) to viſit her mother, who is not well. My brother was engaged

gaged to ſup abroad with ſome of the Danbies, I believe: I therefore made Lord and Lady L. couſin Reeves and couſin Reeves, and my aunt Grandiſon, ſup with me.

Emily was at home before me—Ah the poor Emily!—I'll tell you how it was between us—

My lovely girl, my dear Emily, ſaid I, I have good news to tell you about Miſs Byron—

O thank God!—And is ſhe well? Pray, madam, tell me, tell me; I long to hear good news of my dear Miſs Byron.

Why, ſhe will ſhortly be married, Emily!

Married, madam!—

Yes, my love!———And to your guardian, child!——

To my guardian, madam!—Well, but I hope ſo—

I then gave her a few particulars.

The dear girl tried to be joyful, and burſt into tears!

Why weeps my girl?—O fie! are you ſorry that Miſs Byron will have your guardian? I thought you loved Miſs Byron.

So I do, madam, as my own ſelf, and more than myſelf, if poſſible—But the ſurpriſe, madam—Indeed I am glad!—What makes me ſuch a fool? Indeed I am glad!—What ails me to cry I wonder? It is what I wiſhed, what I prayed for night and day. Dear madam, don't tell anybody. I am aſhamed of myſelf.

The ſweet April-faced girl then ſmiled through her tears.

I was charmed with her innocent ſenſibility, and if you are not, I ſhall think leſs of you than ever I did yet.

Dear madam, ſaid ſhe, permit me to withdraw for a few minutes: I muſt have my cry out—And I ſhall then be all joy and gladneſs.

She tript away; and in half an hour came down to me with quite another face.

Lady L. was then with me. I had told her of the girl's emotion. We are equally lovers of you, my dear, ſaid I; you need not be afraid of Lady L.

And have you told, madam?—Well but I am not a hypocrite. What a ſtrange thing! I who have always been ſo much afraid of another lady, for Miſs Byron's ſake, to be ſo oddly affected as if I were ſorry!—Indeed I rejoice.—But if you tell Miſs Byron, ſhe won't love me: She won't let me live with her and my guardian when ſhe is happy, and has made him ſo. And what ſhall I do then? for I have ſet my heart upon it.

Miſs Byron, my dear, loves you ſo well, that ſhe will not be able to deny you any thing your heart is ſet upon, that is in her power to grant.

God bleſs Miſs Byron as I love her, and ſhe will be the happieſt of women!——But what was the matter with me?—Yet I believe I know—My poor mother had been crying ſadly to me for her paſt unhappy life. She kiſſed me, as ſhe ſaid, for my *father's* ſake: She had been the worſt of wives to the beſt of huſbands.

Again the good girl wept at her mother's remembred remorſe——My guar——my guardian's goodneſs, my mother ſaid, had awakened her to a ſenſe of her wickedneſs. My poor mother did not ſpare herſelf: And I was all ſorrow; for what could I ſay to her on ſuch a ſubject?—And all the way that I came home in the coach I did nothing but cry. I had but juſt dried my eyes, and tried to look chearful when you came in. And then, when you told me the good news, ſomething ſtruck me all at once, ſtruck my very heart; I cannot account for it: I know not what to liken it to—and had I not burſt into tears, I believe it would have been worſe for me. But now I am myſelf; and

and if my poor mother could pacify her conſcience, I ſhould be a happy creature—*becauſe* of Miſs Byron's happineſs. You look at each other, ladies: But if you think I ſhould *not*, bid me begone from your preſence for a falſe girl, and never ſee you more.

Now, Harriet, this emotion of Emily appears to me as a ſort of phenomenon. Do *you* account for it as you will, but I am ſure Emily is no hypocrite; ſhe has no art; ſhe *believes* what ſhe ſays, that her ſudden burſt of tears was owing to her heart being affected by her mother's contrition: And I am alſo ſure that ſhe loves you above all the women in the world. Yet it is poſſible that the ſubtle thief, ycleped love, had got very near her heart, and juſt at the moment threw a dart into one angle of it, which was the *ſomething* that ſtruck her all at once, as ſhe phraſed it, and made her find tears a relief. This I know, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the ſame event, when judged of at a diſtance, and near. If you don't already, or if you ſoon will not, experience the truth of this obſervation in the great event before you, I am much miſtaken.

But you ſee, Harriet, what joy this happy declaration of my brother, and the kind reception it has met with from Northamptonſhire, has given us all. We will keep your ſecret, never fear, till all is over; and, when it is, you ſhall let my brother know, from the letters we have had the favour of ſeeing, as much as *we* do. Till he does, excellent as he thinks you, he will not know one half of your excellencies, nor the merit which your love and your ſuſpenſes have made you with him.

But, with you, I long for the arrival of the next letters from Italy. God grant that Lady Clementina hold her reſolution, now that ſhe ſees it is almoſt impoſſible for her to avoid marrying!

If

If ſhe ſhould relent, what would be the conſequence to my brother, to herſelf, to you! And how ſhall all we, his friends and yours, be affected! You think the lady is obliged, in duty to her parents, to marry. Lady L. and I are determined to be wiſe, and not give our opinions till the events which are yet in the boſom of Fate, diſcloſing themſelves, ſhall not leave us a poſſibility of being much miſtaken. And yet, as to what the filial duty requires of her, we think ſhe ought to marry. Mean time I repeat, "God grant that "Lady Clementina now hold her mind!"

LADY L. ſends up her name. Formality in *her* ſurely. I will chide her. But here ſhe comes—I love, Harriet, to write to the moment; that's a knack I had from you and my brother: And be ſure continue it on every occaſion: No *pathetic* without it.

Your ſervant, Lady L.

And *your* ſervant, Lady G.——Writing? To whom?

To our Harriet—

I will read your letter—Shall I?

Take it, but read it out, that I may know what I have written.

Now give it me again. I'll write down what you ſay to it, Lady L.

Lady L. I ſay you are a whimſical creature. But I don't like what you have *laſt* written.

Charlotte. Laſt written—'Tis down—But why ſo, Lady L.

Lady L. How can you thus teaze our beloved Byron with your conjectural evils?

Ch. Have I ſuppoſed an impoſſibility?—But 'tis down—*Conjectural evils.*

Lady L. If you are ſo whimſical, write—"My "dear Miſs Byron"—

Ch. My dear Miſs Byron—'Tis down.

Lady

Lady L. [looking over me]. "Do not let "what this ſtrange Charlotte has written grieve "you:"—

Ch. Very well, Caroline!—*grieve you.*—

Lady L. "Sufficient to the day is the evil there-"of."

Ch. Well obſerved—Words of ſcripture, I believe—Well—*evil thereof.*——

Lady L. Never, ſurely, was there ſuch a creature as you, Charlotte——

Ch. That's down, too.—

Lady L. Is that down? laughing—That ſhould not have been down—Yet 'tis true.

Ch. Yet 'tis true—What's next?

Lady L. Piſh—

Ch. Piſh.—

Lady L. Well, now to Harriet—"Clementina "cannot alter her reſolution; her objection ſtill "ſubſiſting. Her love for my brother"——

Ch. Hold, Lady L. Too much at one time—*her love to my brother*—

Lady L. "On which her apprehenſions that ſhe "ſhall not be able, if ſhe be his wife"—

Ch. Not ſo much at once, I tell you: It is *too* much for my giddy head to remember—*if ſhe be his wife*—

Lady L. —"to adhere to her own religion, are "founded"—

Ch. —*founded.*

Lady L. "Is a ſecurity for her adherence to a "reſolution ſo glorious to herſelf."

Ch. Well ſaid, Lady L.—May it be ſo, ſay, and pray I.—Any more, Lady L.?

Lady L. "Therefore"—

Ch. Therefore—

Lady L. "Regard not the perplexing Char-"lotte"—

Ch. I thank you, Caroline——*perplexing Charlotte*—

Lady

Lady L. "Is the advice of your ever-affectionate ſiſter, friend, and ſervant,"—

Ch. So!—*friend and ſervant*—

Lady L. Give me the pen—

Ch. Take another. She did—and ſubſcribed her name, "*C. L.*"

With all my heart, Harriet. And here, after I have repeated my hearty wiſhes that nothing of this that I have ſo ſagely apprehended may happen (for I deſire not to be dubbed a witch ſo much at my own, as well as at your expence), I will alſo ſubſcribe that of

Your no leſs affectionate ſiſter,
Friend and ſervant,
CHARLOTTE G.

My brother ſays, he has ſent you a letter, and your grandmamma another—Full of grateful ſenſibilities, both, I make no queſtion.—But no flight, or goddeſs-making abſurdity, I dare ſay. You will give us copies, *if you are as obliging* as *you uſed to be.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Monday, Sept. 25.

WHAT have I done to my Charlotte? Is there not ſomething cold and particular in your ſtile, eſpecially in that part of your letter preceding the entrance of my good Lady L. and in your poſtſcript?—*You will give us copies, if you are as obliging as you uſed to be.*—Why ſhould I, when likely to be more obliged to you than ever, be leſs obliging than before? I can't bear it from Lady G. Are you giving me a proof of the truth of your

your own obſervation? "That we may be very "differently affected by the ſame event, when "judged of at a diſtance and near."—I could not ſupport my ſpirits, if the ſiſter of Sir Charles Grandiſon loved me the leſs for the diſtinction her brother pays me.

And what, my dear, if Lady Clementina *ſhould* RELENT, as you phraſe it!—My *friends* might be now grieved—Well, and I might be affected too, more than if the viſit to my grandmamma had not been made. I own it.—But the high veneration I truly profeſs to have for Lady Clementina, would be parade and pretenſion, if, whatever became of your Harriet, I did not reſolve, in that caſe, to *try* at leaſt to make myſelf eaſy, and give up to her prior and worthier claim: And I ſhould conſider her *effort*, though unſucceſsful, as having intitled her to my higheſt eſteem. To what we know to be right we ought to ſubmit; the more difficult the more meritorious: And, in this caſe, your Harriet would conquer or die. If ſhe conquered, ſhe would then, in *that* inſtance, be greater than even Clementina. O my dear, we know not till we have the trial, what emulation will enable a warm and honeſt mind to do.

I will ſend you incloſed the two letters tranſcribed by Lucy *. I am very proud of them both; perhaps too proud; and it may be neceſſary that I ſhould be pulled down, though I expected it not from my Charlotte. "To be complimented in ſo "noble and ſincere a manner as you will ſee I am, "with the power of laying an obligation on him" (inſtead of owing it to his compaſſionate conſideration for a creature ſo long labouring in ſuſpenſe, and then deſpairing that her hopes could be anſwered),

* *Theſe letters do not appear. The contents may be gathered from what ſhe here ſays of them.*

ſwered), is enough at the ſame time to flatter her vanity, and gratify the moſt delicate ſenſibility.

You will ſee "how gratefully he takes my grand-'mamma's hint, that I knew how by experience to 'account for a double, a *divided* love, as ſhe is pleaſ-'ed to call it—and the preference my aunt, and 'herſelf, and I, have given to the claim of Lady 'Clementina." You, my dear, know our ſincerity in this particular. There is ſome merit in owning a truth when it makes againſt us. To do juſtice in another's caſe, againſt one's ſelf, is, methinks, making at leaſt a *ſecond* merit for one's ſelf. "He 'aſks my leave to attend me at Selby-houſe."—I ſhould rejoice to ſee him—But I could wiſh, methinks, that he had firſt received letters from abroad. But how can I hint my wiſhes to him without implying either doubt or reſerve?—*Reſerve*, in the delay of his viſit implied by ſuch hint; *doubt*, of his being at liberty to purſue his intentions: That would not become me to ſhew; as it might make him think that I wanted proteſtations and aſſurances from him, in order to *bind* him to me; when, if the ſituation be ſuch as obliges him to balance but in *thought*, and I could know it, I would die before I would accept of his hand: He has confirmed and eſtabliſhed, as I may ſay, my pride (I had always ſome) by the diſtinction he has given me: Yet I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, if I found it gave me either arrogance, or affectation. "He is ſo conſiderate 'as to diſpenſe with my anſwering his letters;" for he is pleaſed to ſay, "That if I do not *forbid* 'him to come down, by my aunt Selby, or my 'grandmamma, he will preſume upon my leave."

My uncle ſet out for Peterborough, in order to bring Mr Deane with him to Selby-houſe. Poor Mr Deane kept his chamber for a week before; yet had not let us know he was ill. He was forbid to go abroad for two days more; but was ſo overjoyed at what my uncle communicated to him, that

that he ſaid, he was not ſenſible of ailing any thing; and he would have come with my uncle next day; but neither he nor the doctor would permit it: But on Tueſday he came—Such joy! Dear good man! Such congratulations!—How conſiderable to their happineſs, do they all make that of their Harriet!

They have been in conſultation often; but they have excluded me from ſome particular ones. I gueſs the ſubject; and beg of them that I may not be *too much* obliged. What critical ſituations have I been in! When will it be at an end?

Mr Deane has written to Sir Charles. I am not to know the contents of his letter.

The hearts of us women, when we are urged to give way to a *clandeſtine* and *unequal* addreſs, or when inclined to favour ſuch a one, are apt, and are pleaded with, to riſe againſt the notions of bargain and ſale. *Smithfield bargains*, you Londoners call them: But unjuſt is the intended odium, if preliminaries are neceſſary in all treaties of this nature. And ſurely previous ſtipulations are indiſpenſably ſo among us changeable mortals, however promiſing the ſun-ſhine may be at our ſetting out on the journey of life; a journey too that will not be ended but with the life of one of the travellers.

If I ever were to be tempted to wiſh for great wealth, it would be for the ſake of Sir Charles Grandiſon; that I might be a means of enlarging his power: Since I am convinced, that the neceſſities of every worthy perſon within the large circle of his acquaintance, would be relieved, according to his ability.

My dear Emily!—Ah Lady G.! Was it *poſſible* for you to think, that my pity for the amiable innocent ſhould not increaſe my love for her! I will give you leave *indeed* to deſpiſe me, if you ever find any-thing in my behaviour to Emily, let me be circumſtanced as I will, that ſhall ſhew an abate-

ment to that tender affection which ever muſt warm my heart in her favour. Whenever I can promiſe any-thing for myſelf, then ſhall Emily be a partaker of my felicity, in the way her own heart ſhall direct. I hope, for *her own* ſake, that the dear girl puts the matter right, when ſhe attributes her ſudden burſt of tears to the weakneſs of her ſpirits occaſioned by her mother's remorſe: But let me ſay one thing: It would grieve me as much as it did Sir Charles in the Count of Belvedere's caſe, to ſtand in the way of any-body's happineſs. It is not, you ſee, your *Brother*'s fault, that he is not the huſband of Lady Clementina: She wiſhes him to marry an Engliſh woman.—Nor is even the hope of Lady Olivia fruſtrated by me. You know I always pitied her; and that before I knew, from Sir Charles's letter to Signor Jeronymo, that ſhe thought kindly of me.—Lady Anne S.; Do you think, my dear, that worthy woman could have hopes, were it *not* for me? And could my Emily have any, were I out of the world?—No, ſurely: The very *wardſhip*, which he executes with ſo much indulgent goodneſs to her, would exclude all ſuch hopes, conſiderable enough as his eſtate is, to anſwer a larger fortune than even Emily's. Were her's not half ſo much as it is, it would perhaps be more likely than now, that his generous mind might be diſpoſed in her favour, ſome years hence.

Let me, however, tell you, that true ſiſterly pity overwhelmed my heart, when I firſt read that part of your letter which ſo pathetically deſcribes her tender woe. Be the occaſion her duty, or her love, or owing to a mixture of both, I am charmed with her beautiful ſimplicity: I wept over that part of your letter for half an hour; and more than once I looked round and round me, wiſhing for the dear creature to be near me, and wanting to claſp her to my boſom.

Love

Love me ſtill, and that as well as ever, my dear Lady G. or I ſhall want a great ingredient of happineſs, in whatever ſituation I may be. I have written to thank my dear Lady L. for her goodneſs to me, in dictating to your pen; and I thank you, my dear, for being dictated to. I cannot be well. Send me but one line; eaſe my overburdened heart of one of its anxieties, by telling me that there has nothing paſſed of littleneſs in me, that has abated your love to

Your ever grateful, ever affectionate
HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIX.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Groſvenor-Square, Wedn. Sept. 27.

FLY *Script*, of one line; on the wings of the wind, fly, to acquaint my Harriet, that I love her above all women—and all *men* too; my brother excepted. Tell her, that I now love her with an increaſed love; becauſe I love her for his ſake, as well as for her own.

Forgive, my dear, all the careleſsneſſes, as you always did the flippancies of my pen. The happy proſpect that all our wiſhes would be ſucceeded to us, had given a levity, a wantonneſs, to it. Wicked pen!—But I have burnt the whole parcel from which I took it!—Yet I ſhould correct *myſelf*; for I don't know whether I did not intend to teaze a little: I don't know whether my compaſſion for Emily did not make me more ſilly. If that were ſo (for really I ſuffered my pen to take its courſe at the time; therefore burnt it) I know you will the more readily forgive me.

Littleneſs, Harriet! you are all that is great and good in woman. The littleneſs of others add to your greatneſs. Have not *my* foibles always proved this?—No, my dear! you are as great as—Clementina herſelf: And I love you better, if poſſible, than I love myſelf.

A few lines more on other ſubjects; for I can't write a ſhort letter to my Harriet——

The Counteſs of D. has made my brother a viſit. I happened to be at his houſe. They were alone together near an hour. At going away, he attending her to her chair, ſhe took my hand: All my hopes are over, ſaid ſhe; but I will love Miſs Byron for all that. Nor ſhall *you*, Sir Charles, in the day of your power, deny me my correſpondent: Nor muſt you, madam, and Lady L. a friendſhip with Sir Charles Grandiſon's two ſiſters.

Lady W. and my ſiſter and I correſpond. I want you to know her, that you may love her as well as we do. Love matches, my dear, are fooliſh things. I know not how you will find it ſome time hence: No general rule, however, without exceptions, you know. Violent love on one ſide is enough in conſcience, if the other party be not a fool, or ungrateful: The *lover* and *lovee* make generally the happieſt couple. Mild, ſedate convenience is better than a ſtark ſtaring-mad paſſion. The wall-climbers, the hedge and ditch-leapers, the river-forders, the window-droppers, always find reaſon to think ſo. Who ever hears of darts, flames, Cupids, Venus's, Adonis's, and ſuch like nonſenſe in matrimony?—Paſſion is tranſitory; but diſcretion, which never boils over, gives durable happineſs. See Lord and Lady W. Lord G. and his good woman for inſtances.

O my mad head! And why, think you, did I mention my correſponding with Lady W.?—Only to tell you (and I had like to have forgot it) that ſhe felicitates me in her laſt, on the likelihood of

of a happy acquiſition to our family, from what my brother communicated of his intention to make his addreſſes to ſomebody—I warrant you gueſs to whom.

Lady Anne S.—Poor Lady Anne S!—I dare not tell my brother how much ſhe loves him: I am ſure it would make him uneaſy.

Beauchamp deſires his compliments to you. He is in great affliction. Poor Sir Harry is thought irrecoverable. Different phyſicians have gone their rounds with him: But the new ones only aſk what the old ones did, that they may *gueſs* at ſomething elſe to make trial of. When a patient has money, it is difficult, I believe, for a phyſician to be honeſt, and to ſay, till the laſt extremity, that the parſon and ſexton may take him.

Adieu, my love!—Adieu, all my grandmammas, aunts, couſins, and kin's kin in Northamptonſhire—Adieu!

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XL.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Tueſday, Oct. 3.

A THOUSAND thanks to you, my dear Lady G. for the favour of your laſt: You have reaſſured me in it. I think I could not have been happy even in the affection of Sir Charles Grandiſon, were I to have found an abatement in the love of his two ſiſters. Who, that knows you both, and that had been favoured with your friendſhip, could have been ſatisfied with the leaſt diminution of it?

I have a letter from the Counteſs of D. *. She is

* *This letter does not appear.*

is a moſt generous woman. "She even congra-
'tulates me on your brother's account, from the
'converſation that paſſed between him and her.
'She gives me the particulars of it. Exceeding-
'ly flattering are they to my vanity." I *muſt*, my dear, be happy, if you continue to love me; and if I can know that Lady Clementina is not unhappy. This latter is a piece of intelligence, neceſſary, I was going to ſay, for my tranquillity: For can your brother be happy if *that* lady be otherwiſe, whoſe grievous malady could hold in ſuſpenſe his generous heart, when he had no proſpects at that time of ever calling her his?

I pity from my heart Lady Anne S. What a dreadful thing is hopeleſs love; the object ſo worthy, that every mouth is full of his praiſes! How many women will your brother's preference of *one*, be ſhe who ſhe will, diſappoint in their firſt loves! Yet out of a hundred women, how few are there, who, for one reaſon or other, have the man of their firſt choice!

I remember you once ſaid, it was well that love is not a paſſion abſolutely invincible: But however, I do not, my dear, agree with you in your notions of all love-matches. Love merely *perſonal*, that ſort of love which commences between the years of fifteen and twenty, and when the extraordinary *merit* of the object is not the foundation of it, may, I believe, and perhaps generally *ought* to be ſubdued. But love that is founded on a merit that every body acknowledges—I don't know what to ſay to the vincibility of *ſuch* a love. For myſelf, I think it impoſſible that I ever could have been the wife of any man on earth but one, and given him my affection in ſo *entire* a manner, as ſhould, on reflection, have acquitted my own heart, though I hope I ſhould not have been wanting in my general duties—And why impoſſible? Becauſe I muſt have been conſcious, that there was another man

man whom I would have preferred to him. Let me add, that when proſpects were darkeſt with regard to my wiſhes, I promiſed my grandmamma and aunt to make myſelf eaſy, at leaſt to endeavour to do ſo, if they never would propoſe to me the Earl of D. or any other man. They *did* promiſe me.

Lady D. in her letter to me, "is ſo good as to 'claim the continuance of my correſpondence." Moſt ungrateful, and equally ſelf-denying muſt I be, if I were to decline my part of it.

I have a letter from Sir Rowland Meredith *. You who have ſeen his former letters to me, need not be ſhewn this. The ſame honeſt heart appears in them all, the ſame kind profeſſions of paternal love.

You love Sir Rowland, and will be pleaſed to hear that his worthy nephew is likely to recover his health. I cannot, however, be joyful that they are reſolved to make me ſoon one more viſit. But you will ſee that Mr Fowler thinks, if he could be allowed to viſit me once more, he ſhould, though hoping nothing from the viſit, be eaſier for the reſt of his life. A ſtrange way of thinking! ſuppoſing love to be his diſtemper: Is it not?

I have a letter from Mr Fenwick. He has made a very ſhort excurſion abroad. He tells me in it, that he deſigns me a viſit on a particular ſubject. If it be, as I ſuſpect, to engage my intereſt with my Lucy, he ſhall *not* have her: He is not worthy of her.

The friendſhip and favour of Lady W. is one of the greateſt felicities which ſeem to offer to bleſs my future lot.

Mr Greville is the moſt perſevering, as well as moſt audacious of men. As other men endeavour to gain a woman's affections by politeneſs, he makes pride, ill-nature, and impetuoſity, the proofs of

* *This letter appears not.*

of his love; and thinks himſelf ill uſed, eſpecially ſince his large acquiſition of fortune, that they are not accepted as ſuch. He has obliged Mr Deane to hear his pleas, and preſumed to hope for his favour. Mr Deane frankly told him that his intereſt lay quite another way. He then inſolently threatened with deſtruction the man, be he who he will, that ſhall ſtand in his way. He doubts not, he ſays, but Sir Charles Grandiſon is the man deſigned: But if ſo *cool* a lover is to be encouraged againſt ſo *fervent* a one as himſelf, he is miſtaken in all the notions of women's conduct and judgment in love-matters. A *diſcreet* lover, he ſays, is an unnatural character: Women, the odious wretch ſays, love to be devoured [Is he not an odious wretch?]; and if Miſs Byron can content herſelf with another woman's *leavings*, (for that, he ſays, he is well informed is the caſe,) he knows what he ſhall think of her ſpirit. And then he threw out, as uſual, reflections on our ſex which had malice in them.

This man's threats diſturb me. God grant that your brother may not meet with any more embarraſſments from inſolent men on my account!

If theſe men, this Greville in particular, would let me be at peace, I ſhould be better, I believe, in my health: but Lady Frampton is his advocate by letter. He watches my footſteps, and in every viſit I make, throws himſelf in the way: And on Sundays he is always ready with his officious hand, as I alight to enter the church, and to lead me back to my uncle's coach. My uncle cannot affront him, becauſe he will not be affronted by him. He rallies off, with an intrepidity that never was exceeded, all that my aunt ſays to him. I repulſe him with anger everywhere but in a place ſo public and ſo ſacred. He diſturbs my devotion with his bold eyes always fixed on our pew, which draw every one's after them. He has the aſſurance, when

when he intrudes himſelf into my company, to laugh at my anger, telling me, that it is what he has long wiſhed for, and that now he is ſo much uſed to it, that he can live on my frowns, and cannot ſupport life without them. He plainly tells me, that Mr Fenwick's arrival from abroad, and and another certain perſon's alſo, are the occaſion of his reſumed ſedulity.

Every body about us, in ſhort, is intereſted for or againſt him. He makes me appear coy and ridiculous. He——But no more of this bold man. Would to Heaven that ſome one of thoſe who like ſuch, would relieve me from him!

Viſitors and the poſt oblige me ſooner than I otherwiſe ſhould, to conclude myſelf, my dear Lady G.

Ever Yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLI.

Mr DEANE, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Selby-houſe, Tueſday, Oct. 3.

AN alliance more acceptable, were it with a prince, could not be propoſed, than that which Sir Charles Grandiſon, in a manner ſo worthy of himſelf, has propoſed with a family who have thought themſelves under obligation to him ever ſince he delivered the darling of it from the lawleſs attempts of a ſavage libertine. I know to whom I write, and will own, that it has been *my* wiſh in a moſt particular manner.

As to the ſurviving part of the family, *excluſive* of Miſs Byron (for I will mention her parents by-and-by), it is in all its branches worthy: Indeed, Sir, your wiſh of a relation to *them* is not a diſcredit

dit to your high character. As to the young lady —I ſay nothing of her—Yet how ſhall I forbear— O Sir, believe me! ſhe will dignify your choice. Her duty and her inclination through every relation of life were never divided.

Excuſe me, Sir—No parent was ever more fond of his child than I have been, from her infancy, of this my daughter by adoption. Hence, Sir, being conſulted on this occaſion, as my affection I will ſay for the whole family deſerves, I take upon me to acquaint you, before any further ſteps are taken, what our dear child's fortune will be: For it has been always my notion, that a young gentleman, in ſuch a caſe, ſhould, the moment he offers himſelf, if his own propoſals are acceptable, be ſpared the *indelicacy* of aſking queſtions as to fortune. We know, Sir, yours is great: But as your ſpirit is princely, you ought to have ſomething worthy of your own fortune with a wife. But here, alas! we muſt fail I doubt, at leaſt in hand.

Mr Byron was one of the beſt of men; his lady a moſt excellent woman: There never was a happier pair. Both had reaſon to boaſt of their anceſtry. His eſtate was upwards of Four thouſand pounds a-year; but it was entailed, and, in failure of male heirs, was to deſcend to a ſecond branch of the family, which had made itſelf the more unworthy of it, by ſettling in a foreign country, renouncing, as I may ſay, its own. Mr Byron died a young man, and left his lady *enſient;* but grief for loſing him occaſioned firſt her miſcarriage, and then her death; and the eſtate followed the name. Hence be pleaſed to know, that Miſs Byron's fortune, in her own right, is no more than between Thirteen and Fourteen thouſand pounds. It is chiefly in the funds. It has been called 15,000 *l.* but is not much more than thirteen. Her grandmother's jointure is between 4 and 500 *l.* a-year. We none of us wiſh to ſee my

my god-daughter in poſſeſſion of it: She herſelf leaſt of all. Mrs Shirley is called by every one that knows her, or ſpeaks of her, The ornament of old age. Her huſband, an excellent man, deſired her to live always in the manſion-houſe, and in the hoſpitable way he had ever kept up, if what he left her would ſupport her in it. She has been longer ſpared to the prayers of her friends, and to thoſe of the poor, than was apprehended; for ſhe is infirm in health. She therefore can do but little towards the increaſe of her child's fortune. But Shirley-manor is a fine old ſeat, Sir: And there is timber upon the eſtate, which wants but ten years' growth, and will be felled to good account. Mr Selby is well in the world. He propoſes, as a token of his love, to add 3000 *l.* in hand to his niece's fortune; and by his will ſomething very conſiderable further expectant on his lady's death; who being Miſs Byron's aunt by the father's ſide, intends by her will to do very handſomely for her. —By the way, my dear Sir, be aſſured, that what I write is abſolutely unknown to Miſs Byron.

There *is* a man who loves her as he loves himſelf. This man has laid by a ſum of money every year for the advancing her in marriage, beginning with the fifth year of her life, when it was ſeen what a hopeful child ſhe was: This has been put at accumulated intereſt; and it amounts, in ſixteen years, or thereabouts, to very near 8000 *l.* This man, Sir, will make up the Eight Thouſand Ten, to be paid on the day of marriage: And I hope, without promiſing for what this man will do further at his death, that you will accept of this Five or Six-and-twenty Thouſand pounds, as the chearfulleſt given and beſt-beſtowed money that ever was laid out.

Let not theſe particulars pain you, Sir: They ſhould not: The ſubject is a neceſſary one. You, who ought to give way to the increaſe of that

power which you ſo nobly uſe, muſt not be pained at this mention, once for all. Princes, Sir, are not above aſking money of their people as free-gifts, on the marriage of their children. He that would be greater than a prince, may, before he is aware, be leſs than a gentleman. Of this ten thouſand pounds, eight is Miſs Byron's due, as ſhe is likely to be ſo happy with all our conſents; elſe it would not: For that was the man's *reſerved* condition; and the ſum, or the deſignation of it, was till this day only known to himſelf.

As to ſettlements in return, I would have acted the lawyer, but the *honeſt* lawyer, with you, Sir, and made demands of you; but Mr and Mrs Selby, and Mrs Shirley, unanimouſly declare, that you ſhall not be preſcribed to in this caſe. Were you not Sir Charles Grandiſon? was the queſtion. I was againſt leaving it to you, for that *very* reaſon. It will be, ſaid I, to provoke ſuch a man as Sir Charles to do too much. Moſt other men ought to be ſpurred; but *this* muſt be held in. But, however, I acquieſced; and the more eaſily, becauſe I expect that the deeds ſhall paſs through my hands; and I will take care that you ſhall not, in order to give a proof of love where it is not wanted, exert an inadequate generoſity.

Theſe matters I thought it was abſolutely neceſſary to appriſe you of: You will have the goodneſs to excuſe any imperfections in my manner of writing. There are none in my heart, when I aſſure you, that no man breathing can more reſpect you, than, Sir,

Your moſt faithful and
obedient humble Servant,
THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To* THO. DEANE, *Eſq;*

Thurſday, Oct. 5.

YOU know not, my dear Mr Deane, upon what an unthankful man you would beſtow your favours. I pretend not to be above complying with the laudable cuſtoms of the world. Princes are examples to themſelves. I have always, in things indifferent, been willing to take the world as I find it; and conform to it.

To ſay Miſs Byron is a treaſure in herſelf, is what every man would ſay, who has the honour to know her: Yet I would not, in a vain oſtentation, as the intereſt of a man and his wife is one, make a compliment to my affection, by reſigning or giving from her her natural right; eſpecially as there is no one of her family that wants to be benefited by ſuch gifts or reſignations. But then I will not allow that any of her friends ſhall part with what is theirs, to ſupply—what? A *ſuppoſed* deficiency in her fortune. And by *whom*, as implied by you, ſuppoſed a deficiency—By me; and it is left to me to *confirm* the imputation, by my acceptance of the addition ſo generouſly, as to the *intention*, offered. Had I incumbrances on my eſtate, which, undiſcharged, would involve in difficulties the woman I love, I know not what, for *her* ſake, I might be tempted to do. But avarice only can induce a man, who wants it not, to accept of the bounty of a lady's friends, in their lifetime eſpecially—When thoſe friends are not either father or mother; one of them not a relation by blood, though he is by a nearer tie, that of love: And is not the fortune which the lady poſſeſſes in her own right an ample one?

I am as rich as I wiſh to be, my dear Mr Deane. Were my income *leſs*, I would live within it; were it *more*, it would increaſe my duties. Permit me, my good Sir, to aſk, Has the MAN, as you call him (and a MAN indeed he appears to me to be, who intends to make ſo noble a preſent to a ſtranger), no relations, no friends, who would have reaſon to think themſelves unkindly treated, if he gave from them ſuch a large portion of his fortune?

I would not be thought romantic; neither aim I at oſtentation. I would be as glad to *follow*, as to *ſet* a good example. Can I have a nobler, if Miſs Byron honours me with her hand, than ſhe, in *that* caſe, will give, in preferring me to the Earl of D. a worthy man, with a much more ſplendid fortune than mine? Believe me, my dear Mr Deane, it would, on an event ſo happy, be a reſtraint to my own joy before friends ſo kindly contributing to the increaſe of her fortune, leſt they ſhould imagine that their generoſity, on the occaſion, was one of the motives of my gratitude to her for her goodneſs to me.

You tell me, that Miſs Byron knows nothing of your propoſals: I beſeech you, let her *not* know any thing of them: Abaſe not ſo much, in her eyes, the man who preſumes on her favour for the happineſs of the reſt of his life, by ſuppoſing (*your* ſuppoſition, Sir, may have weight with *her*) he could value her the more for ſuch an addition to her fortune. No, Sir: Let Miſs Byron (ſatisfied with the conſciouſneſs of a worth which all the world acknowledges), in one of the moſt ſolemn events of her life, look round among her congratulating friends with that modeſt confidence, which the ſenſe of laying a high obligation on a favoured object gives to diffident merit, and which the receiving of favours from all her friends, as if to ſupply a ſuppoſed defective worth, muſt either abate;

abate; or, if it do not, make her think leſs of the intereſted man, who could ſubmit to owe ſuch obligations.

If theſe friendly expoſtulations conclude againſt the offer of your *generous friend*, they equally do ſo againſt that of Mr Selby. Were that gentleman and his lady the *parents* of Miſs Byron, the caſe would be different: But Miſs Byron's fortune is an *aſcertained* one; and Mr Selby has relations who ſtand in an equal degree of conſanguinity to him, and who are all intitled, by their worthineſs, to his favour. My beſt reſpects and thanks are however due; and I beg you will make my acknowledgments accordingly, as well to your *worthy friend*, as to Mr Selby.

I take the liberty to ſend you down the rent-roll of my Engliſh eſtate. Determine for *me* as you pleaſe, my deareſt Mr Deane: Only take this caution—Affront me not a ſecond time; but let the ſettlements be ſuch, as may be fully anſwerable to my fortune; although, in the common methods of calculation, it may exceed that of the dear lady. That you may be the better judge of this, you will find a brief particular of my Iriſh eſtate ſubjoined to the other.

I was intending, when I received yours to do myſelf the honour of a viſit to Selby-houſe. I am impatient to throw myſelf at the feet of my dear Miſs Byron, and to commend myſelf to the favour of Mr and Mrs Selby, and every one of a family I am prepared by their characters, as well as by their relation to Miſs Byron, to revere and love: But as you ſeem to chuſe that the requiſite preliminaries ſhould be firſt adjuſted by pen and ink, I ſubmit, though with reluctance, to that courſe; but with the leſs, as I may, in the interim, receive letters from abroad, which, though they can now make no alteration with regard to the treaty ſo happily begun, may give me an opportunity of

laying the whole ſtate of my affairs before Miſs Byron; by which means ſhe will be enabled to form a judgment of them, and of the heart of, dear Sir,

Her and your moſt affectionate,
obliged, and faithful humble Servant,
CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

[*With the two preceding Letters.*]

Selby-houſe, Sat. Oct. 7.

WELL did you obſerve, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the ſame event, when judged of at a diſtance and near. *May* I, in the preſent ſituation, preſume to ſay *near?* Mr Deane has entered into the particulars of my fortune with Sir Charles. The letter was not ſhewn me before it went; and I was not permitted to ſee the copy of it till your brother's anſwer came; and then they ſhewed me both.

O my dear Mr Deane! my ever-kind uncle and aunt Selby! was not your Harriet Byron too much obliged to you before?—As to your brother, what, my love, ſhall I do with my *pride?* I did not know I had ſo much of that bad quality. My poverty, my dear, has added to my pride. Were my fortune ſuperior to that of your brother, I am ſure I ſhould not be ſo proud as I now, on this occaſion, find I am. How generouſly does he decline accepting the goodneſs that was offered to give me more conſideration with him (as kindly intended by them)! What can I ſay to him, but that

that his heart, ſtill prouder than my own, and more generous than that of any other perſon breathing, will not permit me to owe common obligations to any but himſelf.

He deſires that I may not know any thing of this tranſaction: But they thought the communication would give me pleaſure. However, they wiſh me not to take notice to him, when he viſits Selby-houſe, that they have communicated it to me. If I did, I ſhould think myſelf obliged to manifeſt a gratitude that would embarraſs me in my preſent ſituation, and ſeem to fetter the freedom of my will. Millions of obligations ſhould not bribe me to give up even a corner of my heart, to a man to whom I could not give the whole. Your brother, my dear, is in poſſeſſion of the whole.

You know that I hate affectation: But muſt I not have great abatements in my proſpects of happineſs, becauſe of Lady Clementina? And muſt they not be ſtill greater, ſhould ſhe be unhappy, ſhould ſhe repent of the reſolution ſhe ſo nobly took, for his ſaying, that whatever be the contents of his next letters from Italy, they can make no alteration with regard to the treaty begun with us?—Dear, dear Clementina! moſt excellent of women! Can I bear to ſtand in the way of your happineſs?—I cannot—*My* life, any more than yours, may not be a long one; and I will not ſully the whiteneſs of it (pardon my vanity; I preſume to call it ſo, on retroſpecting it, regarding my *intentions* only), by giving way to an act of injuſtice, though it were to obtain for me the whole heart of the man I love.

Yet think you, my dear, that I am not mortified? "How can I look round upon my congratulating friends, in one of the moſt ſolemn events of my life, with that modeſt confidence which the ſenſe of laying an obligation on a favoured object" (You know in whoſe generous words I expreſs

expreſs myſelf) "gives to diffident merit?" O my Charlotte! I am *afraid* of your brother! How ſhall I look up to him when I next ſee him?—But I will give way to this new gueſt, my *pride*. What other way have I!—Will you forgive me, if I try to look upon your brother's generoſity to me and my friends, in declining ſo greatly their offers, as a bribe to make me ſit down ſatisfied with half, nay *not* half a heart?—And now will you not ſay that I am proud indeed? But his is the moſt delicate of human minds: And ſhall not the woman pretend to ſome delicacy who has looked up to him?

I thought of writing but a few lines in the cover of the two letters. I hope I ſhould not incur diſpleaſure from any body here, were they to know I ſend them to you for your peruſal. But let only Lord G. your other ſelf, and Lord and Lady L. read them, and return them by the next poſt. I know you four will pity the poor and proud girl, who is ſo inexpreſſibly obliged almoſt to every one ſhe knows; but who believe her, proud as ſhe is, never will be aſhamed to own her obligations to you and Lady L.

Witneſs,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLIV.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Groſvenor-Square, Tueſday, Oct. 10.

I RETURN your two letters: Very good ones both. I like them. Lord L. and Lord G. thank you for allowing them to peruſe them. We will know nothing of the matter.

My

My brother will ſoon be with you, I believe. I wiſh Dr Bartlett were in town: One ſhould then know ſomething of the motions of my brother—Not that he is reſerved neither. But he is ſo much engaged, that I go four times to St James's-ſquare, and perhaps do not ſee him once. My lord had the aſſurance to ſay, but yeſterday, that I was there more than at home. He is very impertinent: I believe he has taken up my ſaucineſs. I laid it down, and thought to reſume it occaſionally; but when I came to look for it, behold! it was gone!—But I hope, if he has it not, it is only miſlaid. I intend, if it come not ſoon to hand, to ſet the pariſh-crier to proclaim the loſs, with a reward for the finder. It might be the ruin of ſome indiſcreet woman, ſhould ſuch a one meet with it, and try to uſe it. Aunt Eleanor [there I remembred myſelf: No more aunt Nell!] is as joyful, to think her nephew will ſoon be married, and to an *Engliſh* woman, as if ſhe were going to be married herſelf. Were there to be a wedding in the family, or among her acquaintance once a-year, what with preparation, what with ſolemnization, good old ſoul! ſhe would live for ever. Chide again, Harriet; I value it not. Yet in your laſt chiding you were exceſſively grave: But I forgive you. Be good, and write me every thing how and about it; and write to the moment: You cannot be too minute.

I want you to ſee Lady Olivia's preſents: They are princely. I want to ſee a letter ſhe wrote to my brother: He mentioned it as ſomething extraordinary. When you are his, you muſt ſhew me all he writes that you are permitted to have in your power long enough to tranſcribe. He and ſhe correſpond. Do you like that, Harriet?—Lady L. writes: Emily writes. So I have only to ſay, I am

Your humble Servant, and ſoforth, CH. G.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Selby-houſe, Thurſday, Oct. 12.

My dear Lady G.

I EXPECT your brother every hour. I hope he comes in purſuance of letters from Italy—May it be ſo! and ſuch as will not abate his welcome!

We heard by accident of his approach, by a farmer, tenant to my uncle, who ſaw a fine gentleman, very handſomely attended, alight, as he left Stratford, at the *very* inn where we baited on our return from London. As a dinner was preparing for him, perhaps, my dear, he will dine in the *very* room we dined in at that time. The farmer had the curioſity to aſk who he was; and was anſwered by the moſt courteous gentleman's ſervants he ever ſpoke to, that they had the honour to ſerve Sir Charles Grandiſon. And the farmer having ſaid he was of Northampton, one of them aſked him, how far Selby-houſe was from that town? The farmer was obliged to hurry home on his own affairs; and meeting my uncle with Mr Deane, and my couſin James Selby, taking an airing on horſeback, told him the viſiter he was likely to have. My uncle inſtantly diſpatched his ſervant to us with the tidings, and that he was gone to meet him, in hopes of conducting him hither.

This news gave me ſuch emotion, being not well before, that my aunt adviſed me to retire to my cloſet, and endeavour to quiet my ſpirits.

Here then I am, my dear Lady G. and the writing-implements being always at hand in this place, I took up my pen. It is not poſſible for me to write at this time, but to you, and on this ſubject,

ject. It is good for a buſy mind to have ſomething to be employed in; and I think, now I am amuſing myſelf on paper, my heart is a little more governable than it was.

I am glad we heard of his coming before we ſaw him. But ſurely Sir Charles Grandiſon ſhould not have attempted to *ſurprize* us: Should he, my dear? Does it not look like the pride of a man aſſured of a joyful welcome? I have read of Princes, who, acquainted with their ladies by picture only, and having been married by proxy, have ſet out to their frontiers *incognito*, and in diſguiſe have affected to ſurpriſe the poor apprehenſive bride.—But here, not only circumſtances differ, ſince there has been no betrothment; but were he of princely rank, I ſhould have expected a more delicate treatment from him.—

How will the conſciouſneſs of inferiority and obligation ſet a proud and punctilious mind upon hunting for occaſions to juſtify its caprices!—— A ſervant of Sir Charles is juſt arrived with a billet directed for my uncle Selby. My aunt opened it. It is dated from Stratford. The contents are, after compliments of enquiry of our healths, to acquaint my uncle, that he ſhall put up at the George at Northampton this night; and hopes to be allowed to pay his compliments to us to-morrow morning at breakfaſt: So he did not *intend* to give himſelf the conſequence, of which my capricious heart was ſo apprehenſive. Yet then, as if reſolved to find fault, is not this a little too parading for his natural freedom? thought I: Or does he think we ſhould not be able to outlive our joyful ſurpriſe, if he gave us not notice of his arrival in theſe parts before he ſaw us? O Clementina! Goddeſs! Angel! What a mere mortal, what a woman, doſt thou make the poor Harriet Byron appear in her own eyes! How apprehenſive of coming

coming after thee! The ſenſe I have of my own littleneſs will make me little indeed!

Well, but I preſume, that if my uncle and Mr Deane meet him, they will prevail upon him to come hither this night: Yet I ſuppoſe he muſt be allowed to go to the propoſed inn afterwards—— But here, he is come!—Come indeed! My uncle in the chariot with him! My couſin and Mr Deane, Sally tells me, juſt alighted. Sally adores Sir Charles Grandiſon—Begone, Sally. Thy emotions, fooliſh girl, add to thoſe of thy miſtreſs!——

THAT I might avoid the appearance of affectation, I was going down to welcome him, when I met my uncle on the ſtairs. Niece Byron, ſaid he, you have not done *juſtice* to Sir Charles Grandiſon. I thought your *love-ſick heart* [what words were theſe, my dear! and at that moment too!] muſt have been partial to him. He prevailed on me to go into his chariot. You may think yourſelf very happy. For fifteen miles together did he talk of nobody but you. Let *me* go down with you: Let *me* preſent you to him.

I had before beſought my ſpirits to befriend me, but for one half-hour. Surely there is nothing ſo unwelcome as an unſeaſonable jeſt. *Preſent me to him! Love-ſick heart!* O my uncle! thought I. I was unable to proceed. I haſtened back to my cloſet, as much diſconcerted as a child could be, who, having taken pains to get its leſſon by heart, daſhed by a chiding countenance, forgot every ſyllable of it when it came to *ſay* it. You know, my dear, that I had not of ſome time been well. My ſpirits were weak, and joy was almoſt as painful to me as grief could have been.

My aunt came up—My love, why don't you come down?—What now! Why in tears?—You will

will appear, to the fineſt man I ever ſaw in my life, very particular!—Mr Deane is in love with him: Your couſin James—

Dear madam, I am already, when I make compariſons between him and myſelf, humbled enough with his excellencies. I did *intend* to avoid particularity; but my uncle has quite diſconcerted me—Yet he always means well: I ought not to complain. I attend you, madam.

Can you, Lady G. forgive my pride, my petulance?

My aunt went down before me. Sir Charles haſtened to me, the moment I appeared, with an air of reſpectful love.

He took my hand, and bowing upon it, I rejoiced to ſee my dear Miſs Byron; and to ſee her ſo well. How many ſufferers muſt there be when you ſuffer!

I bid him welcome to England. I hope he heard me: I could not help ſpeaking low: He muſt obſerve my diſcompoſure. He led me to a ſeat, and ſat down by me, ſtill holding my hand. I withdrew it not preſently, leſt he ſhould think me preciſe: But, as there were ſo many perſons preſent, I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandiſon. Yet perhaps he could not well quit it, as I did not withdraw it; ſo that the fault might be rather in my paſſiveneſs, than in his forwardneſs.

However, I aſked my aunt afterwards, if his looks were not thoſe of a man aſſured of ſucceſs; as indeed he might be from my grandmother's letter, and my ſilence to *his*. She ſaid, there was a manly freedom in his addreſs to me; but that it had ſuch a mixture of tenderneſs in it, that never, in *her* eyes, was freedom ſo becoming. While he was reſtrained by his ſituation, added ſhe, no wonder that he treated you with reſpect only as a *friend*; but now he finds himſelf at liberty to ad-

dreſs you, his behaviour ought, as a *lover*, to have been juſt what it was.

Sir Charles led me into talk, by mentioning you and Lady L. your two lords, and my Emily.

My uncle and aunt withdrew, and had ſome little canvaſſings, it ſeems [all their canvaſſings are thoſe of aſſured lovers], about the propriety of my uncle's invitation to Sir Charles to take up his reſidence, while he was in theſe parts, at Selby-houſe. My uncle, at coming in, had directed Sir Charles's ſervants to put up their horſes: But they not having their maſter's orders to do ſo, held themſelves in readineſs to attend him; as they knew that Sir Charles had given directions to his gentleman, Richard Saunders, who brought the billet to my uncle, to go back to Northampton, and provide apartments for him at the George inn there.

My aunt, who you know is a perfect judge of points of decorum, pleaded to my uncle, that it was too well known among our ſelect friends, by Mr Greville's means, that Sir Charles had never before made his addreſſes to me; and that therefore, though he was to be treated as a man whoſe alliance is conſidered as an honour to us; yet that ſome meaſures were to be kept, as to the *look* of the thing; and that the world might not conclude that I was to be won at this very firſt appearance; and the rather, as Mr Greville's violence, as well as virulence, was ſo well known.

My uncle was petulant. *I*, ſaid he, am always in the wrong: You women never. He ran into all thoſe peculiarities of words, for which you have ſo often rallied him—His *adſheart*, his *female ſcrupuloſities*, his *what a pize*, his hatred of *ſhilly-ſhally's* and *fiddle-faddles*, and the reſt of our *female nonſenſes*, as he calls them. He hoped to ſalute his niece, as Lady Grandiſon, in a fortnight: What

What a *duce* was the matter it could *not* be ſo, both ſides now of a mind?—He warned my aunt, and bid her warn me, againſt affectation, now the criſis was at hand. Sir Charles, he ſaid, would think meanly of us, if we were *ſilly*: And then came in another of his odd words: Sir Charles, he ſaid, had been ſo much already *bamboozled*, that he would not have patience with us; and *therefore*, and for all theſe *reaſons*, as he called them, he deſired that Sir Charles might not be ſuffered to go out of the houſe, and to an inn; and this as well for the *propriety* of the thing, as for the credit of his own invitation to him.

My aunt replied, that Sir Charles *himſelf* would expect delicacy from us. It was evident, that he expected not (no doubt for the ſake of the world's eye) to reſide in the houſe with *me* in his *firſt* viſit, by his having ordered his ſervant who brought the billet to take apartments for him at Northampton, even not deſigning to viſit us over night, had he not been met by Mr Deane and himſelf, and *perſuaded* to come. In ſhort, my dear, ſaid my aunt, I am as much concerned about Sir Charles's *own* opinion of our conduct, as for that of the world: Yet you know, that every genteel family around us expects examples from us and Harriet. If Sir Charles is not with us, the oftener he viſits us, the more reſpectful it will be conſtrued. I hope he will live with us all day, and every day: But indeed it muſt be as a viſiter, not as an inmate.

Why then bring me off ſome-how, that I may not ſeem the blunderer you are always making me by your *documents*—Will you do *that?*

When my uncle and aunt came in, they found Sir Charles, and Mr Deane, and me talking. Our ſubject was, the happineſs of Lord and Lady W. and the whole Mansfield family, with whom Mr Deane, who began the diſcourſe, is well acquainted. Sir Charles aroſe at their entrance. The

night draws on, ſaid he—I will do myſelf the honour of attending you, madam, and this happy family, at tea in the morning—My good Mr Selby, I had a deſign upon you and Mr Deane, and upon you, young gentleman (to my couſin James), as I told you on the road; but it is now too late. Adieu, till to-morrow—He bowed to each, to me profoundly, kiſſing my hand, and went to his chariot.

My uncle whiſpered my aunt, as we all attended him to that door of the hall which leads into the court-yard, to invite him to ſtay. Hang punctilio! he ſaid.

My aunt wanted to ſpeak to Sir Charles; yet, ſhe owned, ſhe knew not what to ſay: Such a conſcious awkwardneſs had indeed poſſeſſion of us both, as made us uneaſy: We thought all was not right, yet knew not that we were wrong. But when Sir Charles's chariot drove away with him, and we took our ſeats, and ſupper was talked of, we all of us ſhewed diſſatisfaction; and my uncle was quite out of humour. He would give a thouſand pounds, he ſaid, with all his heart and ſoul, to find in the morning, Sir Charles, inſtead of coming hither to breakfaſt, had ſet out on his return to London.

For my part, Lady G. I could not bear theſe recriminations. I begged to be excuſed ſitting down to ſupper. I was not well; and this odd ſituation added *uneaſineſs* to my indiſpoſition: A diſſatisfaction that I find will mingle with our higheſt enjoyments: Nor were the beloved company I left happier. They canvaſſed the matter with ſo much good-natured earneſtneſs, that the ſupper was taken away as it was brought at a late hour.

What, my dear Lady G. in your opinion, ſhould we have done? Were we right or were we wrong? Over-delicacy, as I have heard obſerved, is under-

delicacy.

delicacy. You, my dear, your lord, our Emily, and Dr Bartlett, all ſtanding in ſo well-known a degree of relation to Sir Charles Grandiſon, were our moſt welcome gueſts: And was not the brother to be received with equal warmth of reſpect? —O no! Cuſtom, it ſeems, tyrant cuſtom, and the apprehended opinion of the world, obliged us (eſpecially as ſo much buſtle had been made about me, by men ſo bold, ſo impetuous) to ſhew him —Shew him what?—In effect, that we had expectations upon him which we could not have upon his brother and ſiſter; and therefore, becauſe we hoped he would be more *near*, we were to keep him at the *greater* diſtance!—What an indirect acknowledgment was this in his favour, were there room for him to doubt! Which, however, there could not be. What would I give, ſaid my aunt, to me this moment, to know *his* though[t] on the matter!

Lucy and Nancy will be here at dinner; ſo will my grandmamma. She has, with her uſual enquiries after my health, congratulated me by this line, ſealed up:

"I long, my beſt love, to embrace you, on the 'joyful occaſion. I need ſay no more, than that 'I think myſelf, at this inſtant, one of the happieſt of women. I ſhall dine with you to-day. 'Adieu till then, joy of my heart, my own Harriet!"

Lucy, in a billet juſt now brought, written for herſelf and Nancy, on the intelligence ſent her of Sir Charles's arrival, expreſſes herſelf thus:

"Our joy is extreme! Bleſſings on the man! 'Bleſſings attend our Harriet! They muſt: Sir 'Charles Grandiſon brings them with himſelf. 'Health now will return to our lovely couſin. We

'long to ſee the man of whom we have heard ſo
'much. We will dine with you. Tell Sir Charles,
'before we come, that you love us dearly: It
'ſhall make us redouble our endeavours to deſerve
'your love. Your declared friendſhip, and love
'of us, will give conſequence to

LUCY
NANCY } SELBY."

We are now in expectation——My aunt and I, though early riſers, hurried ourſelves to get every thing that however is never out of order in high order. Both of us have a kind of conſciouſneſs of defect, where yet we cannot find reaſon for it: If we did, we ſhould ſupply it. Yet we are careful that every-thing has a natural, not an extraordinary appearance—Eaſe, with propriety, ſhall be our aim. My aunt ſays, that were the king to make us a viſit, ſhe is ſure ſhe could not have a greater deſire to pleaſe—I will go down, that I may avoid the appearance of parade and reſerve when he comes.

HERE, in her cloſet again, is your poor Harriet. Surely the determined ſingle ſtate is the happieſt of lives to young women, who have the greatneſs of mind to be above valuing the admiration and flatteries of the other ſex. What tumults, what a contrariety of paſſions break the tranquillity of the woman who yields up her heart to love? —No Sir Charles Grandiſon, my dear!—Yet ten o'clock!—He is a very *prudent* man!—No expectations *hurry* or *diſcompoſe* him!—Charming *ſteadineſs of ſoul!* A fine thing for himſelf, but *far* otherwiſe for the woman, when a man is *ſecure!* He will poſſibly aſk me, and hold again my paſſive hand, in preſence of half a ſcore of my friends, Whether I was *greatly* uneaſy becauſe of his abſence?

But

But let me try to *excuſe* him. May he not have *forgot* his engagement? May he not have *overſlept* himſelf?—Some *agreeable dream* of the Bologna family—I am offended at him—Did he learn his tranquillity in Italy?—O no, no, Lady G.

I now cannot help looking back for *other* faults in him with regard to me. My memory is not, however, ſo malicious as I would have it be. But do you think every man in the like ſituation would have ſtopt at Stratford to dine by himſelf?—Not but your brother can be very happy in his *own* company. If *he* cannot, who can? But as to that, his horſes might require reſt as well as baiting: One knows not in how ſhort a time he might have proſecuted his journey ſo far. He who will not ſuffer the nobleſt of all animals to be deprived of an ornament, would be merciful to them in greater inſtances. He ſays, that he cannot bear indignity from ſuperiors. Neither can we. In that light he appears to us. But why ſo?—My heart, Lady G. begins to ſwell, I aſſure you; and it is twice as big as it was laſt night.

My uncle, before I came up, ſat with his watch in his hand, from half an hour after nine, till near ten, telling the minutes as they crept. Mr Deane often looked at me and at my aunt, as if to ſee how we bore it. I bluſhed, looked ſilly, as if your brother's faults were mine.—Over in a fortnight! cried my uncle, *ads-heart*, I believe it will be half a year before we ſhall come to the queſtion. But Sir Charles, to be ſure, is offended. Your confounded female niceties!

My heart roſe—Let him, if he *dare*, thought the proud Harriet.

God grant, added my uncle, that he may be gone up to town again!

Perhaps, ſaid Mr Deane, he is gone, by miſtake, to Mrs Shirley's.

We

We then endeavoured to recollect the words of his ſelf-invitation thither. My couſin James propoſed to take horſe and go to Northampton, to inform himſelf of the occaſion of his not coming: Some misfortune, perhaps.

Had he not ſervants, my aunt aſked, one of whom he might have ſent?—Shall my couſin Jemmy go, however, Harriet, ſaid ſhe?

No indeed, anſwered I, with an air of anger. My teazing uncle broke out into a loud laugh, which, however, had more of vexedneſs than mirth in it.—He is certainly gone to London, Harriet! *Juſt* as I ſaid, dame Selby!—Certainly tearing up the road; his very horſes reſenting for their maſter your *ſcrupuloſities*. You'll hear from him next at London, my life for yours, niece—Hah, hah, hah! What will your *grandmamma* ſay, by and by? Lucy, Nancy, how will *they* ſtare! Laſt night's ſupper, and this day's dinner, will be alike ſerved in, and taken away.

I could not ſtand all this: I aroſe from my ſeat. Are you not unkind, Sir? ſaid I to my uncle, courteſying to him however, and deſiring his and Mr Deane's excuſe, quitted the breakfaſting parlour. Teazing man! ſaid my aunt. Mr Deane alſo blamed him; gently, however; for every body acknowledges his good heart, and natural good temper.

My aunt followed me to the door; and, taking my hand, Harriet, ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking low, Not Sir Charles Grandiſon himſelf ſhall call you his, if he is capable of treating you with the leaſt indifference. I underſtand not this, added ſhe: He cannot ſurely be offended.—I hope all will be cleared up before your grandmamma comes: She will be very jealous of the honour of her girl.

I anſwered not: I could not anſwer: But haſtened up to my place of refuge; and, after wiping from my cheeks a few tears of real vexation, took

took up my pen. You love to know my thoughts as occaſions ariſe. You bid me continue to write to the moment—Here comes my aunt.

MY aunt came in with a billet in her hand—— Come down to breakfaſt, my dear: Sir Charles comes not till dinner-time. Read this: It was brought by one of his ſervants. He left it with Andrew. The dunce let him go. I wanted to have aſked him a hundred queſtions.

To Mrs SELBY.

Dear madam,

I AM broken in upon by a moſt *impertinent* viſiter. Such, at this time, muſt have been the deareſt friend I have in the world. You will be ſo good as to excuſe my attendance till dinner-time. For the paſt two hours I thought every moment of diſengaging myſelf, or I ſhould have ſent ſooner.

Ever Yours, &c.

What viſiter, ſaid I, can make a man ſtay againſt his mind? Who can get rid politel of an *impertinent* viſiter, if Sir Charles Grandiſon cannot, on a previous engagement?—But come, madam, I attend you.—Down we went.

My uncle was out of patience. I was ſorry for it. I tried to make the beſt of it; yet, but to pacify him, ſhould perhaps have had petulance enough myſelf to make the worſt of it. Oy, oy, with all my heart, ſaid he, in anſwer to my excuſes, let us hear what Sir Charles Grandiſon has to ſay for himſelf. But, old as I am, were my dame Selby to give me another chance, no man on earth, I can tell you, ſhould keep me from a previous engagement with my miſtreſs. It is kind

of

of *you*, Harriet, to excuſe him, however: Love hides a multitude of faults.

My aunt ſaid not one ſyllable in behalf of Sir Charles. She is vexed and diſappointed.

We made a very ſhort breakfaſting, and looked upon one another as people who would have helped themſelves if they could. Mr Deane, however, would engage, he ſaid, that we ſhould be ſatisfied with Sir Charles's excuſes when we came to hear them.

But my dear, this man, this viſiter, whoever he is, muſt be of *prodigious* importance, to detain him from an engagement that I had hoped might have been thought a *firſt* engagement;—yet owned to be *impertinent*. And muſt not the accident be very uncommon, that ſhould bring ſuch a one, ſtranger as Sir Charles is, in his way? Yet this might very well happen, my uncle obſerves, at an *inn*, whither we thought fit to ſend him.

Now I think of it, I was ſtrangely diſturbed laſt night in my imperfect ſlumbers: Something, I thought, was to happen to prevent me ever being his. But hence, recollection! I chaſe thee from me. Yet when realities diſturb, ſhadows will officiouſly intrude on the buſy imagination *as* realities.

Friday, 12 *o'Clock*.

My grandmamma is come.—Lucy, Nancy are come—O how vexed at our diſappointment and chagrin are my two couſins! But my grandmamma joins with Mr Deane to think the beſt. I have ſtolen up. But here he is come! how ſhall I do to *keep* my anger? He ſhall find me below. I will ſee how he looks at entrance among us—*If* he be careleſs—*If* he makes ſlight excuſes—

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Friday, Two o'Clock.

I AM ſtolen up again, to tell you how it is. I never will be petulant again—Dear Sir, forgive me! How wicked in us all, but my grandmamma and Mr Deane, to blame a man who cannot be guilty of a wilful fault! The fault is all my aunt's and mine—Was my aunt ever in fault before?

We were all together when he entered. He addreſſed himſelf to us in that noble manner which engages every body in his favour at firſt ſight. How, ſaid he, bowing to every one, have I ſuffered, in being hindered by an unhappy man, from doing myſelf the honour of attending you ſooner!

You ſee, my dear, he made not apologies to *me*, as if he ſuppoſed me diſappointed by his abſence. I was afraid he would. I know I looked very grave.

He then particularly addreſſed himſelf to each; to me firſt; next to my grandmamma; and taking one of her hands between both his, and bowing upon it, I rejoice to ſee you, madam, ſaid he—Your laſt favours will ever be remembered by me with gratitude. I ſee you well, I hope. Your Miſs Byron will be well if *you* are; and *our* joy (looking round him) will then be complete.

She bowed her head, pleaſed with the compliment. I was ſtill a little ſullen, otherwiſe I ſhould have been pleaſed too, that he made my health depend on that of my grandmamma.

Madam, ſaid he, turning to my aunt, I am afraid I made you wait for me at breakfaſt. A moſt impertinent viſiter! He put me out of humour. I dared not to let you and *yours* (looking at me) ſee how much I *could* be out of humour. I am

natuſally

naturally paſſionate: But paſſion is ſo ugly, ſo deforming a thing, that if I can help it, I will never, by thoſe I love, be ſeen in it.

I am ſorry, Sir, ſaid my aunt, you met with any thing to diſturb you.

My uncle's ſpirit had not come down: He, too, was ſullen in behalf of the punctilio of the girl whom he honours with his jealous love. How, how is that, Sir Charles? ſaid he.

My aunt preſented Lucy and Nancy to him: But before ſhe could name either—Miſs Selby, ſaid he, Miſs Byron's *own* Lucy, I am ſure. Miſs Nancy Selby!—I know your characters, ladies! ſaluting each; and I know the intereſt you have in Miſs Byron—Honour me with *your* approbation, and that will be to give me hope of *hers*.

He then turning to my uncle and Mr Deane, and taking a hand of each—My dear Mr Deane ſmiles upon me, ſaid he—But Mr Selby looks grave.

At-*ten*-tive only, Sir Charles, to the *cauſe* of your being put out of humour, that's all.—

The cauſe, Mr Selby!—Know then, I met with a man at my inn, who would force himſelf upon me: Do you know I am a quarrelſome man? He was ſo hardy as to declare, that he had pretenſions to a lady in this company, which he was determined to aſſert.

O that Greville! ſaid my aunt——

I was ready to ſink. Wretched Harriet! thought I at the inſtant: Am I to be for ever the occaſion of embroiling this excellent man!

Dear, dear Sir Charles, ſaid one, ſaid another, all at once, How, how was it?

Both ſafe! both unhurt, replied he. No more of the raſh man at this time. He is to be pitied. He loves Miſs Byron to diſtraction.

This comes of nicety! whiſpered my uncle to my aunt; *fooliſh* nicety!—To let ſuch a man as this

this go to an inn!—Inhoſpitable! vile punctilio! Then turning to Sir Charles—Dear Sir, forgive me! I *was* a little ſerious, that I muſt own. [I pulled my uncle by the ſleeve, fearing he would ſay too much by way of atonement for his ſeriouſneſs]: I, I, I, *was* a little ſerious, I muſt own—I, I, I, was afraid ſomething was the matter——turned he off what he was going to ſay—*too* freely, ſhall I add?—Hardly ſo! had he ſaid what he would; though habitual punctilio made me almoſt involuntarily twitch my uncle by the ſleeve; for my heart would have directed my lips to utter the kindeſt things; but my concern was too great to allow them to obey it.

I muſt go down, Lady G.—I am enquired after; 'tis juſt dinner-time.—Let me only add, that Sir Charles waved further talk of the affair between him and that wretch while I ſtaid—Perhaps they have got it out of him ſince I came up.

I SHALL be *ſo* proud, my dear!—A thouſand fine things he has ſaid of your Harriet in her little abſence! How is he reſpected, how is he admired by all my friends! My grandmamma, with all her equanimity, has much ado to ſuppreſs her joyful emotions: And he is ſo reſpectfully tender to her, that had he not my heart before, he would have won it now.

He had again waved the relation of the inſult he met with: Mr Greville himſelf, he ſuppoſed, would give it. He had a mind to ſee if the gentleman, by his report of it, was a gentleman. Thank God, ſaid he, I have not hurt a man who boaſts of his paſſion for Miſs Byron, and of his neighbourhood to his family!

OUR places were choſen for us at table: Sir Charles's next me. Cannot I be too minute, do

you ſay?—So eaſy, ſo free, ſo polite; ſomething ſo happily addreſſed occaſionally to each perſon at table—O my dear! I am abundantly kept in countenance; for every one loves him as well as I. You have been pleaſed to take very favourable notice of our ſervants—They *are* good and ſenſible. What reverence for him, and joy for their young miſtreſs's ſake, ſhone in their countenances as they attended.

My couſin James, who has never been out of England, was very curious to be informed of the manners, cuſtoms, diverſions, of the people in different countries—Italy in particular—Ah the dear Clementina! What abatement from recollection! "The ſighing heart," I remember he ſays, in one of his letters to Dr Bartlett, "will remind us 'of imperfection in the higheſt of our enjoyments." And he adds, "It is fit it ſhould be ſo." And on what occaſion did he write this?—O my Charlotte, *I* was the occaſion. It was in kind remembrance of me. He could not, at that time, have ſo written, had he been indifferent, even then, to your Harriet.

I am ſo apprehenſive of my uncle's after-remarks, that I am half afraid to look at Sir Charles: And he muſt by and by return to this wicked inn——They wonder at my frequent abſences. It is to oblige you, Lady G. and indeed myſelf: There is vaſt pleaſure in communicating one's pleaſures to a friend who intereſts herſelf, as you do, in one's deareſt concerns.

You know and admire my grandmamma's chearful compliances with the innocent diverſions of youth. She made Lucy give us a leſſon on the harpſichord, on purpoſe, I ſaw, to draw me in. We both obeyed.

I was once a little out in an Italian ſong. In what a ſweet manner did he put me in! touching the

the keys himſelf, for a minute or two. Every one wiſhed him to proceed; but he gave up to me, in ſo polite a manner, that we all were ſatisfied with his excuſes.

My poor couſin Jemmy is on a ſudden very earneſt to go abroad, as if, ſilly youth! travelling would make him a Sir Charles Grandiſon.

I have juſt aſked your brother if all is over between Mr Greville and him! He ſays, he hopes and believes ſo. God ſend it may, or I ſhall hate that Greville!

MY uncle, Mr Deane, and my couſin James, were too much taken with Sir Charles to think of withdrawing, as it might have been expected they would; and after ſome general converſation, which ſucceeded our playing, Sir Charles drew his chair between my grandmamma and aunt, and taking my grandmamma's hand, May I not be allowed a quarter of an hour's converſation with Miſs Byron in your preſence, ladies? ſaid he, ſpeaking low. We have indeed only friends and relations preſent: But it will be moſt agreeable, I believe, to the dear lady, that what I have to ſay to her and to you, may be rather reported *to* the gentlemen than heard *by* them.

By all means, Sir Charles, ſaid my grandmamma. Then whiſpering to my aunt, No man in this company *thinks* but Sir Charles. Excuſe me, my dear.

The moment Sir Charles applied himſelf in this particular manner to them, my heart, without hearing what he ſaid, was at my mouth. I aroſe, and withdrew to the cedar-parlour, followed by Lucy and Nancy. The gentlemen, ſeeming to recollect themſelves, withdrew likewiſe to another apartment. My aunt came to me—Love!—But ah! my dear, how you tremble!—You muſt come

with *me*. And then ſhe told me what he had ſaid to my grandmamma and her.

I have no courage—None at all, ſaid I, if apprehenſion, if timidity, be ſigns of love, I have them all. Sir Charles Grandiſon has not one.

Nay, my dear, ſaid Lucy, impute not to him want of reſpect, I beſeech you.—*Reſpect*, my Lucy! what a poor word!—Had I only reſpect for him, we ſhould be nearer an equality. Has he ſaid any thing of Lady Clementina?

Don't be ſilly, Harriet, ſaid my aunt. You uſed to be—

Uſed to be!—Ah, madam! Sir Charles's heart at *beſt* a divided heart! I never had a trial till now.

I tell you all my foibles, Lady G.

My aunt led me in to Sir Charles and my grandmamma. He met me at my entrance into the room, and in the moſt engaging manner, my aunt having taken her ſeat, conducted me to a chair which happened to be vacant between her and my grandmother. He took no notice of my emotion, and I the ſooner recovered myſelf; and ſtill the ſooner, as he himſelf ſeemed to be in ſome little confuſion. However, he ſat down, and with a manly, yet reſpectful air, his voice gaining ſtrength as he proceeded, thus delivered himſelf:

Never, ladies, was man more particularly circumſtanced than he before you. You know my ſtory: You know what once were the difficulties of my ſituation with a family that I muſt ever reſpect; with a lady of it whom I muſt ever revere: And you, madam (to my grandmamma), have had the goodneſs to ſignify to me, in a moſt engaging manner, that Miſs Byron has added to the innumerable inſtances which ſhe has given me of her true greatneſs of mind, a *kind*, and even a *friendly* concern for a lady who is the Miſs Byron of

of Italy. I aſk not excuſe for the compariſon. The heart of the man before you, madam (to me), in ſincerity and frankneſs, emulates your own—

You want not excuſe, Sir, ſaid my grandmamma—We all reverence Lady Clementina: We admire her.

He bowed to *each* of us; as my aunt and I looked, I believe, aſſentingly to what my grandmamma ſaid. He proceeded.

—Yet in ſo particular a ſituation, although what I have to ſay may, I preſume, be collected from what you know of my ſtory; and though my humble application to Miſs Byron for her favour, and to you, ladies, for your intereſt with her, have not been diſcouraged; ſomething, however, may be neceſſary to be ſaid, in this audience, of the ſtate of my own heart, for the ſake of this dear lady's delicacy and yours. And I will deliver myſelf with all the truth and plainneſs which I think are required in treaties of this nature, equally with thoſe ſet on foot between nation and nation.

I am not inſenſible to beauty; but the beauty of perſon *only* never yet had power over more than my eye; to which it gave a pleaſure like that which it receives from the flowers of a gay parterre. Had *not* my heart been out of the reach of *perſonal* attractions, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, and had I been my own maſter, Miſs Byron, in the firſt hour that I ſaw her (for her beauty ſuffered not by her diſtreſs), would have left me no other choice: But when I had the honour of converſing with her, I obſerved in her mind and behaviour that true dignity, delicacy, and noble frankneſs, which I ever thought characteriſtic in the ſex, but never met with, in equal degree, but in *one* lady. I ſoon found, that my admiration of her fine qualities was likely to lead me into a

gentler, yet a more irreſiſtible paſſion: For of the lady abroad I then could have no reaſonable, at leaſt no *probable* hope: Yet were there circumſtances between her and me, which I thought, in ſtrict juſtice, obliged me to attend the iſſue of certain events.

I called myſelf therefore to account, and was alarmed when I found that Miſs Byron's graces had ſtolen ſo imperceptibly on my heart, as already to have made an impreſſion on it too deep for my tranquility. I determined therefore, in honour, in juſtice, to both ladies, to endeavour to reſtrain a paſſion ſo new, yet likely to be ſo fervent.

I had avocations in town, while Miſs Byron was with my ſiſters in the country. Almoſt afraid of truſting myſelf in her preſence, I purſued the *more* willingly thoſe avocations in perſon, when I could have managed ſome of them, perhaps, near as well, by other hands. Compaſſion for the one lady, becauſe of her calamity, might at that time, I found, have been made to give way, *could thoſe calamities have been overcome*, to love for the other. Nor was it difficult for me to obſerve, that my ſiſters and Lord L. who knew nothing of my ſituation, would have choſen for a ſiſter the young lady preſent, before every other woman.

Sometimes, I will own to you, I was ready, from that ſelf-partiality and vanity which is too natural to men of vivacity and ſtrong hopes, to flatter myſelf, that I might, *by my ſiſters' intereſt*, have made myſelf *not unacceptable* to a lady, who ſeemed to be wholly diſengaged in her affections: But I would not permit myſelf to dwell on ſuch hopes: Every look of complaiſance, every ſmile, which uſed to beam over that lovely countenance, I attributed to her natural goodneſs and frankneſs of heart, and to that grateful ſpirit which made her over-rate a common ſervice that I had been

been ſo happy as to render her. Had I even been free, I ſhould have been careful not to deprive myſelf of that animating ſunſhine, by a too early declaration. For well did I know, by *other* men's experience, that Miſs Byron, at the ſame time that her natural politeneſs, and ſweetneſs of manners, engaged every heart, was not, however, eaſily to be won.

But, notwithſtanding all my efforts to prevent a competition which had grown ſo faſt upon me, I ſtill found my uneaſineſs increaſe with my affection for Miſs Byron. I had then but one way left—It was, to ſtrengthen my heart in Clementina's cauſe, by Miſs Byron's aſſiſtance: In ſhort, to acquaint Miſs Byron with my ſituation; to engage her generoſity for Clementina, and thereby deprive myſelf of the encouragement my fond heart might have hoped for, had I indulged my wiſhes of obtaining her favour. My end was anſwered as to the latter. Miſs Byron's generoſity was engaged for the lady; but was it poſſible that my obligations to her for that generoſity ſhould not add to my admiration of her?

At the time I laid before her my ſituation (it was in Lord L.'s ſtudy at Colnebrooke), ſhe ſaw my emotion. I could not conceal it. My abrupt departure from her muſt convince her, that my heart was too much engaged for that ſituation. I deſired Dr Bartlett to take an airing with me, in hopes, by his counſels, to compoſe my diſordered ſpirits. He knew the ſtate of my heart: He knew, with regard to the propoſals I had formerly made to the family at Bologna, relating to religion and reſidence (as I had alſo declared to the brothers of the lady), that no wordly grandeur ſhould ever have induced me to allow, in a *begining* addreſs, the terms I was willing, as a compromiſe, to allow to that lady; for thoroughly had I weighed the inconveniencies which muſt attend

tend ſuch an alliance: The lady zealous in her religion; the confeſſor who was to be allowed her equally zealous; the ſpirit of making proſelytes ſo ſtrong, and held by Roman Catholics to be ſo meritorious; and myſelf no leſs earneſt in my religion; I had no doubt to pronounce, I told the good doctor in confidence, "that I ſhould be 'much more happy in marriage with the lady of 'Selby-houſe, were ſhe to be induced to honour 'me with her hand, than it was poſſible I could 'be with Lady Clementina, even were they to 'comply with the conditions I had propoſed; as 'I doubted not but that lady would *alſo* be, were 'her health reſtored, with a man of her own na-'tion and religion:" And I owned to him beſides, "that I could have no hope of conquering 'the oppoſition given me by the friends of Clemen-'tina; and that I could not at times but think 'hardly of the indignities caſt upon me by ſome 'of them."

The doctor, I knew, at the ſame time that he lamented the evil treatment Clementina met with from her miſtaken friends, and her unhappy malady admired her for her manifold excellencies; next to adored Miſs Byron: And he gave his voice accordingly. "But here, doctor, is the 'caſe, ſaid I—Clementina is a woman with whom 'I had the honour of being acquainted before I 'knew Miſs Byron: Clementina has infinite me-'rits: She herſelf refuſed me not: *She* conſented 'to accept of the terms I offered: She even be-'ſought her friends to comply with them: She 'has an opinion of my honour and of my ten-'derneſs for her. Till I had the happineſs of 'knowing Miſs Byron, I was determined to wait 'either her recovery or releaſe; and will Miſs 'Byron herſelf, if ſhe knows that, forgive me (the 'circumſtances not changed) for the change of a 'reſolution of which Clementina was ſo worthy?

'The

'The treatment the poor lady has met with, *for* '*my ſake*, as once ſhe wrote, though virgin modeſ-'ty induced her to croſs out thoſe words, has 'heightened her diſorder: She ſtill, to this mo-'ment, wiſhes to ſee me: While there is a poſſibi-'lity, though not a probability of my being made 'the humble inſtrument of reſtoring an excellent 'woman, who in herſelf deſerves from me every 'conſideration of tenderneſs, *ought* I to wiſh to 'engage the heart (were I able to ſucceed in my 'wiſhes) of the *equally* excellent Miſs Byron?—— 'Could I be happy in my own mind, were I to 'try, and to ſucceed? And if not, muſt I not be 'as ungrateful to her, as ungenerous to the o-'ther?—Miſs Byron's happineſs cannot depend 'on *me*. She *muſt* be happy in the happineſs ſhe 'will give to the man of her choice, *whoever* ſhall 'be the man!"

We were all ſilent. My grandmamma and aunt ſeemed determined to be ſo; and I *could* not ſpeak. He proceeded:

You know not, dear Miſs Byron, I wiſhed you *not* to know, the conflicts my mind laboured with, when I parted with you on my going abroad. My deſtiny was wrapt up in doubt and uncertainty. I was invited over: Signor Jeronymo was deemed irrecoverable: He wiſhed to ſee me, and deſired but to *live* to ſee me. My preſence was requeſted as a laſt effort to recover his noble ſiſter. You yourſelf, madam, applauded my reſolution to go: But, that I might not be thought to wiſh to engage you in my favour (ſo circumſtanced as I was, that to have done ſo would have been to have acted unworthily to *both* ladies), I inſinuated my hopeleſſneſs of ever being nearer to you than I was.

I was not able to take a formal leave of you. I went over. Succeſs attended the kind, the ſoothing treatment which Clementina met with from her

her friends. Succeſs alſo attended the means uſed for the recovery of the noble Jeronymo. Conditions were again propoſed. Clementina, on her reſtoration, ſhone upon us all even with a brighter luſtre than ſhe did before her diſorder. All her friends conſented to reward with the hand of their beloved daughter the man to whom they attributed ſecondarily the good they rejoiced in. I own to you, ladies, that what was before *honour* and *compaſſion* now became *admiration*; and I ſhould have been unjuſt to the merits of ſo excellent a woman, if I could not ſay *love*. I concluded myſelf already the huſband of Clementina; yet it would have been ſtrange, if the welfare and happineſs of Miſs Byron were not the next wiſh of my heart. I rejoiced that (deſpairing as I did of ſuch an event before I went over, becauſe of the articles of religion and reſidence) I had not ſought to engage more than her friendſhip; and I devoted myſelf wholly to Clementina—*I own it, ladies*—And had I thought, angel as ſhe came out, upon proof, that I could not have given her my heart, I had been equally unjuſt and ungrateful. For, dear ladies, if you know all her ſtory, you muſt know, that occaſion called her out to act glorioufly; and that glorioufly ſhe anſwered the call.

He pauſed. We were ſtill ſilent. My grandmamma and aunt looked at each other by turns. But their eyes, as well as mine, at different parts of his ſpeech, ſhewed their ſenſibility. He proceeded, gracefully looking down, and at firſt with ſome little heſitation:

I am ſenſible, it is with a very ill grace, that, *refuſed*, as I muſt in juſtice call it, though on the nobleſt motives, by Clementina, I come to offer myſelf, and ſo ſoon after her refuſal, to a lady of Miſs Byron's delicacy. I ſhould certainly have acted more laudably, reſpecting my own character *only*, had I taken at leaſt the uſual time of a

widower-

widower-love. But great minds, ſuch as Miſs Byron's, and yours, ladies, are above common forms, where decorum is not neglected. As to myſelf, what do I but declare a paſſion, that would have been, but for one obſtacle, which is now removed, as fervent as man ever knew? Dr Bartlett has told me, madam [*to me*], that you and my ſiſters have ſeen the letters I wrote to him from Italy: By the contents of ſome of thoſe, and of the letters I left with *you*, madam [*to my grandmamma*], you have ſeen Clementina's conſtant adherence to the ſtep ſhe ſo greatly took. In this letter, received but laſt Wedneſday [taking one out of his boſom], you will ſee (my laſt letters to them unreceived, as they muſt be) that I am urged by all her family, for the ſake of ſetting *her* an example, to addreſs myſelf to a lady of my own country. This *impels* me, as I may ſay, to *accelerate* the humble tender of my vows to you, madam. However haſty the ſtep may be thought in my ſituation, would not an inexcuſeable neglect, or ſeeming indifference, as if I were balancing as to the perſon, have been attributable to me, had I, for *dull* and *cold* form's ſake, been capable of poſtponing the declaration of my affection to Miſs Byron? And if, madam, you can ſo far get over obſervances, which perhaps, on conſideration, will be found to be punctilious only, as to give your heart, with your hand, to a man who himſelf has been perplexed by what ſome would call (particular as it ſounds) a *double love* (an embarraſſment, however, not of his own ſeeking, or which he could poſſibly avoid), you will lay him under obligation to your goodneſs (to your magnanimity, I will call it), which all the affectionate tenderneſs of my life to come will never enable me to diſcharge.

He then put the letter (a tranſlation of it incloſed) into my hand. I have already anſwered it, madam, ſaid he, and acquainted my friend, that

that I have actually tendered myſelf to the acceptance of a lady worthy of a ſiſterly relation to their Clementina; and have not been rejected. Your goodneſs muſt enable me (I humbly hope it will) to give them ſtill ſtronger aſſurances of your favour: On my happineſs they have the generoſity to build a part of their own.

Not well before, I was more than once apprehenſive of fainting, as he talked; agreeable as was his talk, and engaging as was his manner. My grandmamma and aunt ſaw my complexion change at his particular addreſs to me, in the laſt part of his ſpeech. Each put her kind hand on one of mine, and held it on it, as my other hand held my handkerchief, now to my eyes, and now as a cover to myſelf-felt varying cheek.

At the ſame moment that he ceaſed ſpeaking, he took our triply-united hands in both his, and in the moſt reſpectful, yet graceful manner, his letter laid in my lap, preſſed each of the three with his lips; mine twice. I could not ſpeak. My grandmamma and aunt, delighted, yet tears ſtanding in their eyes, looked upon each other, and upon me; each as expecting the other to ſpeak. I have, perhaps (ſaid he, with ſome emotion), taken up too much of Miſs Byron's attention on this my firſt perſonal declaration: I will now return to the company below. To-morrow I will do myſelf the honour to dine with you. We will for this evening poſtpone the important ſubject. Miſs Byron, I preſume, will be beſt pleaſed to have it ſo. I ſhall to-morrow be favoured with the reſult of your deliberations. Mean time may I meet with an interceding friend in every one I have had the pleaſure to ſee this day! I muſt flatter myſelf with the honour of Miſs Byron's *whole* heart, as well as with the approbation of all her friends. I cannot be thought at *preſent* to deſerve it; but it ſhall be the endeavour of my life ſo to do.

He

He withdrew, with a grace which was all his own.

The moment he was gone from us, my grandmamma threw her arms about her Harriet, then about my aunt; and they congratulated me, and each other.

We were all pained at heart when we read the letter. It is from Signor Jeronymo urging your brother to ſet the example to his ſiſter, which they ſo much want her to follow. I ſend you the tranſlation. Poor Lady Clementina! Without ſeeing the laſt letters he wrote to them, ſhe ſeems to be tired into compliance. I will not ſay one half that is upon my mind on this occaſion, as you will have the letter before you. His laſt written letters will not favour her wiſhes. Poor lady! Can I forbear to pity her? and ſtill the more is ſhe to be pitied, as your brother's excellencies riſe upon us.

I beſought my aunt to excuſe me to the company.

Sir Charles joined his friends [*his* friends indeed they all are!] with a vivacity in his air and manner which charmed every body, while the ſilly heart of your Harriet would not allow her to enter into company the whole night. Indeed it wanted the inducement of his preſence; for, to every one's regret, he declined ſtaying ſupper; yet my uncle put it to him—What, Sir, do you chuſe to ſup at your inn? My uncle will have it, that Sir Charles *looked* an anſwer of diſpleaſure for ſuffering him to go to it at all. My uncle is a good natured man. He will ſometimes concede, when he is not convinced; and on every appearance which makes for his opinion, we are ſure to hear of it.

I ſhall have an opportunity to-morrow morning early [this morning I *might* ſay] to ſend this long letter by a neighbour, who is obliged to ride poſt to town on his own affairs.

Had I *not* had this agreeable employment, reſt, I am ſure, would not have come near me. Your brother, I hope, has found it. Remember, I always mean to include my dear Lady L. in this correſpondence: Any body elſe but diſcretionally. My dear ladies both, adieu.

HARRIET BYRON.

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